The Saturday Evening
# POST
April 9, 1960 — 15¢

## MY FRIEND THE PRESIDENT

By GEORGE E. ALLEN

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## Here's a completely new kind of vinyl floor. It's Tessera Corlon

Everything about Tessera Corlon is new. Colored vinyl chips in random patterns "float" in translucent vinyl. You can look down between them. Run your fingers over Tessera—you can actually feel the chips. And Tessera's natural textures blend elegantly with any décor. Ask your dealer for Armstrong Tessera Corlon. **FREE:** Send for actual sample of Tessera. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 6004 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 40-J, Box 919, Montreal, P. Q.

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# PROFIT: the Key to Telephone Progress and Low Cost

Maybe it's about time somebody stood up and said a good word about profits.

For the opportunity to earn a satisfactory profit is part of the very spirit of a free America. It is one of the basic things that have made this a great country.

Today, more than ever, the progress and prosperity of communities, states and nation are dependent on the number and the prosperity of their companies.

So the profit motive is important. Actually it is one of the great driving forces that stimulate inventions, new products, new services and new plants. And more and better jobs!

That is just as true of the telephone business as any other . . . and of added importance because of the vital nature of the service.

It is a satisfactory profit—and the hope of its continuance—that gives us the money and the incentive to go ahead on a long-pull basis instead of in a more expensive short-term manner.

It is profit that enables us to originate and take advantage of all the technological advances that improve your service and hold down the cost of providing it.

We can act instead of hesitating to act. We can go forward instead of standing still. We can move from one achievement to another in the best interest of everybody.

The evidence is overwhelming that companies that show excellent profit records do the best job for their customers and employees and, as corporate citizens, contribute the most to the community.

The day-by-day benefits for telephone users are better service at a lower price than would be possible in any other way.

**WINGS FOR WORDS.** It's so easy to take the telephone for granted! But what in the world would you ever do without it? All the many tasks of the day would be harder. You'd miss its priceless help and comfort in emergencies. So much would go out of your life if you couldn't reach out your hand and talk to friends and those you love.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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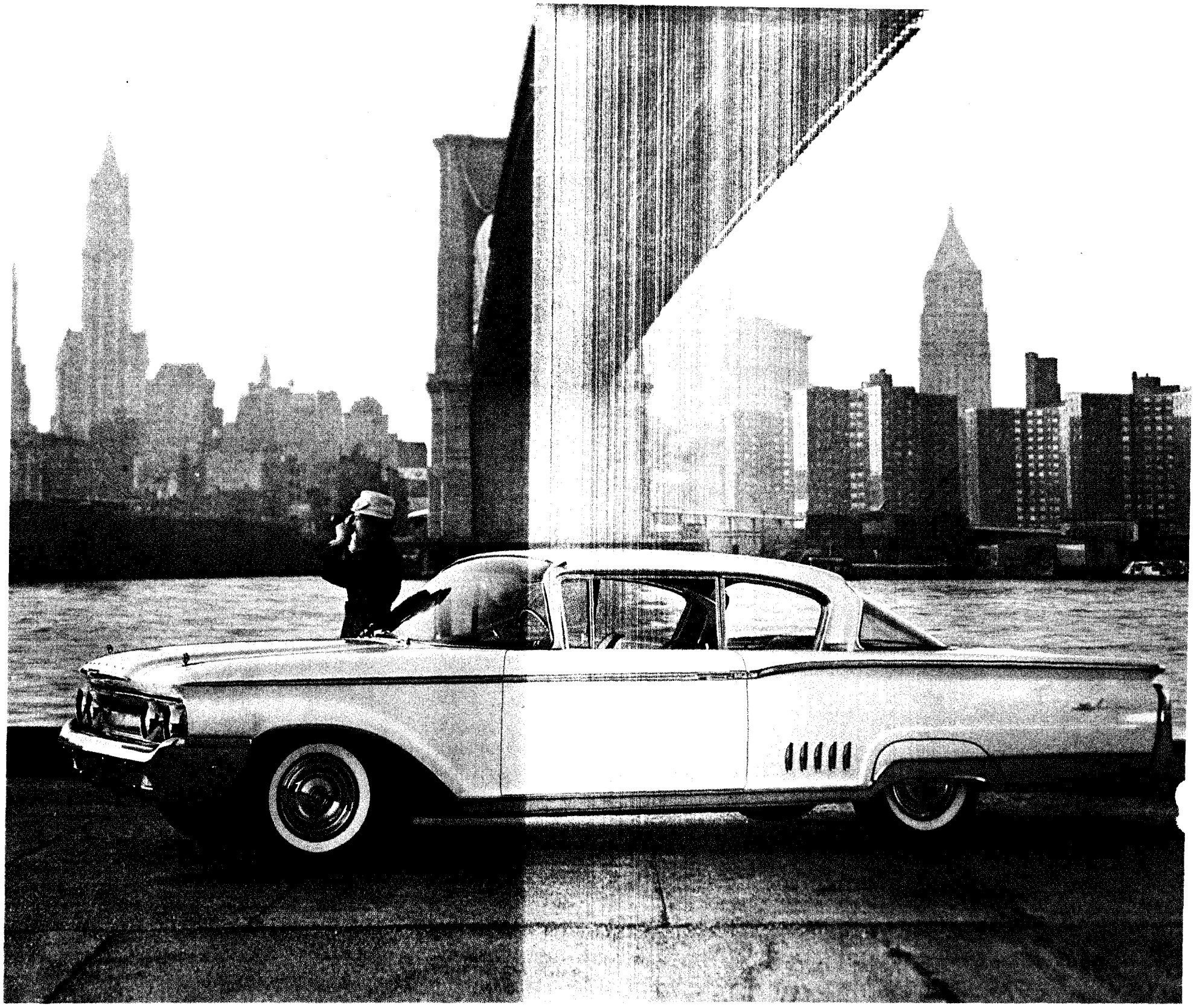

# You'll look a long time before matching Mercury's beauty at such a low price

THE BIG REASON FOR MERCURY'S POPULARITY is obvious, above. What other car even approaches its fresh, clean beauty?

But beyond this, there is a value story that seems almost unbelievable when you first read the price tag. For example, Mercury's dramatic price reductions for 1960 now place the de luxe-equipped Monterey in the same price range as "dolled-up" models of low-priced cars.

But what a lot more car the same money buys with Mercury!

Mercury moves in a smoother, quieter way than "so-called" low-priced cars. Its wheelbase is 7 inches longer for greater road stability. Exclusive 3-phase shock absorbers take the beating that you take in other cars. Up to 23% more insulation surrounds you with restful quiet.

Mercury advantages are everywhere. There's more room to stretch out in; more foot room for center-seat passengers. Interiors are more luxurious. Brakes are bigger—and self-adjusting. The largest windshield on any car means better visibility. And Mercury's super-efficient standard engine delivers far more "go"—and on regular gas.

But most important, no other car in America is better built. To safeguard quality, *every single* Mercury is road-tested before it is approved for shipment. None of Mercury's competitors takes such care. All low-priced and medium-priced cars rely on spot-checking. So stop in at Quality Headquarters, your Mercury dealer's. See all the extra values Mercury offers you for low-price-field money!

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION *Ford Motor Company*, BUILDERS OF FINER CARS OF EVERY SIZE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

**LINCOLN AND LINCOLN CONTINENTAL**—*Offer the ultimate in motor cars* **MERCURY**—*The best built—the best buy—in its field* **COMET**—*First of the compact cars with fine-car styling*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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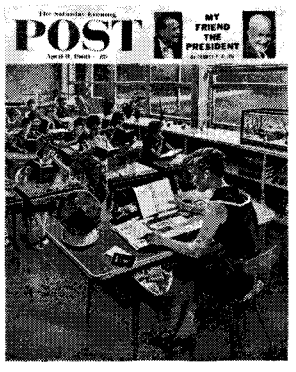


## THE COVER

Here we have what is known as the *laissez-faire* system of instruction—or would "lazy fare" be more appropriate? Spring has sprung, and at least two young males are mentally catching tadpoles, while the young lady in the back row seems to have her mind on catching a boy. Our schoolmistress couldn't be aware of all this, of course, for she's at sea—in mid-Atlantic, to be precise. In order to capture a let's-get-this-over-with mood, artist Ben Prins visited Duxbury, Massachusetts, on the last day of school, when it was much too balmy for anything as strenuous as dipping pigtails in inkwells. If the kids in Prins' painting feel too cooped in, their attention should be called to the inhabitants of that aquarium by the window. They stay in schools all year long, the poor fish.


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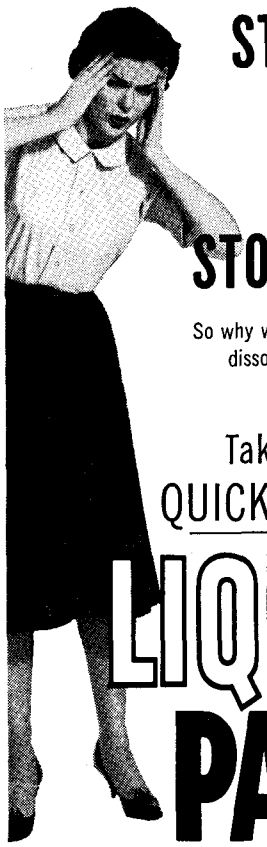


So why wait while pills dissolve there?

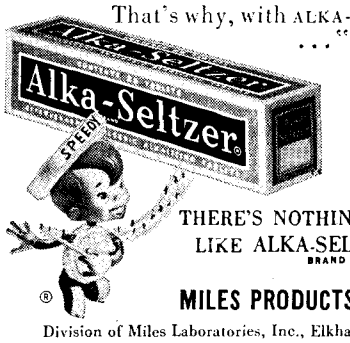
Take the QUICK-ACTING

LIQUID PAIN RELIEVER

There are pills for headache and neuralgia. But they must dissolve in the stomach (this is sometimes a slow process and delays relief).

But ALKA-SELTZER in a glass of water is a pleasant, easy-to-take liquid pain reliever. ALKA-SELTZER gives you more complete relief because it contains more medication . . . special ingredients not obtainable in pills. These ingredients quickly relieve pain of headache and neuralgia, *and* soothe away upset stomach.

That's why, with ALKA-SELTZER . . . "Relief is just a swallow away."




THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE ALKA-SELTZER® BRAND

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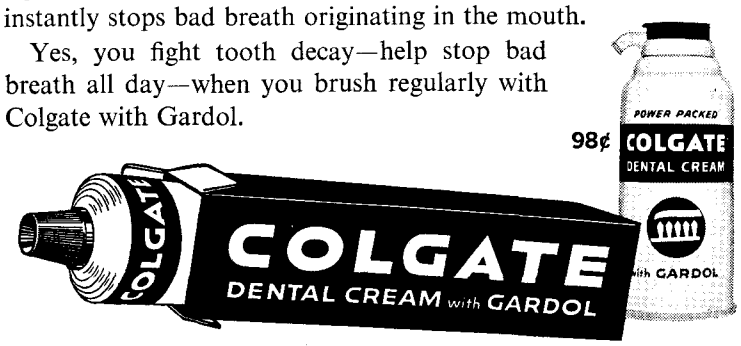
# FIGHT TOOTH DECAY WITH COLGATE Help Stop Bad Breath All Day!

Every mother should give her family the benefits of Colgate with Gardol and its help against tooth decay!

In two-year clinical tests, young adults who brushed with Colgate Dental Cream averaged far fewer new cavities than those who used a plain toothpaste.

Of course, nothing completely stops decay. But, for *fewer* cavities, have your family brush with Colgate with Gardol right after eating. Remember, too! For most people, Colgate instantly stops bad breath originating in the mouth.

Yes, you fight tooth decay—help stop bad breath all day—when you brush regularly with Colgate with Gardol.

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GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH


# Letters

## Shirking on the Railroad?

Dear Sirs:

We railroaders (I am an engineer) thank *The Post* for recognizing the fact [that there are] two sides to so-called railroad featherbedding [WHAT IS RAILROAD "FEATHERBEDDING"? by Joe Alex Morris, Feb. 27].

FULTON LOGAN
*Toledo, Ohio*

Dear Sirs:

Being a railroad fireman for eighteen years . . . I find your article so rotten and disgusting I am hereby canceling my subscription.

E. A. ROBINSON
*Ottumwa, Iowa*

Dear Sirs:

After forty-four years as a locomotive engineer in all classes of railroad train service, I found Mr. Morris' attempts to describe a very complicated part of the railroad business indeed amusing. . . .

The fireman on the diesel locomotive is more important than he was on the steam locomotive; he is the man who keeps sick

diesel engines running. Of course, "sick" rail management cannot see where he has saved the railroads millions of dollars annually by being there and knowing what to do. . . . The locomotive engineer of today is a highly skilled worker who served his apprenticeship as a fireman under the veteran engineer who taught him, by direct experience, the things he could never get out of a book.

R. J. NUGENT
*Houston, Texas*

Dear Sirs:

The New York Central running the *Empire State Express* into Chicago? The La Salle Street stationmaster is going to be plenty surprised.

FRANK H. CLARK
*Cleveland Heights, Ohio*

● *Our caption writer erred. The* Empire State *runs to Cleveland, with coaches for Detroit and Toronto dropped off at Buffalo.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

From the president down to the gandy dancer, everybody is overpaid, overpensioned and featherbedded, everybody except the stockholder. He is being swindled.

S. J. CORBETT
*St. Petersburg, Fla.*

Dear Sirs:

I would like to invite Mr. Morris to spend a week with my husband and me to find out what railroading is really like. I doubt if this "city feller" can take a week of it. If he could, it'd certainly change his views on what is railroad featherbedding. My husband has been a regularly assigned maintenance-of-way man for eleven years, he has worked at eight different places and the railroads call it featherbedding.

LOUISE GILBERT
*Odell, Texas*

## Iron-Horse Feathers

Dear Sirs:

With so many periodicals currently tooting the railroads' whistle on the featherbedding issue, I have found real pleasure in Mr. Morris' article [see letters above] . . . [and the] obvious sincerity of his effort to present both sides of this very controversial question. . . . I am a locomotive engineer.

As to the origin of the term "featherbedding," the author's suggestion regarding the Rock Island is probably correct—but far from complete. In 1926 the Brotherhoods demanded padded arm rests and seats on the engines and cushions in cabooses. This was called featherbedding in rebuttal, and that term has since been exploited to its present usage.

WARREN B. CRATER
*Roselle Park, N.J.*

Dear Sirs:

The author states that in the old days a featherbed was a tick stuffed with chicken down. . . . Chickens, the last I heard, don't have down. Ducks and geese, yes. Chickens, no.

MRS. BRUCE KING
*Jordan, Mont.*

● *"Chickens, no," Morris admits.* —*ED.*

## Making an Impression

Dear Sirs:

Your March 5 cover, depicting a man caught in his automobile while he misses his train, is apt. . . . It illustrates very well one of the most major of the minor nuisances bedeviling the car-owning public today—door-banging. The poor commuter . . . parks within two feet of some unsuspecting neighbor, then whams

open the door and puts a neat vertical dent in the door of his opposite number.

Sports car owners are wary; they'll drive a couple of extra blocks and walk back to avoid it.

JOHN JEROME
Sports Car Digest
*Odessa, Texas*

## A Catholic Candidate?

Dear Sirs:

I am writing in regard to the letter published in LETTERS [Mar. 5] signed Rev. Jimmie Mayo, Jr., Atlanta, Ga.

(Continued on Page 6)

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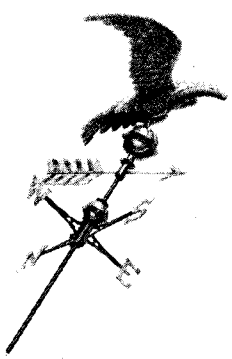
*Wash and Wear "Chase," Photographed for Arrow in Venice*

# Wherever you go...you look better in an Arrow shirt



**Today in St. Mark's Square in Venice**... tomorrow Rome ... or London. No wonder American travelers become exceedingly fond of their Arrow Wash and Wear shirts. They find these newest Arrow shirts look great right off the hanger...stay fresh-looking all day. Magnificent *Sanforized* broadcloth. *Extra durability* built into collar and cuffs *assures 40% longer wear!* Choose Arrow *Chase,* with soft collar, above, or Arrow *Tide,* same shirt with semi-soft, fused collar—each 5.00. Arrow all-silk tie, 2.50. Arrow handkerchiefs from 50¢.

ARROW

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**Refrigerator obsolete as a PTERANODON? You need a new one!**

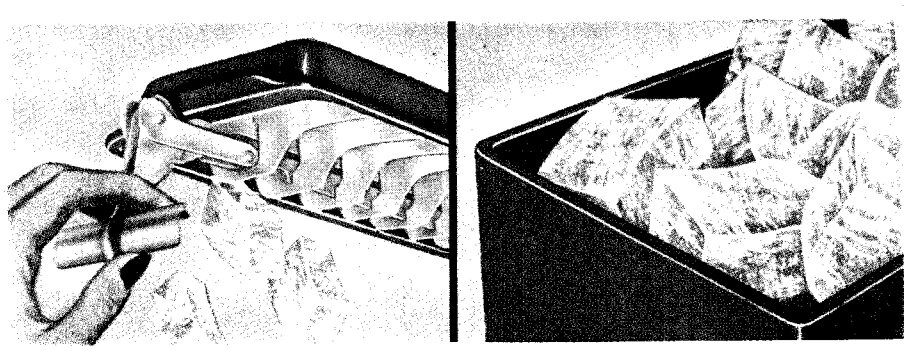
Your "flying dragon" friend simply suggests that you stop struggling with the antiquity of your present refrigerator and buy a new one.

**New features** in the '60 refrigerators make earlier models obsolete. Like swing-out shelves, roll-out freezer baskets, compact styling, frost-free, and many others. And you'll marvel at their wonderful Inland "Magic Touch" ice cube trays and chest.

**Yes, like magic,** you flip the "Magic Touch" lever. A whole trayful of ice cubes drops into the chest. You always have several trayfuls ready for instant use in the storage chest. The ice chest is convenient in the kitchen or for serving . . . indoors or for cookouts.

**Go see** the 1960 refrigerators at your favorite store. Ask the salesman to show you the new features and to demonstrate the "Magic Touch" ice cube trays and chest. You'll be glad you bought a new refrigerator in '60.

**MODERN REFRIGERATORS MAKE AND STORE ICE CUBES THE "MAGIC TOUCH" WAY**



Flip the "Magic Touch" lever. A whole trayful of ice cubes drops into storage chest.

Ice chest stores several trayfuls of ice cubes. Also handy for serving indoors or outdoors.

INLAND MANUFACTURING "Magic Touch" HANDI-STOR ICE CUBE TRAY

INLAND MANUFACTURING DIVISION • General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio


# Letters (Continued from Page 4)

His statement—"If Senator Kennedy becomes our next president . . . he will either have to compromise his religion or else his politics"—is simply not true. And it sows the seeds of distrust of all Catholics in office. . . .

Throughout history Catholics have taken roles in American civic life. Some were signers of the Declaration of Independence, others helped frame the Constitution, which calls for separation of church and state. Others have been judges, senators, congressmen, governors and mayors and many have fought and died for their country.

ELIZABETH H. DUNN
*Kirkwood, Mo.*

Dear Sirs:

Reader Margaret W. Anderson states that both Massachusetts and Connecticut have birth-control laws which "force the Roman Catholic view upon peoples of all faiths." For her information, both laws have been on the books for well over seventy years and both were enacted by legislatures overwhelmingly Protestant.

EUGENE J. DOYLE
*Brooklyn, N.Y.*

● *True. These laws, the repeal of which is currently blocked by Catholic voting strength, were non-Catholic in origin.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

At a time when this nation is faced by a challenge greater than any it has ever faced . . . it is deplorable that dissemination of information on birth control should be blown into a major campaign issue. Too, at a time when the enemy stands for godlessness, it is ironical that a man's dedication to his religion might disqualify him from public office.

JONATHAN H. B. SEARLES
*Williamstown, Mass.*

## I Remember Rockwell

Dear Sirs:

That's a fascinating series *The Post* is running on Norman Rockwell [My Adventures as an Illustrator, by Norman Rockwell, as told to Thomas Rockwell, Feb. 13–Apr. 2]. I almost feel as though I know him because of the somewhat tenuous reason that back in 1923, when he was living in New Rochelle, N. Y., and I, a ten-year-old, was living in adjacent Mount Vernon, he painted my dog and used him in a cover.

The way this came about was that a grandfather-by-marriage of mine, George B. Bridgman, lived in Pelham, which is between New Rochelle and Mount Vernon, and Mr. Rockwell had, of course, studied under Bridgman at the Art Students League.

So when Grampie, as everyone called him, took a shine to my dog, he suggested to Mr. Rockwell that he paint it. He came over and made sketches, and I packed the yard with my pals ("Norman Rockwell's gonna paint Dugout!") and everyone enjoyed it thoroughly. When the cover appeared, Grampie peered at it over his pince-nez, sniffed, said, "The damned tongue's too long," and went back to filling his pipe.

All of which prefaces a very minor exception I take to the second installment: Grampie's name should be spelled Bridgman—no letter 'e'; although if he could read this letter (he died in 1943) I'm sure he'd glare at me over that famous pince-nez and blurt, "What the hell is it to you?"

Well, just for the record, I guess.

GEORGE C. APPELL
*Milford, Conn.*

Dear Sirs:

One of the farms where Norman Rockwell spent his early boyhood vacations was that of my parents, at Florida, N. Y. Although this was in the early 1900's I remember the family very well. Norman was considered delicate and had to have eggnogs between meals. One of my duties was to prepare them.

PHEBE JESSUP TAYLOR
*Chester, N.Y.*

## Missing Mules

Dear Sirs:

In the story Comanche Holdup [Feb. 27] Duvan Polk wrote as follows: "The older warrior had a wary, uneasy look about him as he stood directly in the path of the two teams of mules. . . ."

*The illustration, two mules shy.*

No wonder he was uneasy. Someone stole one team of mules out from under him, while he was looking directly at them.

E. TUCKER DICKERSON
*Manchester, Tenn.*

Dear Sirs:

I want my money's worth. I want all the mules I am entitled to and all the text calls for.

VAN ATHEY
*Bartlesville, Okla.*

Dear Sirs:

Maybe they are in the wagon hitching a ride?

JAMES E. HUGHES
*Somerville, Mass.*

Dear Sirs:

Could it be that in an election year the artist has a deep aversion to mules?

J. A. SPENCER
*Magrath, Alberta*

● *A nonpartisan blunder, says our art department.* —*ED.*

**Post Picture Credits**

*Reading across pages, then down:*

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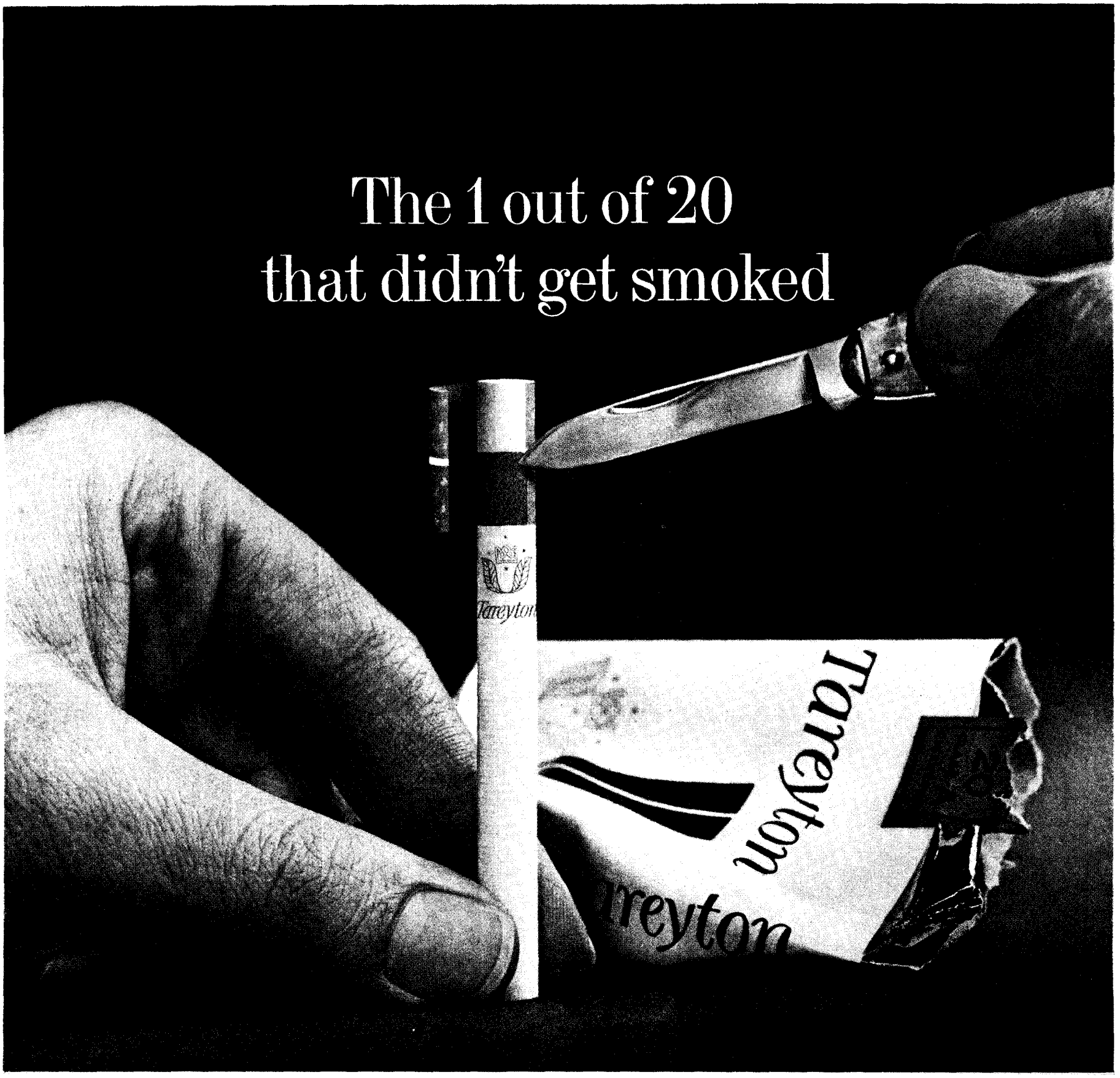
# The 1 out of 20 that didn't get smoked




There's a lot of satisfaction in pointing out something good to a friend. That's why it often happens that one cigarette out of a pack of Dual Filter Tareytons never does get smoked.

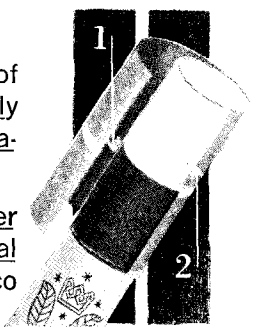
People break it open to demonstrate its unique Dual Filter containing Activated Charcoal. They may not know why it works so well, but they do know this: It delivers far more than high filtration . . . it brings out the best taste of the best tobaccos—*as no single filter can!*

Try a pack of Tareytons. We believe the extra pleasure they bring will soon have you passing the good word to your friends.

**Dual Filter does it:**

**1.** It combines a unique inner filter of ACTIVATED CHARCOAL . . . definitely proved to make the smoke of a cigarette mild and smooth . . .

**2.** with an efficient pure white outer filter. Together they bring you the real thing in mildness and fine tobacco taste!




*NEW DUAL FILTER* **Tareyton**

*Product of The American Tobacco Company* "Tobacco is our middle name" © A. T. Co.

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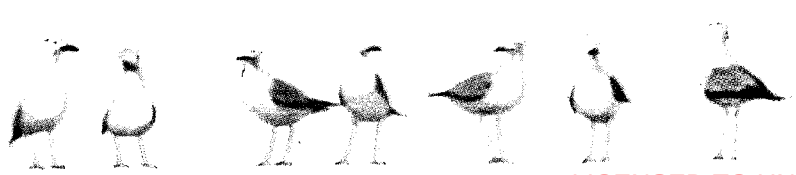
*This sleek Chevrolet Impala Conve*

# THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NEW CAR

*Nothing you can buy for the money excites and unite the family like a brand-new car. All makes offer yo substantial improvements this year but, of course, we hop you'll be partial to one of our fine new General Motors cars*

## TO BUILD HAPPY FAMILY MEMORIES



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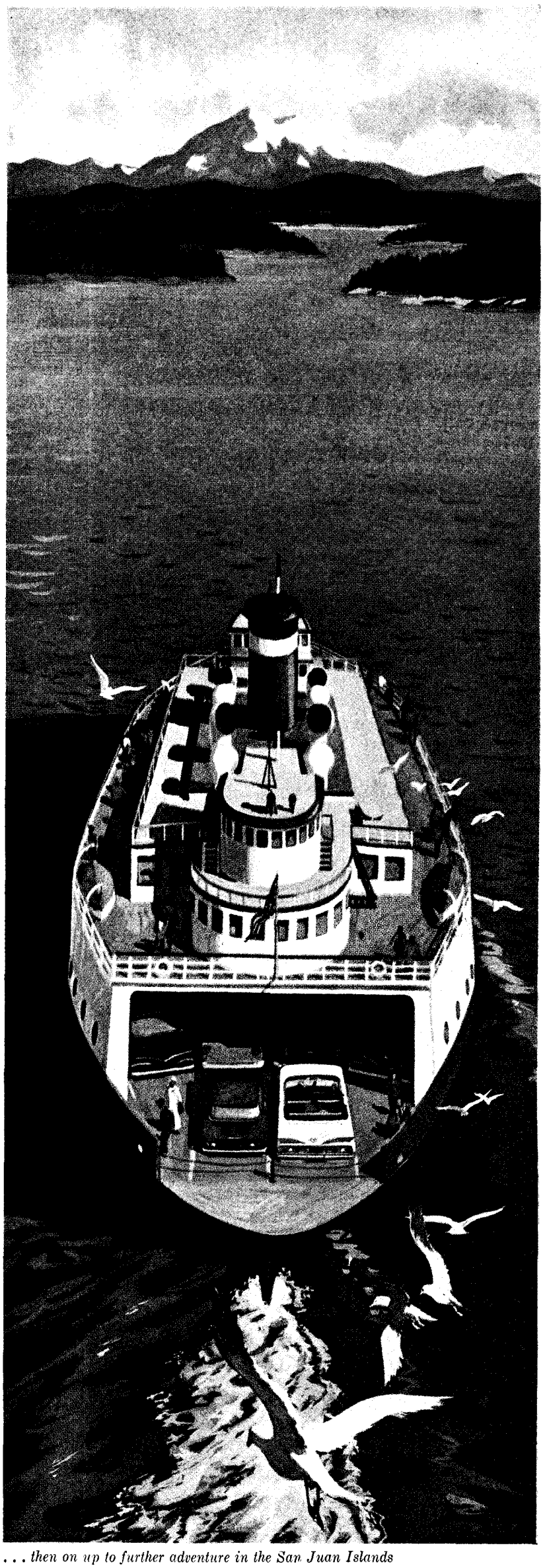
*a saucy red Corvair by Chevrolet find new room to roam via the Seattle-Winslow ferry*



*. . . then on up to further adventure in the San Juan Islands*

Nothing short of your home shares in family living, and adds so much to it, as a new car. It's so useful, so eager and able to take you places near and far.

Owning a new car opens up a new world of interest and pleasure for everyone. And it's the sort of family fun that lingers for a long, long time . . . the doing and seeing things together that's bound to build lasting, happy memories. It doesn't take long for all to agree that nothing for the money offers so much to the whole family in comfort, convenience, and safety as a new car.

You'll get these rewards from any new car, of course. But we strongly believe that you'll get more from one of the sparkling new GM cars for 1960. Each is distinctively styled, and there's a style to delight everyone. Sizes from Cadillac to Corvair by Chevrolet, models from eye-catching convertibles to hard-working wagons, each with General Motors solid construction and advanced engineering.

Drop in soon to see your GM dealer. We're sure you'll find a General Motors car, around which you, too, can build happy family memories.

# GENERAL MOTORS

*GO GM FOR '60*

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# Editorials

## The Fight for Industries Is Rough in Some Places!

For a variety of reasons the South has been drawing industry from other parts of the country at a remarkable rate. Textile plants from New England started moving to the Southeastern states several years ago to take advantage of favorable labor conditions, year-round working climate and ready availability to markets. No less than eleven major chemical concerns now have most of their production facilities in the South, and the rush of northern industry to Florida was so precipitous that the Sunshine State hardly felt effects of the 1957–58 recession.

Much of this growth just comes naturally, although it has been helped along somewhat by special efforts on the part of southern states and towns to get new industries from the North. They offer tax concessions, free land, or even complete plants which are leased or sold on attractive terms to newcomers. A new switch on industry abduction appeared not long ago when the city of Deming, New Mexico, actually purchased the Auburn Rubber Company, a thriving Indiana concern that makes toys and novelties, employing some 450 people. It was announced that the factory would be moved bag and baggage to Deming—leaving most of the Auburn employees, who didn't want to move, jobless. All this was done through a New Mexico law under which municipalities bond themselves and buy industries outright. Deming paid more than $2,000,000 for the Auburn plant, and has bought a couple of tool companies from California.

"Piracy!" yelled the Hoosiers, and it is going a bit far when one state can make economic war on all the others in this manner. A more serious consideration, perhaps, is that the New Mexico plan involves municipal ownership of industries, even though they may be leased to local operating corporations. If that isn't socialism, it's coming mighty close to it.

However, Indiana isn't dead yet, according to Lt. Gov. Crawford Parker, who heads the state's Commerce and Industry Department.

"We've been getting a lot of new industries ourselves," he says, "and we're doing this without offering bribes or concessions." In the last few months, Mr. Parker said, he officiated at the opening of Indiana's ninth General Electric plant, a big Westinghouse electric-transformer plant, and several other factories brought to Indiana by major national concerns. Indiana has no state debt, and its tax structure is one that long has appealed to industry. Indiana also has a right-to-work law in force.

For states which want to keep the industries they have and attract new ones, the answer probably lies in these stable, long-term inducements rather than in fancy lures. A state which is soundly and economically governed, isn't run by labor unions and doesn't treat industry as an easy mark for taxation will probably do all right without bargain-basement come-ons.

## Too Few American Schools Have Adequate Libraries

Public libraries, open to all, are so much a part of the American scene that we tend to take their existence for granted, forgetting that not too long ago, as history is measured, only wealthy men could afford to build up private collections of books. During the week of April 3–9, as we observe National Library Week, sponsored by the American Library Association and the National Book Committee, many people may assume complacently that all's well with our nation's libraries and there's nothing we need do about them.

Actually our libraries are weakest in the area where their role is most crucial. The most recently available statistics from the United States Office of Education indicate that approximately 75 per cent of our elementary schools have no central school libraries whatsoever. Many of these schools have only stopgap service. As students progress to high school and college they find better library facilities. It is paradoxical, however, that we give millions of our children little reading matter, at a time when their lifelong attitudes toward books are being formed.

A child's earliest experiences with books will decide whether he's going to hate or love reading. The youngster who early succumbs to the enchantment of the children's story hour and the excitement of being able to make his choice from the wonders of the picture-book shelf has learned that books can open magic worlds. He'll end up a good reader almost every time if, at an impressionable age, his public-school library can stimulate his imagination and answer his questions by providing a healthy diet of new books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, films and filmstrips, recordings of music and literature, and art reproductions.

The reading child becomes the literate man, but if his early reading does not give him the small shocks of discovery that make him want to explore new books, he'll conclude that reading is a dreary affair.

What is a good school library and how can it be achieved? The American Association of School Librarians recommends that for schools with more than 200 students, the library should have five books per pupil for minimum service, twenty volumes for superior service. For adequate service the A.A.S.L. suggests a national minimum expenditure of $1.50 per child each year. Only six states spend that much. The latest figures show an average expenditure of $1.05 per child annually to stock school libraries—less than the price of a doll or a toy gun.

Parents who want to do right by their children may well be discouraged as they contemplate the distance between today's reality and the ideal school library. Nevertheless, a start can be made if they call the problem to the attention of P.T.A.'s, if they work with teachers and school boards and municipal governments. A new publication, *Standards for School Library Programs*, has been prepared after a five-year study by the American Library Association, 50 East Huron Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. It is available, along with other helpful pamphlets and books, to educators, parents and all other citizens interested in working on a program of providing books and library services that will catch formative minds and set them afire.

## What Happened to the "National Goals" We Grew up With?

After a delay of about a year President Eisenhower has finally got his Commission on National Goals going. It may seem odd that it took so long to man so prodigious a body. But isn't it odder still that such a commission is supposed to be needed at all? The American republic is one of the oldest surviving governments on earth, and none was thought out more clearly in advance or set up more explicitly in accordance with a rational plan. The founders had very clear notions about the goals of a free people, and if we their descendants are foggier in our views, there must be a reason why.

Consider, for instance, three statements involving national goals at three points in our history: the beginning, about midway, and now. The first comes from the Declaration of Independence: "All men . . . are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights."

The second comes from Abraham Lincoln: "It is the duty of nations as well as of men to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God . . . and to recognize the sublime truth, announced in holy Scriptures and proven by all history, that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord. . . ."

The third is from a recent decision by a special three-judge panel of the United States District Court in Pennsylvania: "The daily reading (in public schools) of the Bible buttressed with the authority of the State and, more importantly to children, backed with the authority of their teachers, can hardly do less than inculcate or promote the inculcation of various religious doctrines in childish minds. . . ." Hence, the court concluded that reading the Bible in the schools was unconstitutional because it violated the constitutional ban on the establishment of religion.

Maybe the reason we need a commission to outline new goals is that so many of the old ones have been declared unconstitutional!

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## Some things you should know about...

# Excessive Drinking

MOST AMERICANS either leave alcoholic beverages alone entirely—or drink moderately and sensibly, mainly for social and special occasions.

Unfortunately, however, there are 5 million men and women in our country who *cannot* control their drinking—and most of them break down socially, emotionally and physically. Inevitably, they also damage the lives of their families and other people . . . sometimes in the most tragic ways.

Since alcoholism is among our most important health problems, it deserves our attention. These questions and answers may give you a better understanding of it.

### [illegible]

Medical science does not yet know the precise cause or causes of alcoholism. Authorities agree, however, that emotional difficulties—tension, worry, guilt, inferiority and other dreaded feelings—are certainly connected with alcoholism. The alcoholic drinks to escape his inner conflicts. And he becomes so dependent on alcohol that he cannot face life without it.

### [illegible]

When a person starts "gulping" alcohol to "fortify" himself, trying to hide from others how much and how often he drinks, drinking alone or in the morning, giving strange excuses for his behavior, having trouble on the job or at home . . . addiction to alcohol may be in the offing. It may develop quickly—within a few months—or slowly over a period of years.

### [illegible] alcoholic recover?

Recovery depends on the alcoholic's own fundamental desire to stop drinking—and, having stopped, never to drink alcohol in any form again.

Medical treatment is becoming increasingly important in furthering recovery. New drugs help ease the alcoholic's discomfort. Psychotherapy helps him recognize his problems and enables him to deal with them without alcohol.

### [illegible] to help an alcoholic?

Face the problem without embarrassment . . . just as you would any other serious threat to your home and your family.

The family—especially those members closest to the alcoholic—should seek help from someone who knows the problem. The family doctor, or a clergyman, or a social worker, or a trusted friend may be able to advise you about the best course to take.

Alcoholics Anonymous helps many people conquer their compulsion to drink. The only requirement for AA membership is an honest desire to give up liquor. There are no dues or fees for its services. In many communities there are also special clinics for the treatment of alcoholism.

When given the help they need, many alcoholics can recover and make a fresh start in the world.

## Help for the Alcoholic and His Family

**If Alcoholics Anonymous** is not listed in your telephone directory, write to: Alcoholics Anonymous, P.O. Box 459, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y.

**For family guidance** write to Al-Anon Family Groups, P.O. Box 182, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

**For educational material** and consultation, write to the National Council on Alcoholism, Inc., 2 West 103rd Street, New York 29, N. Y.

**Your state or local** health departments can also give you information.

**Metropolitan's new booklet** — *Alcoholism, A Guide for the Family*—summarizes the most important facts about this problem and offers helpful suggestions for its solution.


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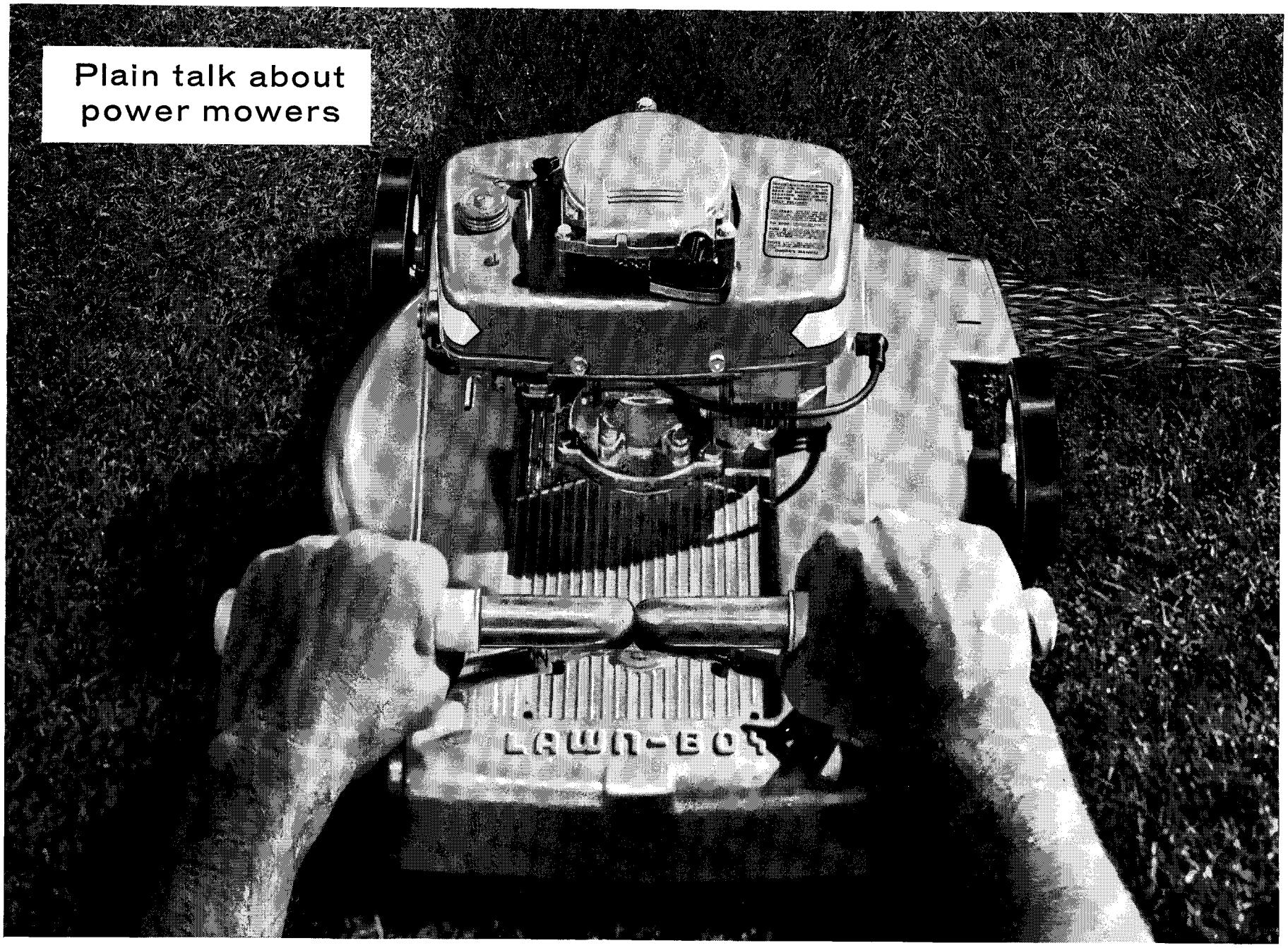


# How to pick a power mower

There is a big difference in power mowers that goes past the price tag, beyond the pretty paint. Certainly price is important. That's why some mowers are *made* to sell for less. But where *value* is concerned, even high price is no guarantee. How do you know you're getting your money's worth? Don't settle for sales talks. Find out for yourself fast, with the six-step test for power mower buyers.

Walk up to any mower, regardless of price or reputation. Look it over. Lift it. Start it. Listen to it. Then look at LAWN-BOY. Measured by any yardstick, this is the mower built for value! The nationally known, nationally serviced brand. The one that sets a standard others would like to live up to. This time, get more mower for your money! Go LAWN-BOY! Wide selection for *every* lawn, starting at $59.95.

## SIX-STEP TEST OF A MODERN POWER MOWER
### Standard to judge any power mower by—before you buy!

**1 TILT** the mower, as you would to clean it or to mow along a hillside. Oil should not leak out or spill. A drip-free LAWN-BOY mower keeps oil in the engine for full-time lubrication.

**2 FLEX** the blade. It should be pre-stressed, under tension. A long, whippy blade cuts unevenly, can cause crankshaft damage. LAWN-BOY uses a short, hard shaft, with bronze main bearings.

**3 TAP** blade housing. It should be solid as a rock . . . yet lightweight. Thin steel stamped housings will vibrate, can spring out of shape. LAWN-BOY light, strong, durable aluminum housings never do.

**4 LIFT** the mower. It should be light, easy to push or turn. Not too big, not too heavy. LAWN-BOY is aluminum-light, nimble and comfortable to use. Even the handle is designed to fit you better.

**5 START** the engine. Several times. Starting should be easy, fast, sure. LAWN-BOY is famous for fast starting. Hottest ignition spark on any mower delivers years of easy one-pull starting.

**6 LISTEN** to it. Does it roar? Or spit fumes a step ahead of you? It shouldn't. LAWN-BOY has the biggest mufflers of any power mower. And exhaust is under the mower, away from you.

*AT LAST!* Complete automatic lawn care in *one* modern mower! New *LAWN-BOY* Grass Catcher rakes and sweeps *as it mows!*

*Ask for a free demonstration on your own lawn today. Look in the "Yellow Pages" under Lawn Mowers for your nearest LAWN-BOY Dealer, or write LAWN-BOY direct.*

# LAWN-BOY

LAMAR, Missouri. Division Outboard Marine Corporation.
In Canada: LAWN-BOY, Peterborough, Ontario.
Manufacturers of LAWN-BOY power mowers, rotary tillers, edger-trimmers, snow removal equipment.

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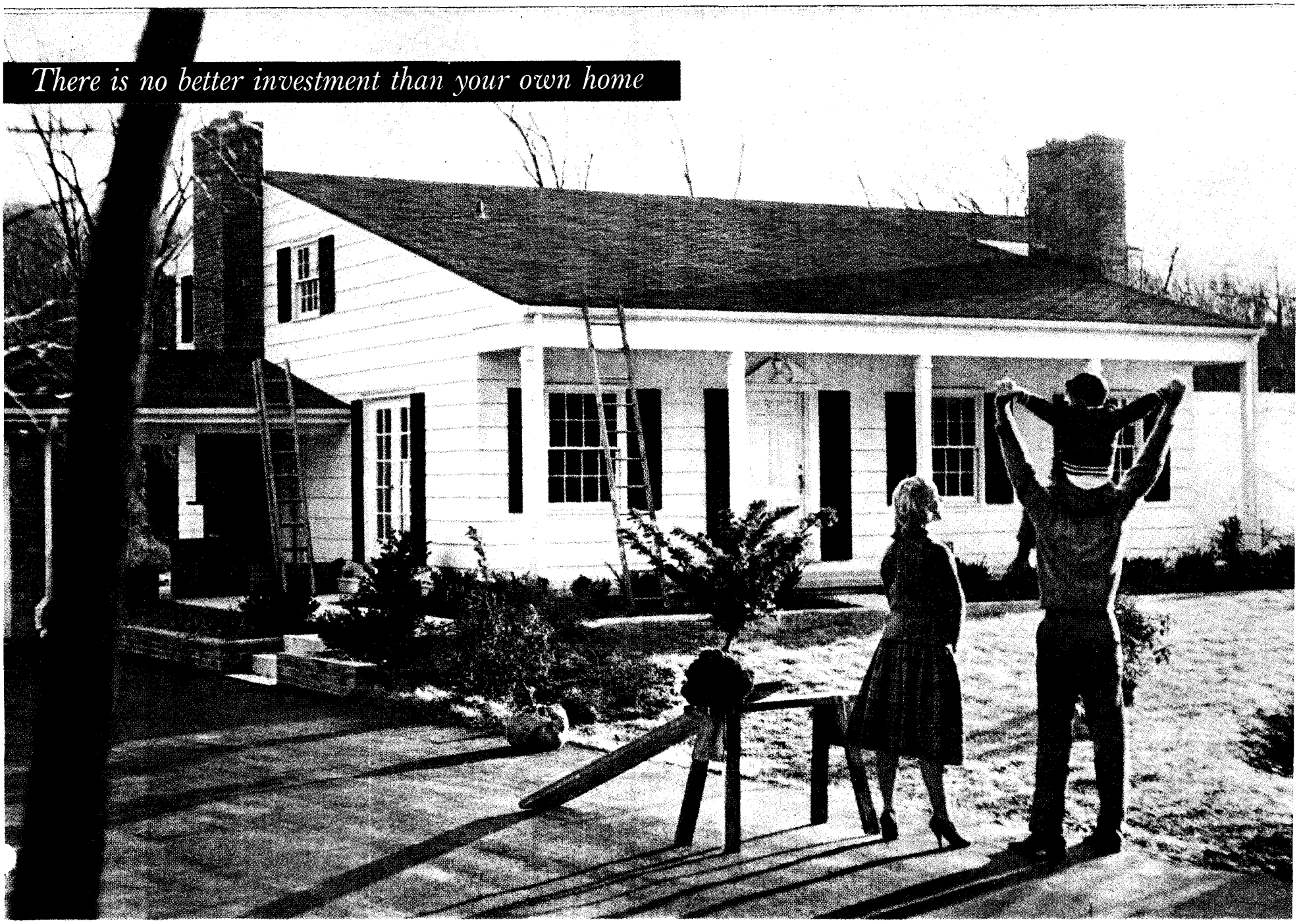



# How to spot features that will make your new home worth more tomorrow!

Your new home is likely to be the most important investment you will ever make. It *can* be the best investment you will make. There's a catch, however: *don't expect "value" in your home tomorrow if "value" isn't built in today!* Look for features that indicate quality when you invest in a new home. Get acquainted with the *names* of the products used to build quality homes. Then go invest in that new home—there's never been a better time to do it!

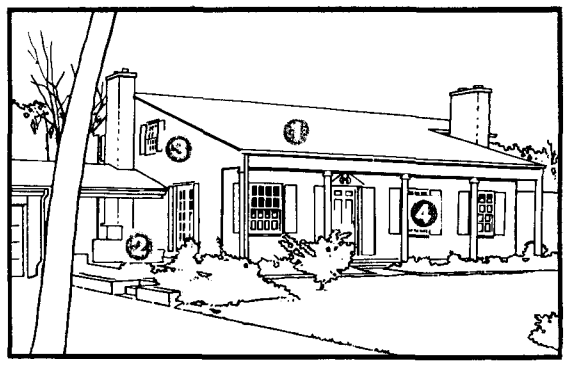
**1** BASIC: A QUALITY ROOF Look for strength that will withstand easily the worst that weather can do. Look for color, too. A way to make sure you get both is to get a roof with the new Flintkote *Seal-Tab* shingles. They come in beautiful pastel colors, and they're designed so that the sun's heat welds them tightly together—so tightly, in fact, that even hurricane winds can't budge them!

**2** SOLID FOUNDATIONS, MODERN DRAINAGE "Quality" begins when the ground is first broken—from the first pouring of the foundation for a "quality home." Look for names like Kosmos® or Glens Falls Portland Cement (or for you Westerners, Calaveras Cement). And if you're on the scene when the drainage system is installed, look for the name "Orangeburg®" on the pipe used. That's a sign your drainage system will be modern and efficient.

**3** QUALITY INSULATION The wonderful efficiency of today's new heating and cooling systems is wasted if your builder doesn't use first-class insulation. That's why many builders prefer to use Flintkote's Stalwart® Sheathing, wool and siding.

**4** MODERN TOUCHES INSIDE Today's better homes make special provision for comfort. Underfoot, look for easy-to-care-for floor tile. And look for acoustical ceiling tile that will make game rooms and family rooms pleasantly quiet. Flintkote makes a quality tile for each of these purposes—floor tiles that go from inexpensive Tile-Tex asphalt-asbestos tile to beautiful Flexachrome® vinyl-asbestos, and noise-absorbing Flintkote Acoustical Tile. Another quality touch inside is the use of Blue Diamond or Flintrock Gypsum for wallboard and plaster.

*Value* goes into a home wherever a Flintkote product is used—value for today and for tomorrow. Keep that thought in mind as you plan your home investment. *Better* home value can be yours for the asking—if the name you ask for is Flintkote.




*The home shown here is a Flintkote "Storybook" Home . . . "Romantica" Model, exhibited from coast to coast.*

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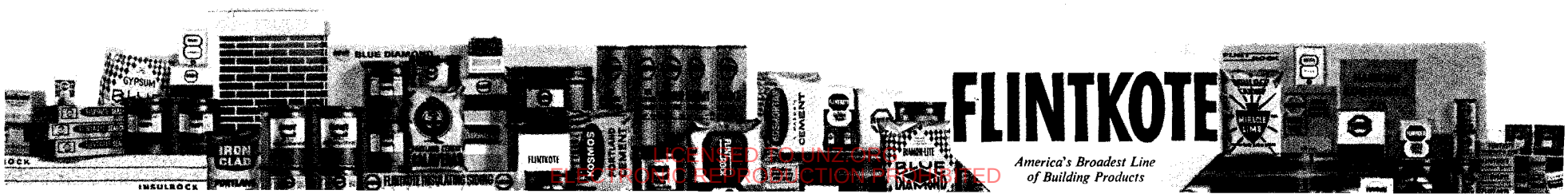
**THE FLINTKOTE COMPANY, 30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.**

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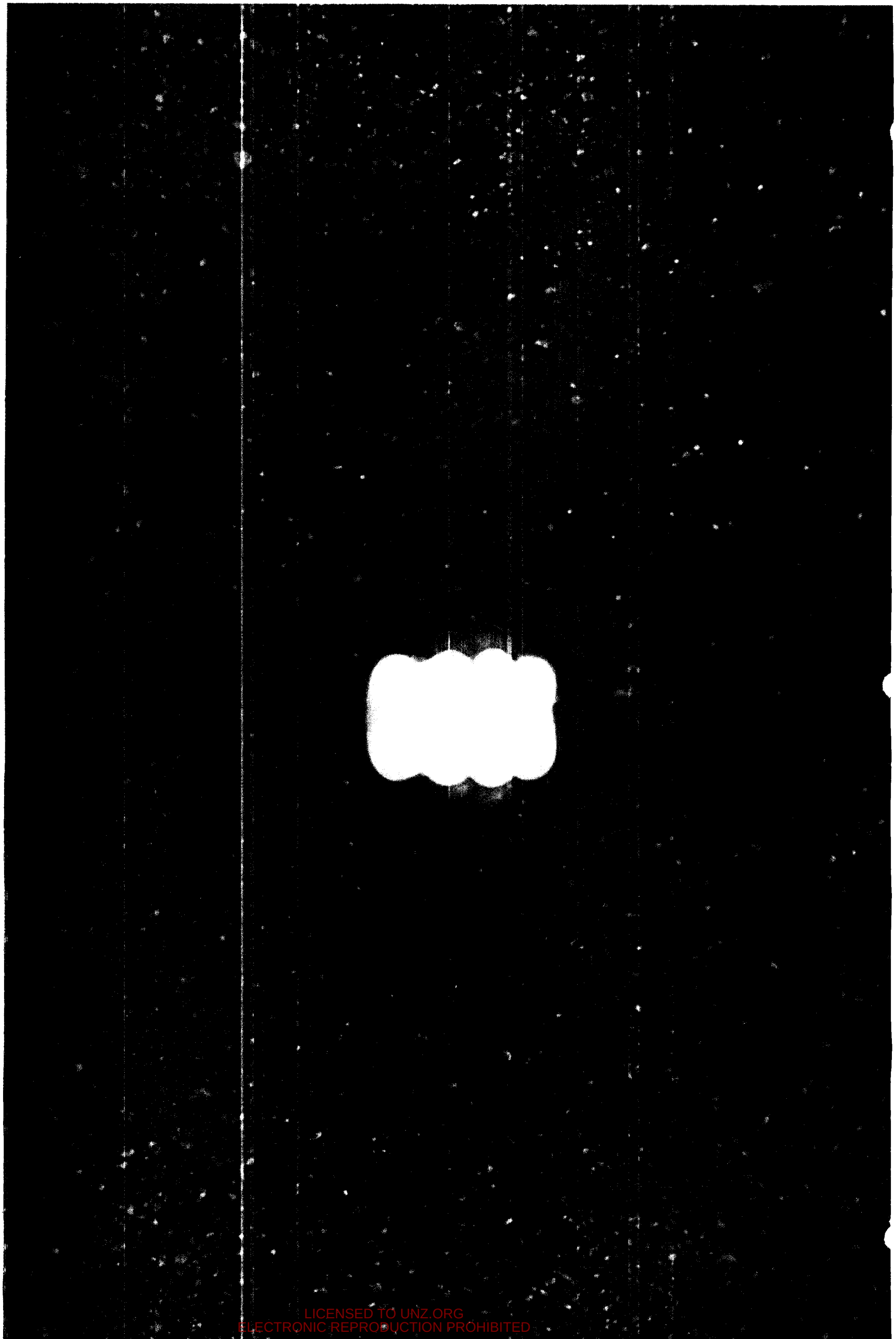

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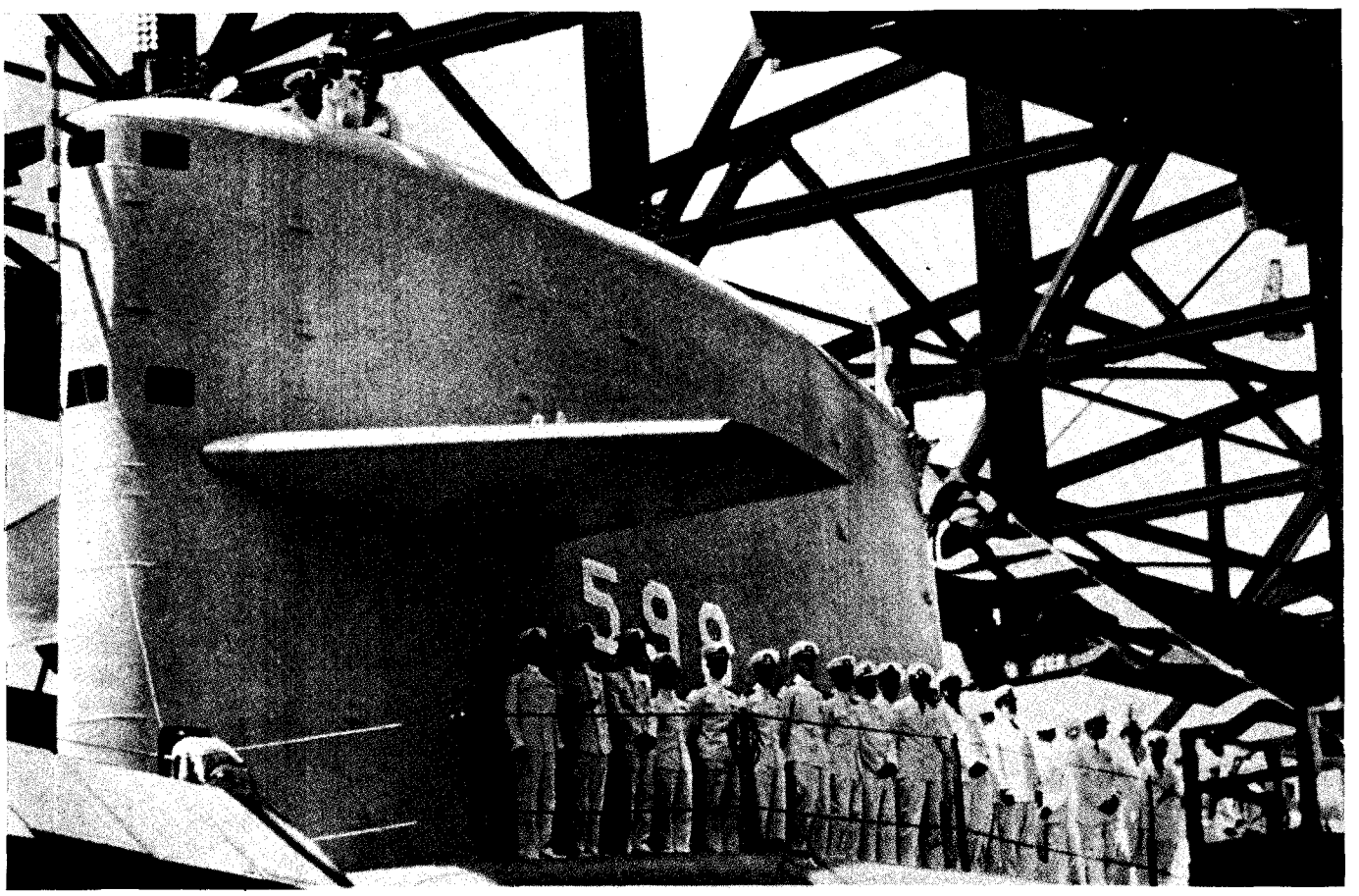
# vision/avenir

"Noiseless, nuclear-powered vessels of virtually unlimited range
"Silencieux et rapides, des bâtiments à propulsion nucléaire et à rayon d'action pratiquement
and high speed will augment a weapons system with unparalleled stealth,
illimité donneront à l'armement une soudaineté de manoeuvre, un pouvoir de surprise, une puissance
surprise, power and mobility. The strategic importance of the submarine
et une mobilité incomparables. Des travaux de recherche et de perfectionnement augmenteront la
will be expanded through research and development to such
valeur stratégique du sous-marin, qui se prêtera à de nouvelles applications: plate-forme de
additional capabilities as that of a missile platform, a radar picket station,
lancement de fusées, station piquet radar, chasseur de sous-marin, transport ou cargo submersible."
an antisubmarine weapon and an underwater transport or freighter."




# reality/réalité

Launched in 1959, the nuclear-powered *George Washington*
Le *George Washington* et le *Patrick Henry*, mis à l'eau en 1959, sont les premiers des nouveaux
and *Patrick Henry* are the first of the new ballistic-missile-firing submarines
sous-marins à propulsion nucléaire, lanceurs d'engins balistiques, que construit l'Electric Boat
built by General Dynamics Corporation's Electric Boat Division.
Division de la General Dynamics Corporation. Les croisières historiques du *Nautilus*, du *Seawolf*
The historic sub-polar and sub-Atlantic voyages of the *USS Nautilus*,
et du *Skate*, qui sont passés sous le pôle et ont traversé l'Atlantique en plongée, ainsi que
*USS Seawolf*, and *USS Skate*, and the speed and performance records
les records de vitesse et les performances du *Skipjack* et du patrouilleur piquet radar *Triton*,
of *USS Skipjack* and the radar picket patrol submarine *USS Triton*,
ont démontré que les seules limites de la navigation sous-marine sont d'ordre physiologique.
have proven that underwater travel is subject only to physiological limitations.
Ces sous-marins nucléaires permettent non seulement d'utiliser les étendues sous-marines pour
These nuclear submarines have opened up the entire undersea, not only for
la défense, mais d'en envisager l'exploration, la mise en valeur et la colonisation pacifiques.
defense but also for peaceful exploration, cultivation and colonization.

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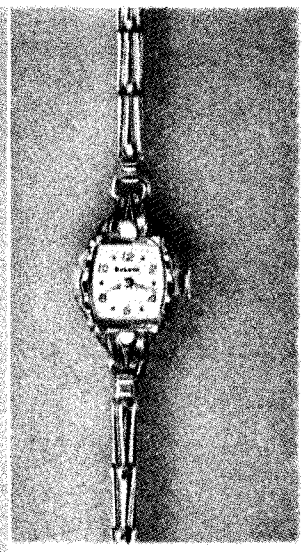
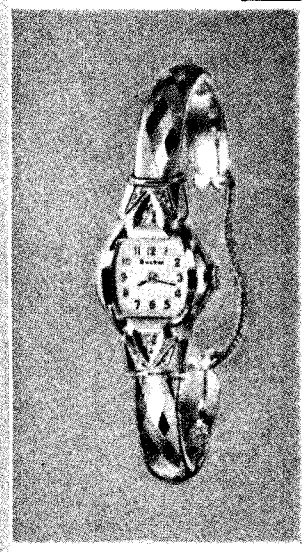
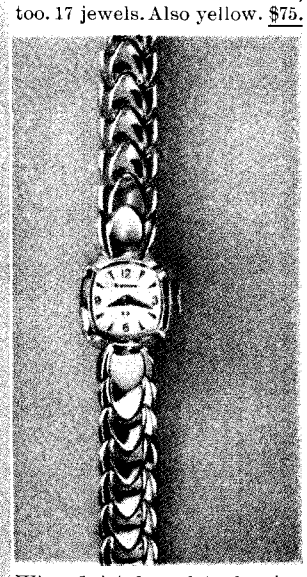


Expansion bracelet matches rippled edge of Miss America 17 jewels. Also white. $35.75.



2-diamond American Girl. Bracelet cut like diamonds, too. 17 jewels. Also yellow. $75.



Winged-jet bracelet cleaving its way towards the 23-jewel Rhapsody. Also white. $65.

Shown above: Half Moon link bracelet sets off this tiny, circular 23-jewel Bulova Rhapsody. Also white. $59.50.

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Watches with a beautiful Bulova difference!
The very nicest collection we've ever produced.
(And Bulova always has more styles than anyone else!)
Glittering like gold. To be worn as jewelry.
And shining with pride even on the inside!

For each watch has the Bulova jeweled movement
that stays out of trouble while it stays on the job.
Bulova will mark the moments precisely
long after faint-hearted watches have given up.
Affordable, adorable, adorning —
wouldn't you love a Bulova on Easter morning?

IT PAYS YOU TO BUY THAT **BULOVA** DIFFERENCE

*Watches shown include Federal Tax, Bulova watches are priced from $24.75 to $2500.* *© 1960 Bulova Watch Co. Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan*

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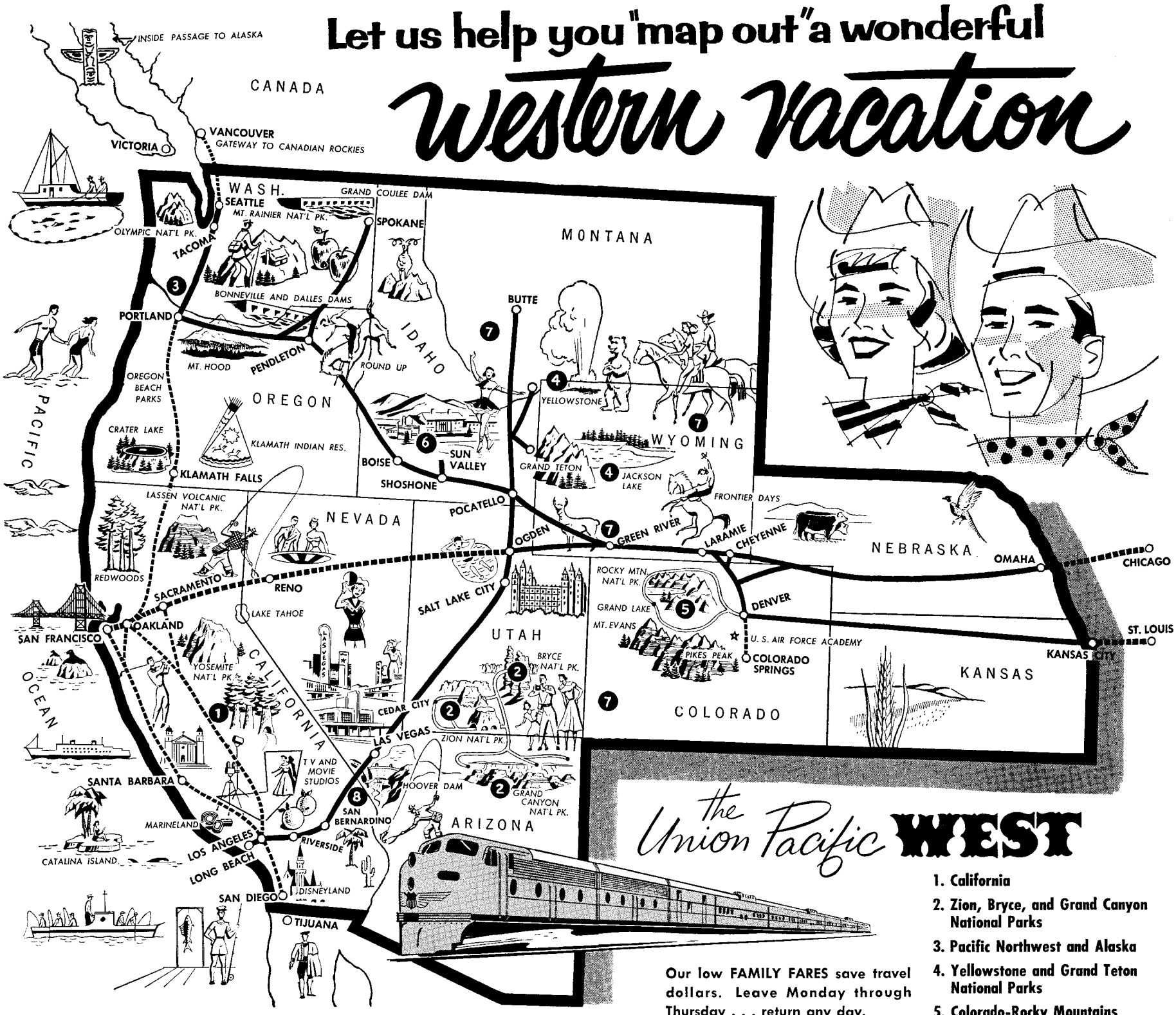
# Let us help you "map out" a wonderful *Western vacation*



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*Between Chicago and Denver-Sun Valley-Portland (Tacoma-Seattle)*

**"CITY OF ST. LOUIS"** (Pullman-Coach)
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• • •

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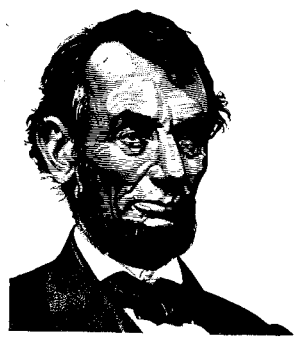
# What a sophomore can tell you about money problems



**He can tell you** money problems are rough—*really* rough—for any youngster working his way through college.

**He can tell you what it's like . . . being forever short of money . . . struggling to keep a job and keep up with studies at the same time . . . being forced to spend more time earning than learning.**

**Yes, he can tell you** of going to classes too tired and worried to concentrate . . . missing out on the social side of college . . . always feeling poor and pinched. All too often, the problem gets so tough that many fine students give up, discouraged.

**Certainly you don't want** a youngster of *yours* to face this problem. And there's no need. By setting up a thrifty Lincoln Life educational plan for your child *now*, you can spread the cost of college over the years. More important still, you *guarantee* that there will be money for a college education—even if you should die or become totally disabled.

**Phone the Lincoln Life agent** in your community or write for complete details.

**THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

*Its name indicates its character*

*Fort Wayne, Indiana*

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# you'd think the musicians came with the car

*Ninety-Eight Holiday SportSedan by Oldsmobile*
*—In-Person Sound by Delco Radio*

Delco Radio brings back the islands alive! As if there were no miles, no dials—nothing between you and the music. It's In-Person sound. Clear. True. Enchantingly real, for Delco is a car radio with greater fidelity, sensitivity and tonal range than you've ever enjoyed. On tropical causeways or big city expressways, at high or whisper volume, there is no distortion. And Delco's tuning mechanism is so precise (the only radio with Straight-Line Tuning) you never have trouble centering in on just the station you want to hear. Delco radios fit the acoustical needs of General Motors cars—and they're the only radios that do. So when you order your new Oldsmobile or other fine General Motors car, make sure you get the radio that belongs in your car: the factory-approved, transistor-powered Delco with In-Person sound!

*Division of General Motors • Kokomo, Indiana •* ***World Leader in Auto Radio***

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Men! (Women, too)

# Buying the right tire is as easy as B-F-G

## He paid too little.

How do you get the best tire value? It's easy. Yo buy the kind of tire that fits *your* kind of driving– heavy driving, light or normal.

For his *heavy* driving, piling up the mileag week in, week out, our thruway driver needs th *premium-quality* B.F.Goodrich "HT" tire. It h an extra-wide, extra-deep tread on top of 4 pli of best-quality nylon. Costs a little more, but sav a lot of worry.

For her *light* driving, our just-around-tow driver can use an *economy* tire like the BFG "Lor

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# She paid too much.

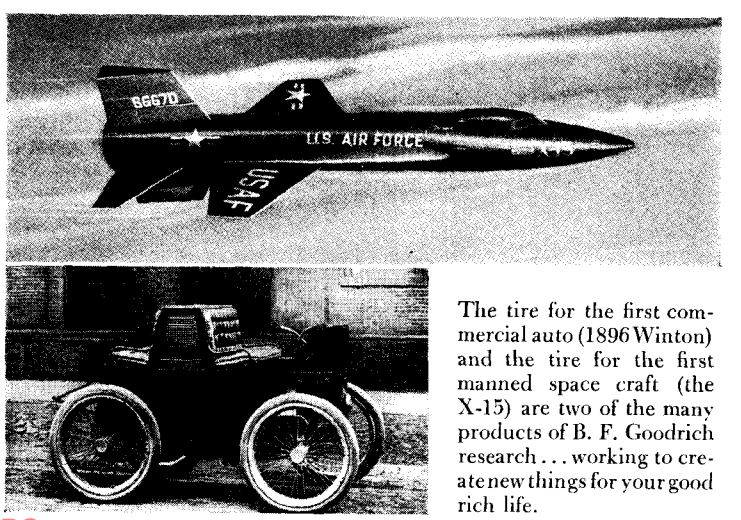
# Don't you do either.

BFG
**B.F.Goodrich**

liler." It has a tread and cord construction that are fine for op-and-go driving . . . but we don't recommend any economy re for heavy, high-speed travel.

For *normal* driving (hundreds of short trips and a couple of long ies each year), most families need the BFG "Silvertown"—e *first-quality* tire that Detroit specifies for new cars. It has a ugh Tyrex cord body you can depend on under all conditions.

You don't have to remember all this. Just see your B.F. Goodrich nileage Dealer (listed in the Yellow Pages). He'll make sure that u get the right tire—at the right price. He stands back of every BFG e. And we stand back of him. The B.F. Goodrich Co., Akron 18, O.




The tire for the first commercial auto (1896 Winton) and the tire for the first manned space craft (the X-15) are two of the many products of B. F. Goodrich research . . . working to create new things for your good rich life.

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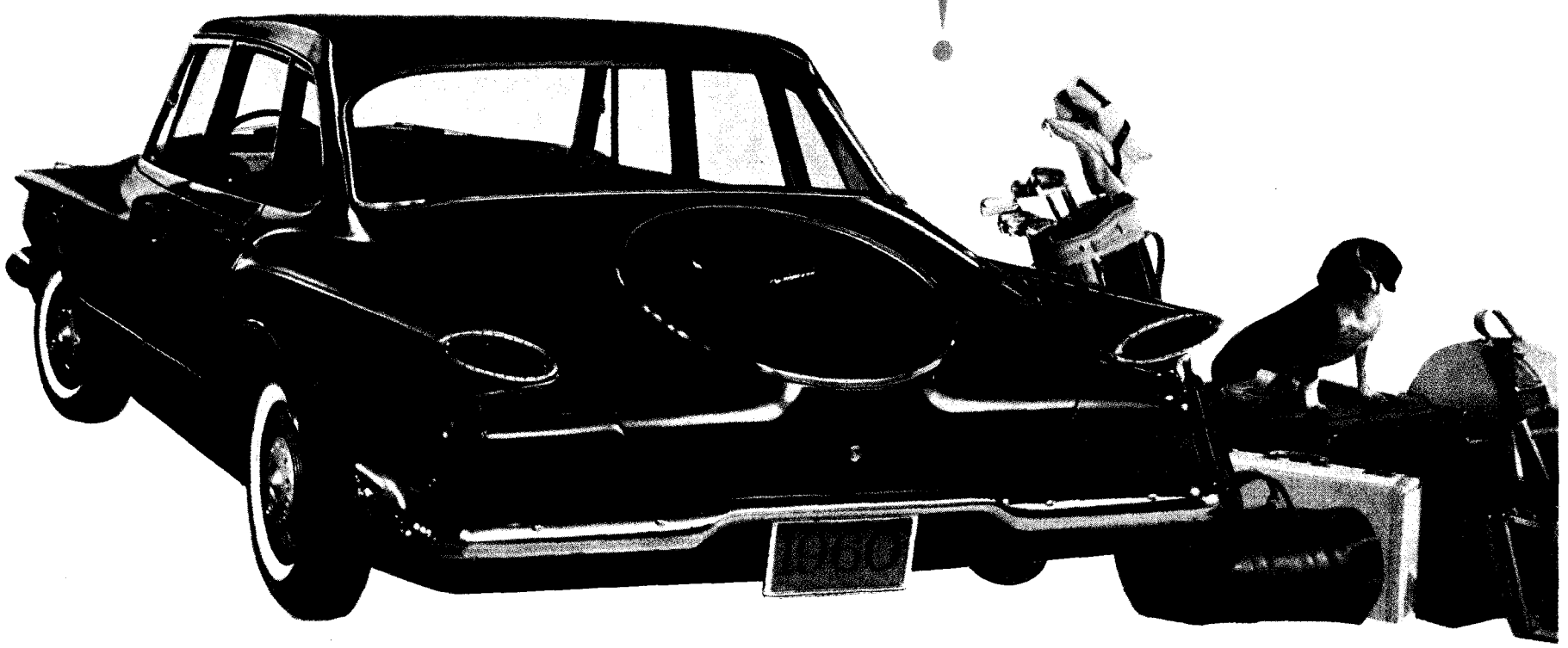
Rich playboys would cheerfully pay through the nose for Valiant. Just because it looks terrific. The other side of the coin is this—you don't have to. Sure, Valiant's got a low price, but that's just a starter. Valiant keeps on saving you money like the U.S. Mint was going out of business. With a new *inclined* engine that nurses regular like a longshoreman drinking juniper tea. With a fully-unitized, rust-proofed body that's bank-vault quiet. With a new alternator electrical system that keeps your battery charged (it even charges when you stop for lights!). But while Valiant pinches pennies, it never pinches *you*. There's plenty of room for a family of six, plus a vacation's worth of luggage in the trunk. And the ride would make some high-priced cars blush with envy. So take a tip from all the families who've balanced their budgets with Valiant. See the man who sells them. Valiant deserves a personal check. Yours.

# LOWER YOUR COST OF LIVING IT UP!



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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

An intimate portrait of Dwight Eisenhower by his best friend, who reveals for the first time the reason why Ike entered politics.

# MY FRIEND THE PRESIDENT

By GEORGE E. ALLEN

Dwight D. Eisenhower is a great man and a great President—the greatest man I have ever known and one of the greatest Presidents the country has ever had. There will be no taint of objectivity in anything I write about him. I am so prejudiced in his favor that I even admire his faults.

Anyone looking for a balanced assessment of the man and President will do well to spare himself irritation by reading no further.

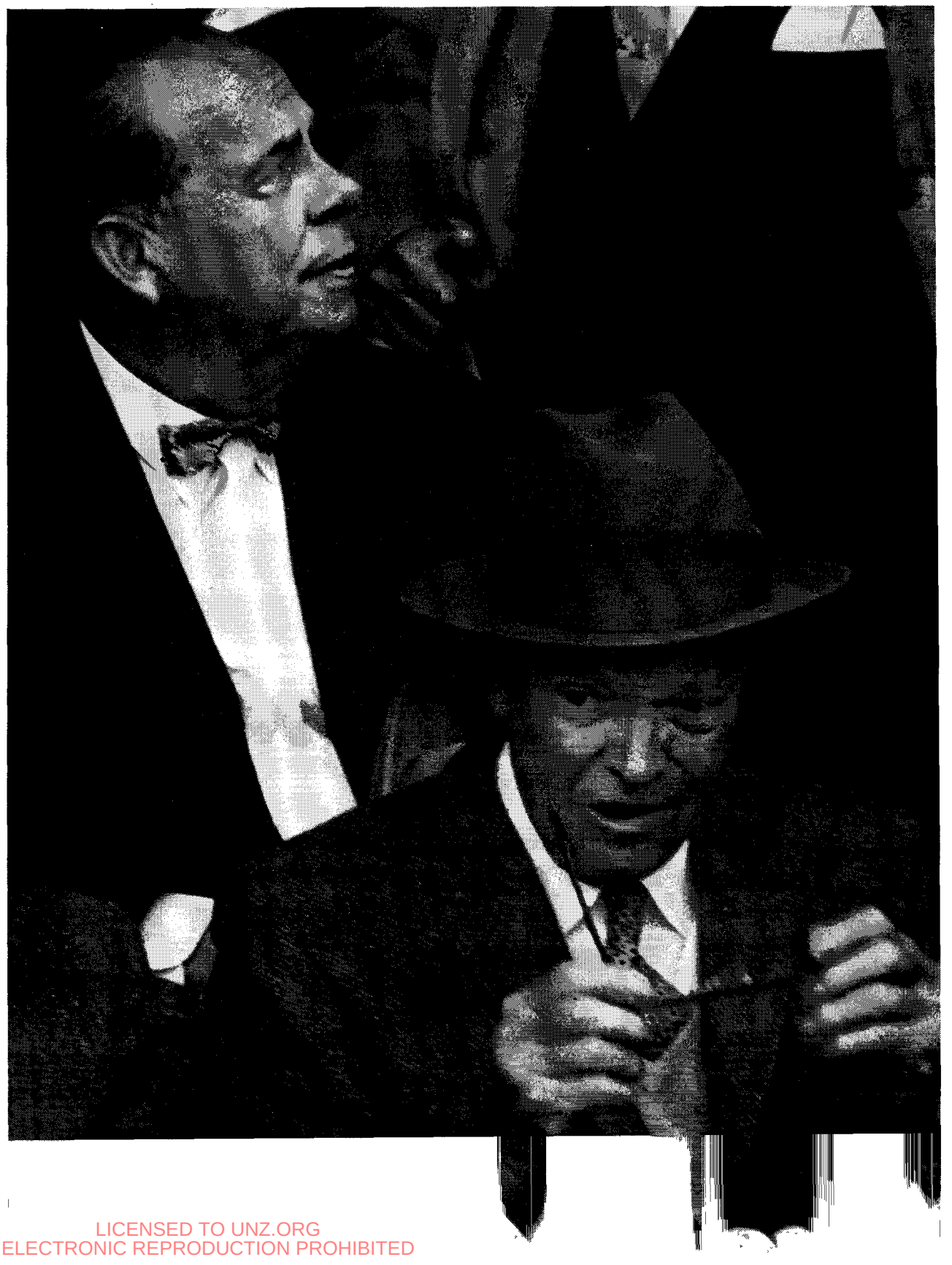
But anyone who likes Ike, as I do—and there seem to be quite a few of us—is cordially invited to stay with me for an admirer's-eye view, close up and distorted by proximity in time and space. Since he is my next-door neighbor at Gettysburg, I should hesitate to criticize him even if I felt critical. To do so would be to violate my own good-neighbor policy.

No President of the United States ever took the job more reluctantly than did President Eisenhower. He had carried an enormous burden of responsibility through World War II. After the war was won and he had served a hitch as chief of staff of the peacetime United States Army, he wanted very much to retire from public life to some useful private occupation. That was why he accepted

**ABOUT THIS ARTICLE**

In 1950 George E. Allen wrote a hilarious, yet penetrating, best seller about Roosevelt and Truman and politics titled, *Presidents Who Have Known Me*. Since that time Mr. Allen's intimate acquaintanceship among Presidents has been extended. His book is being re-issued April 25 by Simon & Schuster and will include three new chapters, including the one about Dwight D. Eisenhower on these pages.

THE EDITORS.



Behind the President—at Griffith Stadium in Washington—sits his favorite Democrat, the author

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the presidency of Columbia University and prepared to settle down to normal, useful service out of the main stream of postwar history. But when President Harry Truman asked him to take over command of NATO forces in Paris, he, of course, regarded the request as a command. Indeed, he accepted with some enthusiasm because he believed that the victory would be meaningless unless the world were now organized to maintain the peace.

Actually Sen. Robert A. Taft of Ohio, more than anyone else, was responsible for Eisenhower's decision at last to run for the Presidency. Eisenhower had found it possible to resist the importunings of hundreds of Republicans and Democrats who tried to talk him into civilian politics off and on between 1945 and 1952. What he found it impossible to resist was the challenge of Taft's opposition. This challenge was both personal and ideological. Had Taft been a little different kind of person—more flexible in his opinions and more inclined to talk out differences between his opinions and those of others—he, rather than Eisenhower, would have been the Republican nominee in 1952.

Moreover, he would have had Eisenhower's support. After Eisenhower had beaten Taft for the nomination, the senator, proving his stature by accepting his loss graciously, became one of Eisenhower's most respected advisers. Taft's death during Eisenhower's first term in office deprived the President of an associate he had come to count on both for counsel and for friendship.

One of Eisenhower's earliest encounters with Taft occurred at a party given by Sen. Joseph Guffey of Pennsylvania at the F Street Club in 1947. The party was purely social and strictly private but, because many of the guests were Democratic politicians from Pennsylvania and some of them were Republican senators, the talk inevitably got around to matters of national policy and politics. Inevitably, too, accounts of the talk found their way into print—sometimes in distorted form.

I wasn't there, so I don't know exactly what happened. The story that finally went around was that Eisenhower, worried even then about inflation, had suggested that American business should voluntarily take a cut in its profit margin as a measure of price control. It could afford to do this, he is supposed to have said, because it had fared well in the war and had a tremendous stake in future price stability. Taft was reported to have given him an argument, contending in a none too gentle way that the

Left: Allen and Eisenhower at Palm Springs, Calif. The President now shrugs off gibes about his golfing. It's a form of temporary escape essential to any man as highly organized as Ike, observes the author.

Hot-war general: In Normandy in 1944, then supreme Allied commander, Eisenhower decorated (left to right) Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, Maj. Gen. Leonard T. Gerow and Maj. Gen. J. Lawton Collins.

Cold-war general: Above, at the Pentagon in 1951, Eisenhower—then commander of NATO—with his U. S., British and French lieutenants. Seated: Gen. Omar Bradley and Air Marshal Lord Tedder. Standing, left to right, are Vice Adm. Jerauld Wright, Gen. Paul Ely and Lt. Gen. Alfred M. Gruenther.

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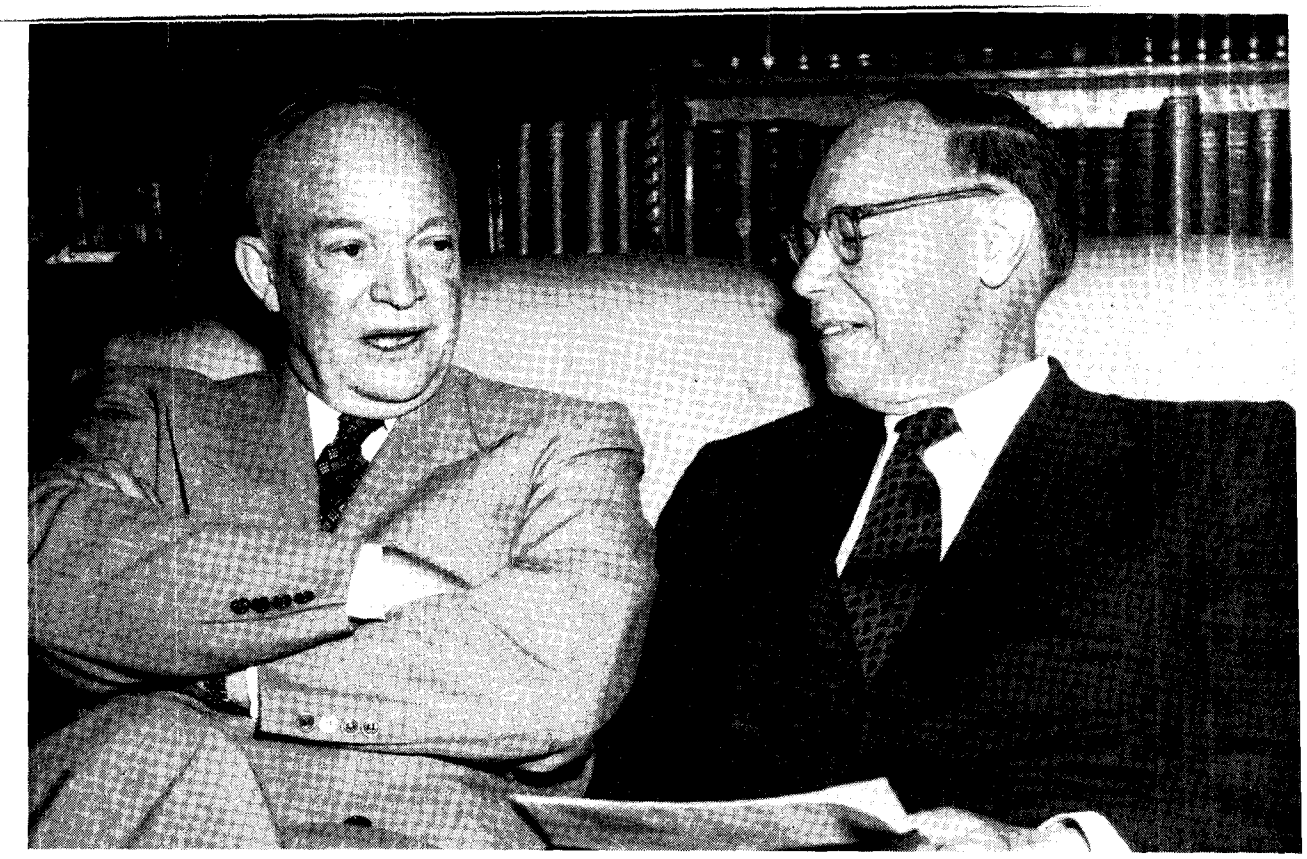
profit motive was an incentive necessary to proper operation of the American system in both peace and war.

Some of Taft's admirers of press and radio proclaimed that the views Eisenhower was supposed to have expressed at this party disqualified him for the Republican nomination because they revealed him in his true colors—as an extreme New Dealer and a dangerous radical. While Taft doubtless had nothing to do with the dissemination of these stories, and Eisenhower never thought he did, the experience nevertheless rankled. It reinforced the general's opinion that civilian politics was a tricky business and not for him.

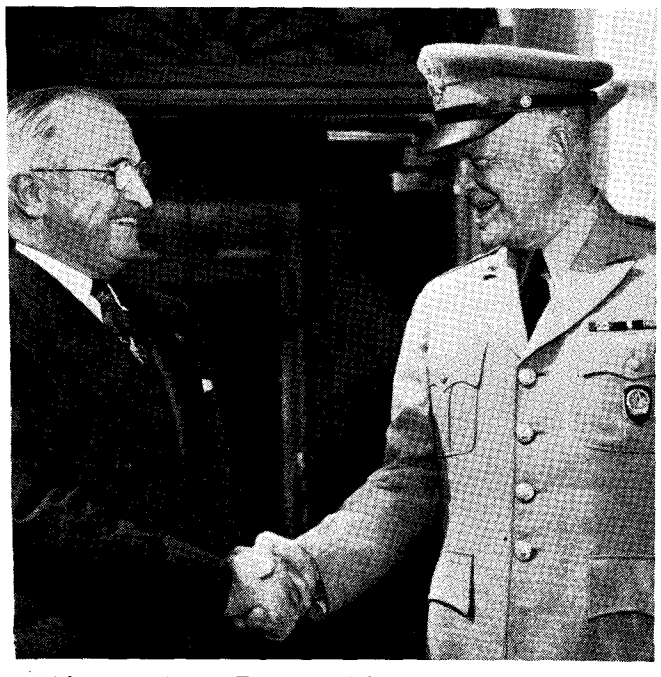
A second, more important encounter took place one winter evening in 1951 at the Pentagon. Eisenhower had been appointed NATO commander and had made a reconnaissance of the twelve countries involved in the effort to build an international force to protect Western Europe from any Communist aggression. He had reported to the President, to a joint session of Congress (Continued on Page 50)



Presidential candidate Eisenhower and the late Sen. Robert A. Taft, September, 1952.
An afterhours meeting with the senator at the Pentagon in the winter of 1951 determined Ike's decision to run against Taft for the Republican nomination, according to the author.

"Newspaper readers were given to understand throughout the President's first term that Sherman Adams (above reading a Presidential citation) attended to all domestic problems. This was never so," says the author.

"Neither Adams nor Dulles made a move, important or insignificant, without consulting the President. This was especially true of Dulles."
The late Secretary of State is shown above with his boss in March, 1955.



After reporting on European defenses to President Truman (above), June, 1952, Ike became an active GOP candidate.

Divided loyalty: Ike, former Columbia U. president and West Point cadet, at the Army-Columbia football game, 1952.

Convalescent President after his heart attack (Sept. 24, 1955) in Denver.

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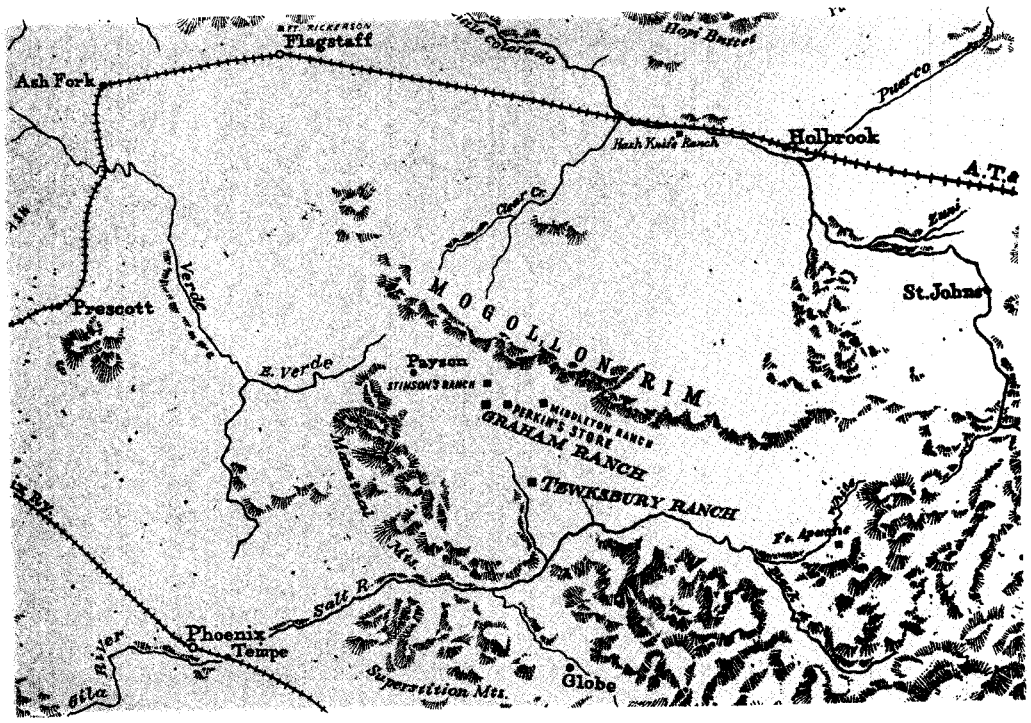


## A True Story

One of the most violent of all the West's range wars was the Graham-Tewksbury feud, which left the above-shown country bloodstained. Though it lasted only five years—from 1887 to 1892—this vendetta practically annihilated both families and ruined the range empires they had carved out of Apache territory in Arizona. The serial beginning here is a fictional re-creation of this deadly quarrel, based on accounts of the survivors and their descendants.

Illustrated by Stan Galli

# THE

An authentic and exciting novel of a tragic conflict between two proud clans.

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# TEWKSBURY FEUD

By AMELIA BEAN

He had seen no sign of human habitation since the day before, and this worried him; he was afraid he had taken the wrong trail. It did not seem that they would have settled so far out—this was wilderness country, the ragged canyons sloping up into the Superstition Mountains. But the little-used trail continued on ahead of him, and he followed it.

He had resumed his journey at first light, and at midmorning he put his horse to the rocky slant of yet another of the interminable ridges. There was a straggle of cottonwood trees along its crest, and he pulled up the gelding in their shade. He was surprised to find that he looked down and across a fenced meadow in which a gaunt cow grazed near a small stream. His suddenly anxious eyes located a hut against the hillside, and the forebodings that had mounted through days of hard travel knotted coldly inside him again.

The place had an unkempt, deserted look, and no smoke rose from the chimney. As he rode down the slope the cow lifted her head to watch and indifferently returned to her grazing. He dismounted before the hut and dropped the reins, staring at the half-open door. A small pup ambled around the corner of the hut to stop and stare at him in babyish confusion.

The silence was broken by the astonishing sound of an infant wailing within the hut. There was the soothing murmur of a woman's voice—a voice he knew. He had found her.

He stooped through the low doorway and peered about in the windowless gloom. She lay under filthy blankets with only heaped-up leaves and twigs to serve as a bed on the dirt floor. She was thin and pale almost to transparency, and her great dark-shadowed eyes seemed to take up all of her face. There remained but a haunting memory of the joyous, sparkling Josie in the feeble smile with which she recognized him.

She was past all feeling of joy or hope, and she began to cry in an agony of relief. He knelt and

(Continued on Page 54)

Their twisting bodies thudded to the ground, and Breed's big hands found a grip on Graham's throat.

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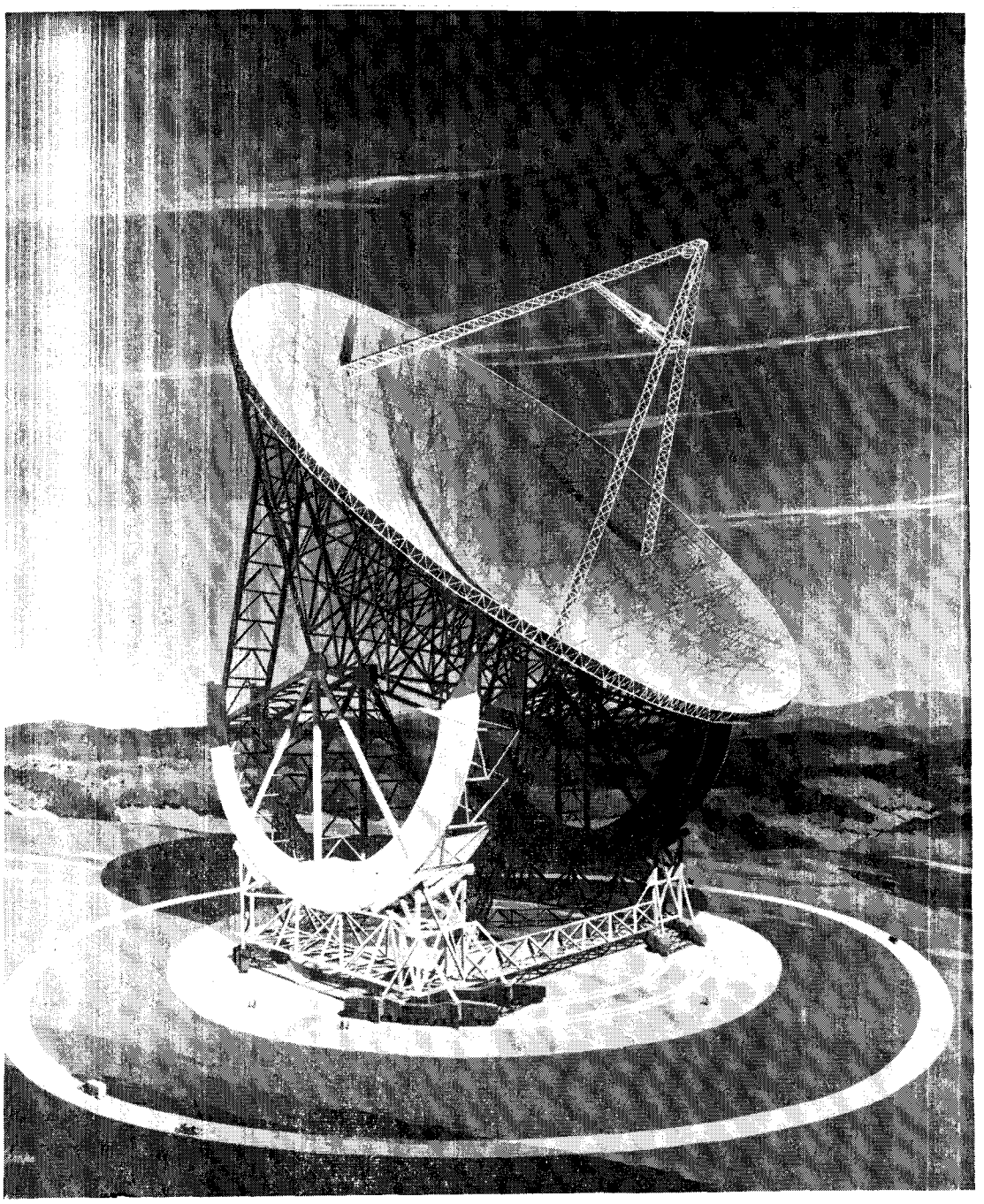

Above: Capt. Frank Tyrrell (left), the Naval Officer supervising construction, with Charles O. (Slim) Edmonds, superintendent for the American Bridge Co., which is erecting the telescope.

Left: An artist's conception of the radio telescope being constructed at the U.S. Naval Radio Research Station at Sugar Grove, West Virginia. The huge, $79,000,000 unit will be completed by 1962.

By SIDNEY SHALETT

# BIG EAR IN LOST VALLEY

By 1962 the world's largest radio telescope will be eavesdropping on the universe from the West Virginia mountains. With it, man may solve mysteries of the cosmos.

Mrs. Myrtle Curry Dyer (left), a long-time resident of the Sugar Grove area, with three wives of men working on the project. The newcomers claim they have never been more hospitably received in a community.

Right: Brandywine, West Va. Beyond the old-timer chopping firewood is a new $50,000 motel, restaurant and trailer park built to accommodate the influx of Naval personnel and construction workers.

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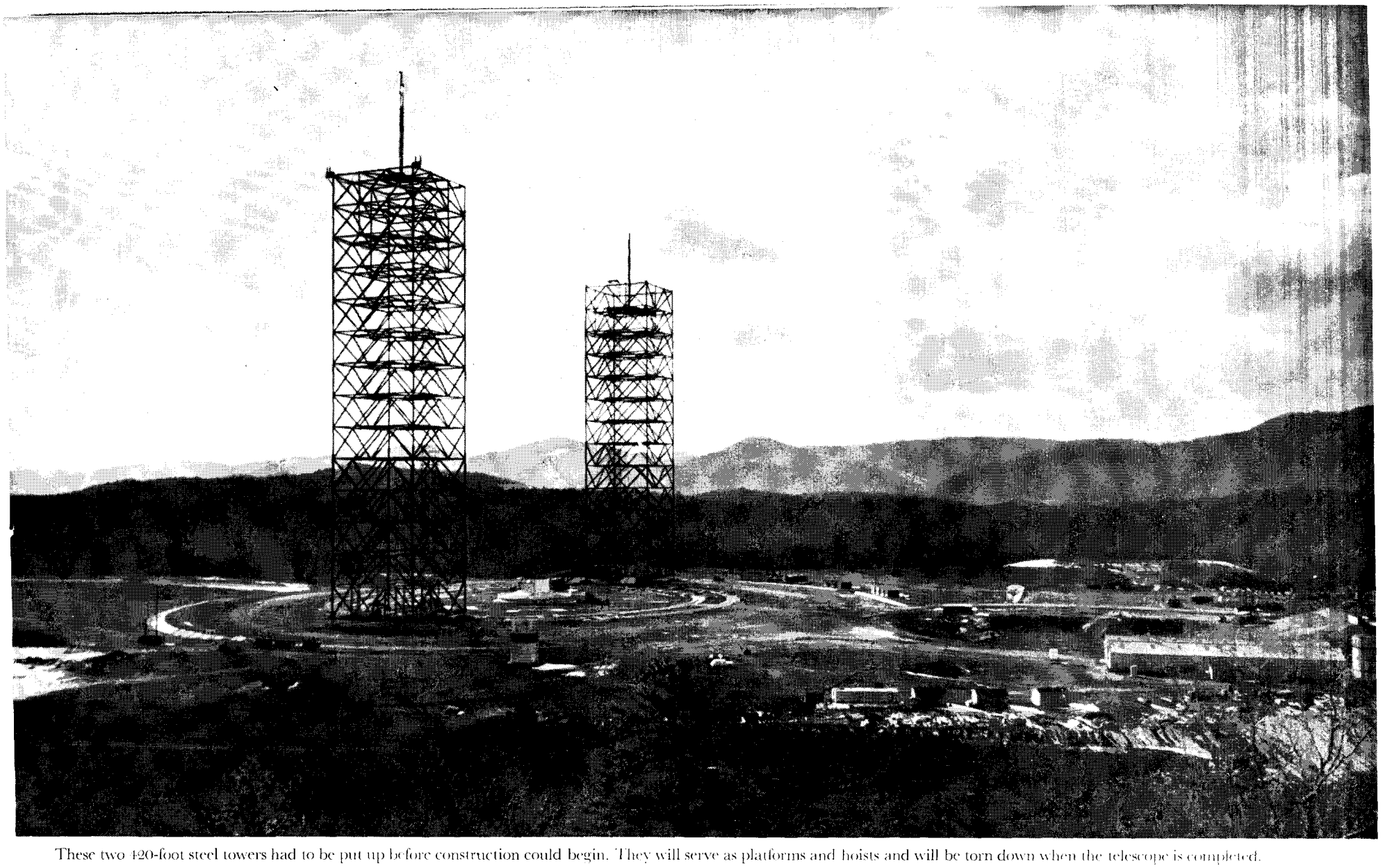

These two 420-foot steel towers had to be put up before construction could begin. They will serve as platforms and hoists and will be torn down when the telescope is completed.

What happens to "Lost Valley, U.S.A." when it becomes a way station on man's path of communication with the moon and beyond? The answer to that question is shaping up now in the Allegheny Mountains of West Virginia near a speck on the map called Sugar Grove, which, as the site of the newest man-made wonder—the world's largest movable radio telescope—is about to become the nominal center of one of the most imagination-challenging experiments of the age.

Sugar Grove, located on a country road off United States Highway 33 in Pendleton County, West Virginia, is an unincorporated community of some thirty-three persons, not far from Granddaddy Knob, Wildcat Ridge, Stamping Ground Hollow, Rattlesnake Run and Troublesome Valley. It contains eleven houses, a feed mill, a garage, two general stores—one housing the post office—a school, a meeting hall and two churches. To point up its smallness and its isolation, Richard Homan, a leading citizen of Sugar Grove—who, like some others, views the community's impending status with mixed emotions—tells the story of the day a stranger came there on business, an uncommon event. He stopped his car opposite a field where the late Will Simmons was tending his cow and inquired, "Mister, can you tell me where I can find Sugar Grove?"

"Will looked him over deliberately," Mr. Homan relates, "and replied, 'Stranger, don't move a damn inch!'"

Up till now, Sugar Grove's biggest social and economic question has been whether the price of turkeys, chickens and a few other agricultural commodities is up or down. Industrial problems bother the area little—there is virtually no industry. Suddenly all that has been changed. The United States, striving to regain its lost lead in the relatively new science of radio astronomy, a vital tool in the exploration of outer space, began searching for "the quietest place in the eastern half of the United States." After an arduous search, it was discovered that Sugar Grove was it. Now a monstrous structure, described by its builders as "the largest, fixed, movable device ever constructed by man," is being erected there for the United States Naval Research Laboratory. A pilot-model telescope, sixty feet in diameter, is already in action. And by 1962 the $79,000,000 facility, known officially as the United States Naval Radio Research Station, will be in full operation.

The big telescope is going up in the center of a 1500-acre reservation, partly within the George Washington National Forest, about two and a half air miles—five miles by road—from Sugar Grove community. It will be an openwork steel-and-aluminum structure, supporting a steerable "dish" of Gargantuan dimensions. The reflector dish will be 600 feet in diameter—twice the length of a football field, minus the end zones—and seven and one tenth acres in

(Continued on Page 73)

Richard Homan, of Sugar Grove, West Va. Some 300 acres of his farm are being sought by the Government for the "big ear" Navy project (background).



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# Too Many Brides

By NEIL C. WILSON

It was perfectly legal for him to have four wives—but one girl refused to share him.

The tall daughter of the Arab merchant looked out through her lattice. A young man was talking with her father in the courtyard. He had beautiful teeth and melting eyes, and his feet were well arched, though she doubted if he could stride the desert as she could. But he didn't need to. He was a truck driver.

She had glimpsed him before and, behind her veils, had made an estimate of him. Had he, too, taken notice, and not rejected her? She could not now hear his words, but they seemed earnest. Her father, listening closely, stroked his silky black beard. He always did that when concocting an unholy lie. Now her sire began talking. Was he assuring the inquirer that he indeed had a marriageable daughter, splendid as the star Canopus, which a bridegroom would assuredly discover? Allah forgive such fatherly zeal! And now was her sire stating the dowry a suitor must fork over? Jahaira hoped the sum was not too high. All her sisters were married off, but not she. She was large of frame, and Arab men preferred small women—it made them feel masterful. But this youth, perhaps, was a hawk of another wing.

The young man strove to bargain. At each offer her parent rolled his eyes to the sky. He studied that blue vault for guidance—and he stuck to his price. The trucker finally wagged his head sideways, a signal of acceptance. Jahaira's heart did a loop. Hurriedly her father fetched writing materials. He made out a paper. The young man signed it. Then her father stipulated, in clear voice, "In two days." The wedding date? The young man objected vigorously at the delay. Jahaira approved his impatience. But her father, after rolling his eyes skyward again,

(Continued on Page 68)

"Take a good look," she bade him.
"You're the first man who's ever had the chance."

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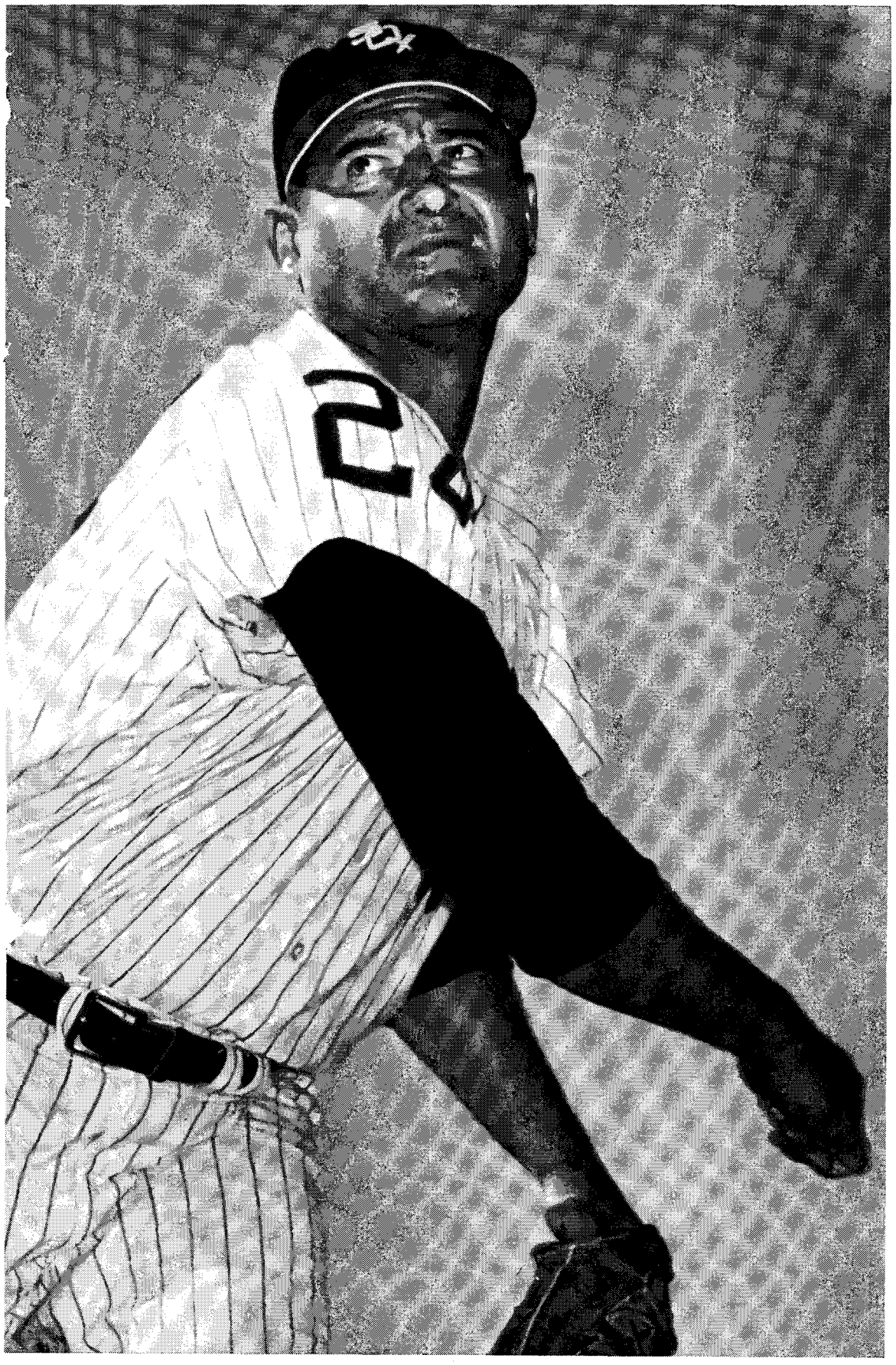

# My Pitching Secrets

By EARLY WYNN of the Chicago White Sox
as told to Roger Kahn

Last season's winningest pitcher explains the personal mound magic that has kept him a major-league star for over two decades.

It's been twenty-one years and 271 victories since I first pitched in a major-league ball game, and it still scares me every time I go to the mound. Maybe "scares" isn't the right word, but believe me, something happens. If by some miracle I could pitch for another twenty-one years, my feelings wouldn't change. No matter how many times you walk out to start a big-league game, it never gets like strolling in the park.

You hear a lot these days about how scientific pitching has become. Well, I won the Cy Young award as the best pitcher in baseball last season and I have some thoughts about the "science" of pitching. It isn't any exact science—the way aerodynamics is, for instance. I fly my own plane and I know that when I reach a certain speed in certain wind conditions and ease back on the stick, the plane will become air-borne. Provided you've had your engine checked, it always does. But in pitching, you can throw at a certain speed to a certain spot and strike a man out three times; and then, a fourth time he may hit the same pitch and drive in the winning run.

The factors you have to work with in baseball are always changing, because the human element is so important. Take a man like Tito Francona, who almost won the American League batting championship with Cleveland last season. Francona had been around for a while and he'd never hit like that before. My "book" on him was very simple. I'd change speeds. I'd throw him a fast curve and then, with the same motion, I'd throw him a slow curve. He'd get off stride, and I'd have him.

But last year he seldom got off stride. Change speeds, and Francona would double to right. Change speeds again, and he'd single to center. He hit every type of pitch and all the different speeds I threw. What did Francona discover between 1958 and 1959? I don't know and Tito himself may not know either. I'm just happy this kind of thing doesn't happen often. I have no book on Francona any more. This season I'll have to experiment and see if I can make up a new one.

I went into the World Series last fall without a real book on the Los Angeles Dodgers. The White Sox gave us long, detailed scouting reports on the Dodger hitters, but it seemed like an awful lot to memorize in a short time. Those reports often give you more detail than you can use. It can get confusing. Actually the main thing you want to know about each man is whether he is a low-ball hitter or a high-ball hitter.

So I worked out a little system with Al Lopez, who manages our club. Maybe you noticed it. Whenever I was in doubt about a hitter, I'd signal to Lopez by running my hand across the letters on my shirt. Then I'd look into the dugout, and Lopez would indicate with a little gesture where the next pitch ought to go. Al was low in the dugout, where the Dodgers couldn't see him. From up high on the mound I could see him with no trouble at all.

Everything went fine in the first game except the Chicago weather. I had good stuff, we got way ahead, and I could experiment. I threw a high fast ball to Gil Hodges, and he hit it a long way. I made a mental note. I threw one up to Charley Neal, and he just missed a home run. Another note. I was winning and I was learning. But the (Continued on Page 128)

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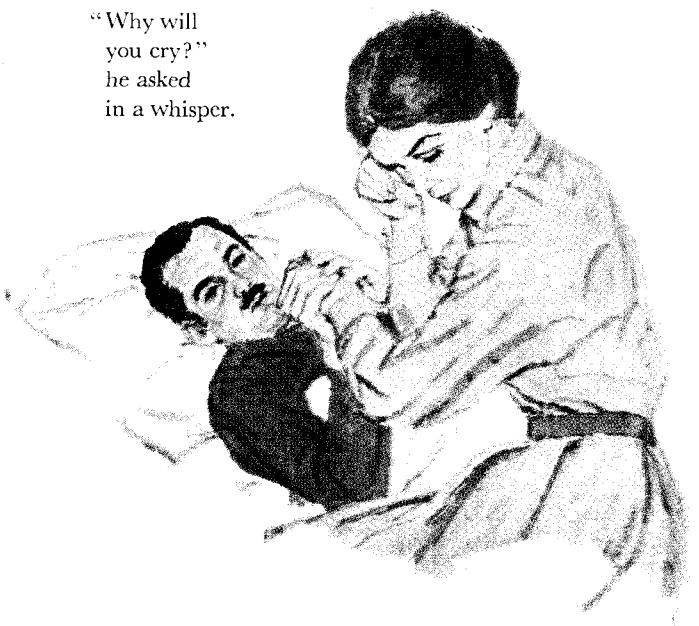
# The Captain's Lady



"Why will you cry?" he asked in a whisper.

A Novelette by PAUL HORGAN

Illustrated by Mac Conner



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As the President's carriage passed, he lifted his hat and bowed to them.

Captain! Captain! Look out! Look out!" he heard someone cry over and over, but when he looked to see who warned him, there was no one there, and he said to himself, passing his hand across his face, "I am confused." And then he saw again that vast and rapid dark bulk in the air above him, hurling its might across him, taking away the light of the blue sky, and he threw up his arm against it, but to no avail, for out of it, that dark, riding fury, like a cloud, came a strike like lightning. And he knew at the time that it was not lightning but the blade of a cavalry saber, which hissed directly toward him, until he felt it enter his breast and leave him fallen upon the rusty oak leaves of that creekside in Virginia, where his blood ran over little white pebbles to join the clear water rippling its way in the crisp sunshine of that early winter day.

"Captain! Captain!" cried the voice again, and he tried to rise toward it, though he could not see who called to him. But why should anyone call now at all, for was he not already wounded and lying there alone by that creek, which flowed into the Rappahannock? Would he die without being known about by anyone? "Captain!" he heard once more, and threw himself upward, and met resistance, and awoke.

To awaken so was a great shock. Who would hold him like this? And that cry—he knew now that it was his own voice which called, "Captain, captain."

"Hush, captain," said someone.

He looked wildly. His head bobbed like a puppet's. He had died, in dream, of his wound.

"Lie down, captain. You had a nightmare. It is all right now. I will bathe your face."

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY is taken from *A Distant Trumpet*, a novel by Paul Horgan, which will be published on April 18 by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, Inc.

Weakened by pity, he went back to the pillow and licked his lips, which tasted to him like the rim of a tin Army mess kit. The dream receded, but slowly. It spoke out from him once more, even though he was now fully conscious and remembering fact.

"I was wounded by a Rebel horseman," he said in a gasping whisper. "I had already been wounded by a bullet in my leg. I couldn't move. He rode right over me, and if his horse hadn't taken a jump over me, the horse would have killed me too."

Leaning over him to bathe his forehead, Jessica Dryden smiled and said softly, "You were not killed by anybody, Captain Prescott. Do hush now and rest. We must not disturb any of the others. They are trying to sleep. I believe your fever has broken at last."

He stared at her. There was light on one side of her face only. It dwelled on her smile, and it made a golden spark for a second deep in her eye. He glanced aside. He was in a long, wide, high-ceilinged (Continued on Page 109)

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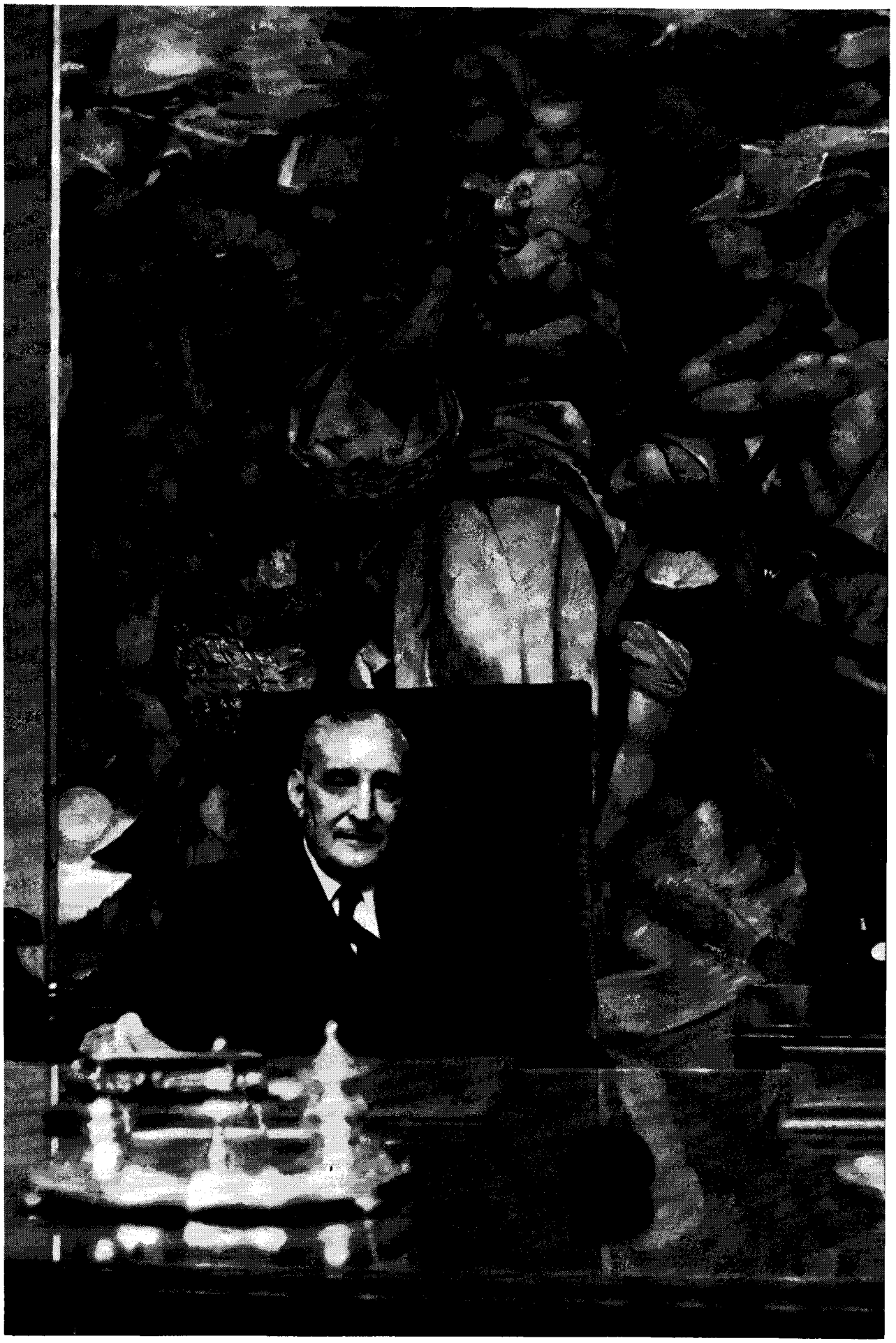
# The World's Most Durable Dictator

For thirty-one years Dr. Antonio Salazar has held undisputed sway over the tiny police state of Portugal, and he shows no signs of relaxing his grip. A report from Lisbon.

By TONI HOWARD

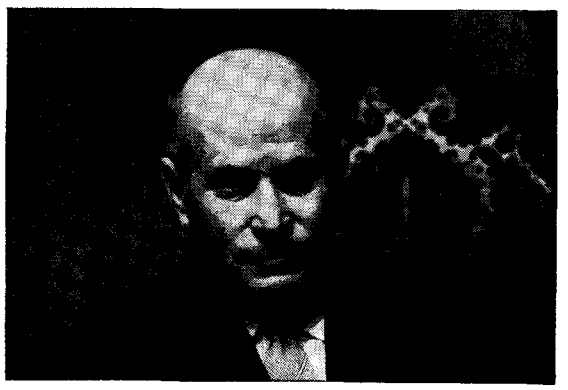


Salazar in the salon of the Palacio de São Bento, the parliament building in Lisbon. Once an obscure economics professor, he gained dictatorial powers by putting Portugal's chaotic finances in order during the depression.

LISBON.

"You really are in luck!" said the man from the State Propaganda Office as we climbed into his car and roared up the steep roller-coaster streets of Lisbon toward the Palace of São Bento on the Estrêla hill. "Doctor Salazar almost never receives a journalist in private audience."

As usual in Portugal in late winter, it was raining. Also as usual in Portugal, the propaganda officer was driving like a man pursued by demons. Swerving around walled curves, climbing and descending at breakneck speed through the warm wet fragrance of Lisbon's flowered hills, he jabbered excitedly about Doctor Salazar's accomplishments, his sense of duty to the state, his tireless labor and heavy responsibilities. "He is a great statesman," he said fervently. "As you will see."



Portugal's president, Rear Adm. Américo Tomás. Since 1932 he and his military predecessors have faithfully "reappointed" Salazar to his office as prime minister.

Defense Minister Moniz. He controls the military forces and the six police bodies that keep Salazar in power.

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Earlier, in the various government ministries I had visited, I had seen big signed photographs of Portugal's dictator on almost every desk, portraits of him on almost every wall, and in one of these ministries had been asked by a high official to lean over and look deeply into the Salazarian eyes. "See the sympathy, the warmth, in that gaze!" said the official. "And some people call him cold!" A few nights earlier, coming out of a private box in the São Carlos Opera House after a concert of French music, two beautifully dressed American-Portuguese ladies had talked glowingly of Salazar's personal austerity and self-effacement, his piety and gentleness and dedication, and had assured me he was "practically a saint." "He saved Portugal from herself," said the one in the feathered hat. "Oh, if it hadn't been for Salazar!" said the other, throwing up her hands.

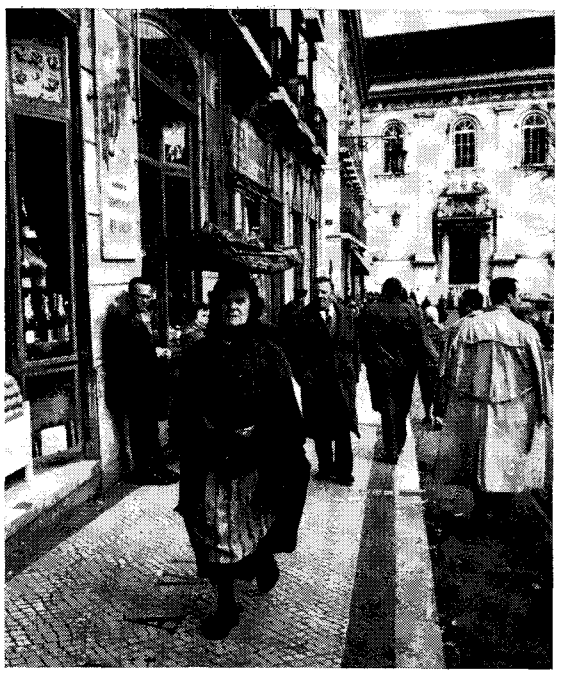
Yet only the night before, again in the rain, a young Portuguese engineer had stopped short on the mosaic sidewalk of Lisbon's great Avenida da Liberdade and blurted out desperately, "But there is no liberty here, none at all! No freedom for the press, for the people, no vote any more, no civil liberties of any kind! He treats us like children, and like backward children at that!" Rain trickled down the man's face and under the collar of his battered trenchcoat. "And he isn't even a good economist," he concluded bitterly. "Or else he's keeping us poor on purpose."

Now, remembering all this, I followed the propaganda aide out of his car, up the colonnaded steps of the São Bento Palace, in and out of an elevator, across a wide corridor—and suddenly came face to face with Salazar himself. It was exactly two minutes before our interview was scheduled to take place. True to his reputation for punctuality, he was returning to his office from his home, which is right behind the palace and is connected to it by a private inner (Continued on Page 97)

Carnival society dinner at the seaside resort of Estoril. Shown above are France's Count Thibault de Robien and stage-and-screen actress Françoise Christophe.

At swank restaurants in Estoril (above) and Lisbon, says the author, Portugal's wealthy "100 Families" dine lavishly, while most Portuguese live in poverty.

Lisbon market. Under Salazar's austere rule Portugal has the lowest standard of living in western Europe.



Although Portugal is now solvent, the average yearly income of its 9,000,000 citizens is less than $220.

Portuguese infantrymen drilling at Caldas da Rainha, sixty miles from Lisbon. Nearly a third of the national budget goes to maintain Portugal's 65,000-man army.

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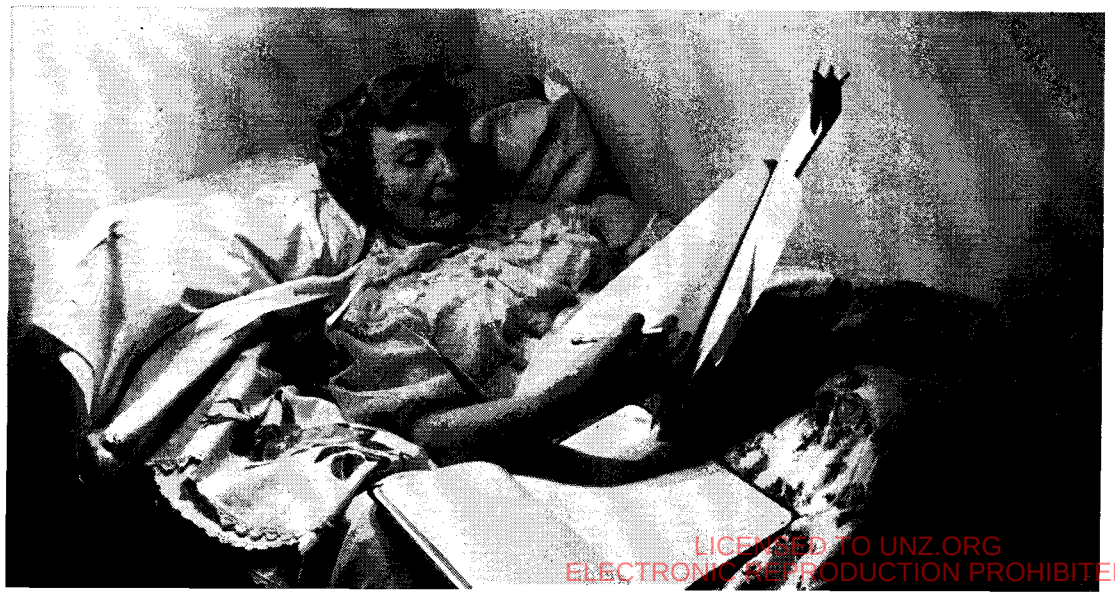
Iola, Kansas: The 720-acre Triple C ranks with the nation's most "prosperous" farms. But the Congers have had more losses than profits in recent years.

# The Farmer's Side of the Case

## The American public is not getting the true picture of the farm problem, says this Kansas dairy farmer's wife. Here is her family's story.

By MARY CONGER

Reading in bed is a treat for the author, a farmer's hard-working wife. Even then, she studies the farm accounts.



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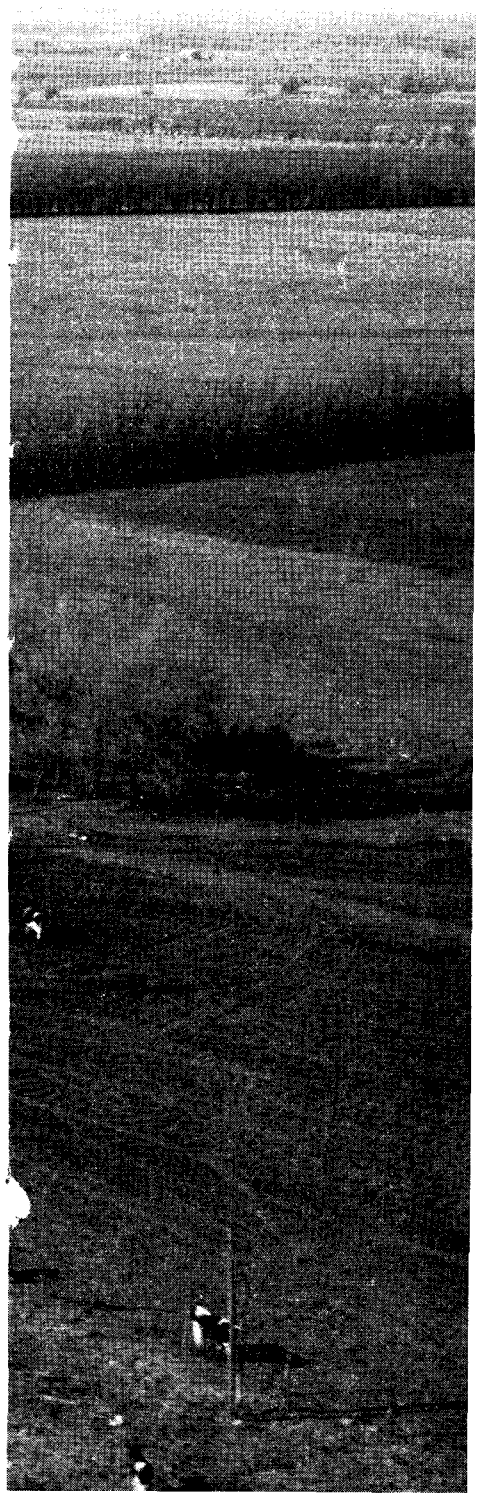
My husband Carl and I firmly believe that our farm—a large, beautiful, family-type farm—makes a substantial contribution to the economy and health of our country. Every day of the year the dairy herd on our Triple C Farms produces enough milk to feed 1000 children their daily quart of milk.

Our 720 acres of land are located in Allen County in Southeastern Kansas, an area of diversified crops and livestock. Carl was born in this county, where he has a lifetime knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of weather and soil. To this understanding he has added a college degree in scientific agriculture and a number



The senior Congers (far right, with their grandson Steven) are dedicated farmers, but they encouraged their sons to find more profitable occupations. Thus Gordon (next to his mother) is in construction work, and David (with the family dog) works for a bread company. "Unless something is done," predicts Mrs. Conger, "family farms such as ours will be a thing of the past."

The vet, Dr. Floyd Boeken (center) and Carl are removing a splint from a calf's leg. Mary, a Jack-of-all-trades around the farm, has to help.

Here she drives some of the cows into the dairy barn. The Congers own 200 registered Holsteins.

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

of years of professional experience as a county agricultural agent and soil conservationist.

Our herd of 200 registered Holsteins—100 cows and 100 heifers—are considerably above average in production. We market Grade A milk, for which we receive premium prices. Our farm's gross income ranks in the upper 3 per cent of farms in the United States. Our farm is adequately capitalized and highly mechanized for large-volume production.

Supposedly ours is a successful farm enterprise—and it has been. We bought our farm in 1939, making the down payment with money we had saved for years from Carl's modest salary as a county agent. Since then much of our life, our thought and our work has gone into building up our land and herd. The only trouble is that since 1952 our farm has made little, if any, profit in good years—and in bad years, such as 1955, we have lost as much as $4058. By the end of 1958—a bumper-crop year—we had accumulated $7000 in unpaid bills for operating expenses. Last year we just about broke even, so we had to borrow $3500 at the bank to pay off the most pressing part of that $7000.

We now are caught in a merciless cost-price squeeze, and each year that economic turnbuckle tightens another notch. Back in 1952 all political parties were in favor of 100 per cent of parity in purchasing power for the farmer; then there was no public hint of a national policy to drive down the prices of food. Then we were getting 11 cents a quart for our milk. Now we are getting 8.1 cents.

When that first slash in farm prices came six years ago, we doubled our milking herd in an effort to increase gross income so that, in turn, we could meet our fixed charges—such as interest and taxes—and the rising cost of things we must buy. We built a new labor-saving milking parlor—a sort of assembly-line milking system—equipped with a pipeline milker and a bulk refrigeration tank. No expensive labor is wasted carrying milk buckets on our farm. But then came years when our crops were cut by drought, hail and wet weather, and we fell behind on the feed bill for the cattle. In good years we struggled to catch up. We tripled the milking herd. Milk prices declined further. Costs went on up. We were on a treadmill, always running faster just to keep in the same place.

While we were struggling to meet our expenses, we constantly were reassured by some of our spokesmen for agriculture that "efficient, commercial farmers" were doing just fine. Statistics showed the average per-capita farm income to be just half of that for nonfarmers, but these figures didn't tell the true story, the spokesmen said, because they included 2,000,000 small, inefficient subsistence farmers who produced only a minute part of the nation's food supply. Also, so many people were leaving the farms that the income of agriculture, even though shrinking, was being divided among fewer and fewer farmers. And there were always success stories at the top. These were the farmers who most often were sought out for interviews and publicity.

So it appeared that there was nothing the matter with (Continued on Page 100)



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The 250-room Hotel de la Mamounia lies entirely within the walls of the old city of Marrakech.

# Pleasure Palace in Morocco

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

American visitors: Geoffrey Lewis of the U.S. Mission to NATO and his daughter Margaret.

Guests may choose to lunch in one of the hotel's fifteen lush gardens, which are irrigated by water from underground rivers.

## The Hotel de la Mamounia beguiles tourists with a combination of ancient Arab luxury and the comforts of the twentieth century.

One starlit evening late last winter a young Frenchman perched on a stool at the bar of the Hotel de la Mamounia in the Moroccan city of Marrakech. A pleasant breeze off Mount Toubkal chattered through the fronds of palm trees outside the window, bringing from the old walled town a faint clamor of many voices and the soft swirl of Arab flutes. Inside the hotel other voices—French, English, German, Italian—created a subdued babel of conversation. Water tinkled softly in mosaic fountains aglow with colored lights. Waiters and bus boys in a variety of stiffly starched turbans, crimson tunics, golden epaulets and broad sashes swished sedately around the big saloons.

The young Frenchman tossed off his fourth whisky and soda and fished a roll of crumpled franc notes from his pocket. Ignoring the few coins which the bartender returned to him, he focused a tipsy gaze on the after-dinner crowd of men in gleaming white shirts and women in gowns from Paris and Rome and New York. Then he turned back to the swarthy Italian bartender.

"Joseph," he said a bit thickly, "kiss me!"

There was a tolerant expression on Joseph's face as he edged a step backward. "Monsieur," he said, "my duties are limited to serving drinks." Then, seeing a wry smile on the youth's face, he asked, "Why do you want me to kiss you?"

"Because you'll never see me again," the young man replied, climbing down from the stool. "Your prices are too high for me!"

This is a complaint that seldom arises in the minds of the well-heeled patrons of the Hotel de la Mamounia which, despite the high price of cocktails, is less expensive than many top hotels at resorts such as the French Riviera or Miami Beach. But the young man's remark did serve to emphasize the anomaly of an exotic, luxury (Continued on Page 90)

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman

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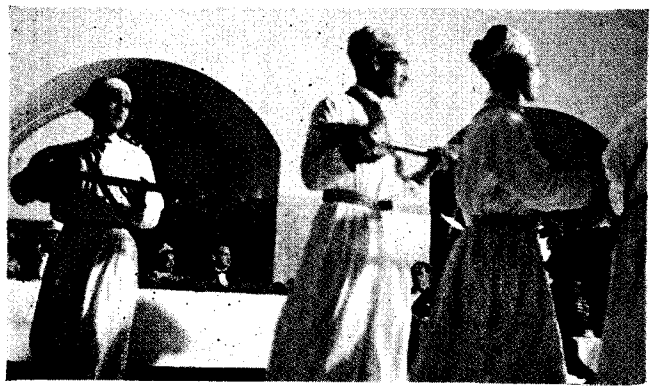
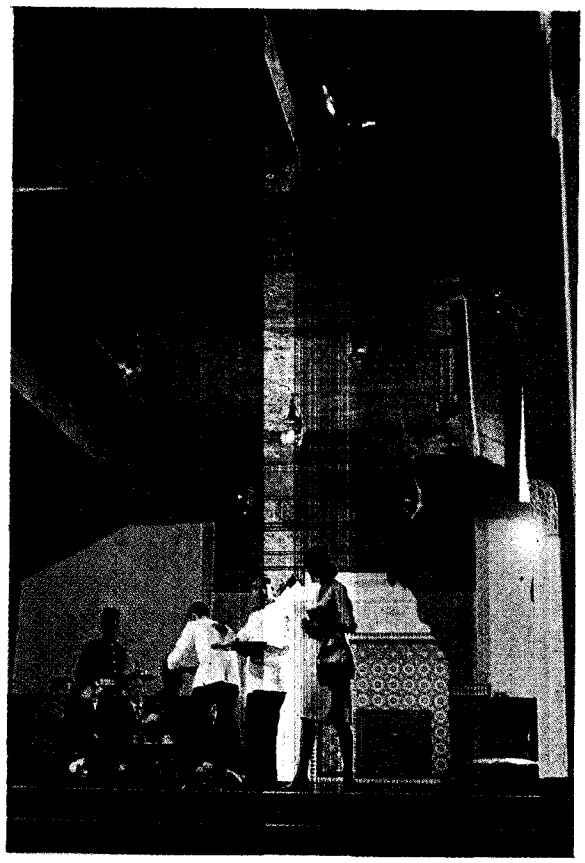
At left, the sultan's daughter, Princess Lalla Aisha, watching a troupe of Moroccan dancers (below) during one of the hotel's gala evenings.

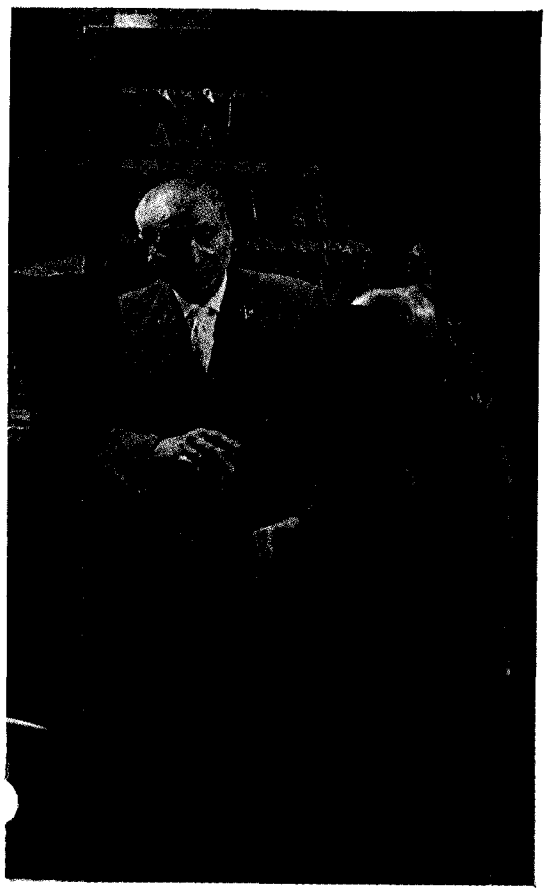


The hotel's chef is Robert Cavinaud, formerly of the Crillon in Paris. Cuisine is French with a slight Moroccan influence.

At right, in Mamounia's main hall, guests enjoy the mint tea of Morocco served in an atmosphere of Moorish elegance.

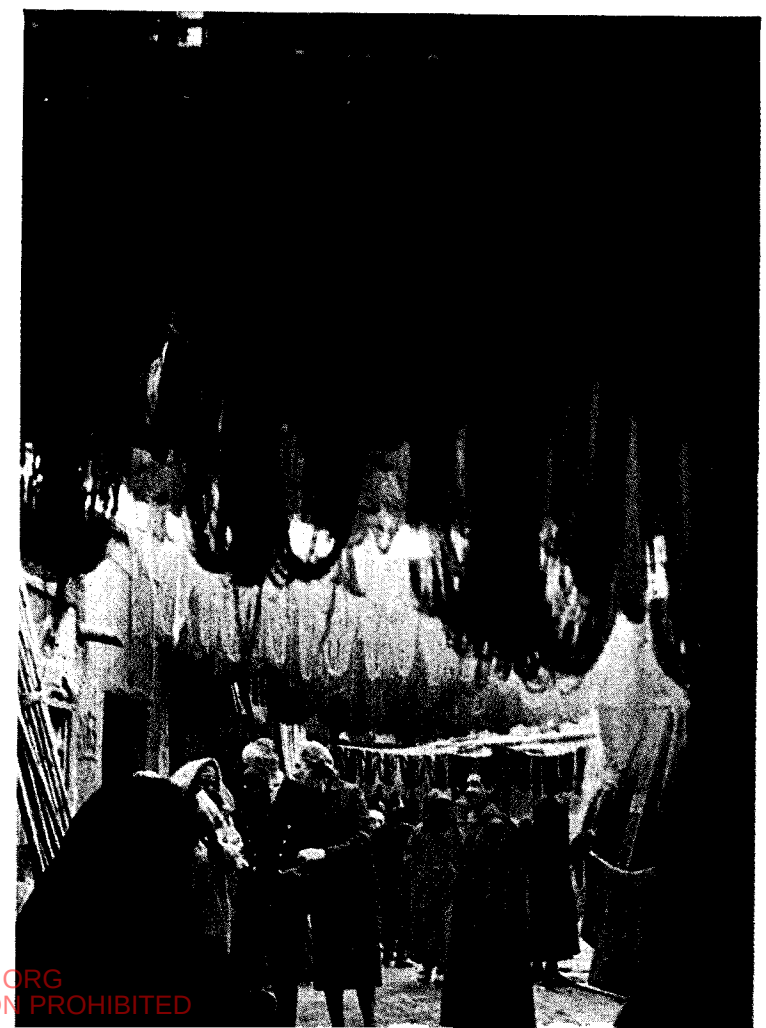


Above, a fashionable international crowd gathers for an evening of dining and dancing in one of the hotel's plush dining rooms.



Camille, La Mamounia's concierge for thirty years, has welcomed such famous guests as Winston Churchill and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Above, Mr. and Mrs. John Woodbridge of St. Louis, Mo., follow local custom by eating one of the Arab-style dishes with their fingers.



One of the most famous bazaars in the Arab world is located in Marrakech. Above is the colorful "*souk* of the dyers."

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"Like to hear it run?" asked the foreman.

Can a businessman survive if he allows sentiment to influence his decisions?

# Foreclosure Man

By W. M. CLARK

James King, expert business analyst, had come face to face with his old home town. He was sitting in the corporation-affairs offices of the Jefferson National Bank in New York City. The town had come to him. He was working on the portfolio of Maspreth Motors, chief industry of Schonowie on the Tannerkill. When he was a boy Maspreth Motors had represented everything in the world that was solid and wealthy and dignified and secure. The economy of Schonowie had centered around it. Maspreth had manufactured plows and pumps and generators. For one glorious interval they had manufactured cars; but that had been a brief thing, a mere fling, and they had had to yield that business to the overpowering pressures of the big three.

He hoped that there wasn't anything very wrong with Maspreth. If there were, Schonowie was all finished as a town. He didn't know why that should bother him, but it did.

As he read the figures before him he realized that it didn't matter what he hoped. Maspreth Motors was in trouble. It hadn't made any real money since 1917. It had been running on company capital until there was no more. Then it had been running on bank loans. Even in the lush days of the Second World War Maspreth had barely crept into the black.

He checked for high owners' salaries. There were none. There were no big dividends, no treasury raiding, no personal plundering. Maspreth was just dead on its feet. It was the old story of an inefficient, paternal company in a friendly but unbusinesslike town. There was no place for such companies in the efficiency of the atomic age.

He picked up his pencil to make a start on the exposure of facts that would bring the bank ax down on the neck of Maspreth. He was interrupted. Charles Simmons was at his shoulder.

"Let's go to lunch," said Simmons. He took a look at the folder in front of James King. "Maspreth Motors, eh?" he said.

Charles Simmons was King's immediate supervisor. They went to lunch often. Simmons was a veteran of years of jockeying for the plush positions in the bank organization. He never lunched alone. He knew that many secrets are exposed in relaxation. He filed such things away. At dessert he spoke again of Maspreth Motors.

"That thing shouldn't ever have got to your desk," he said. "The old man put it in the works himself. It's a routine foreclosure, but he's got a soft spot for that bunch. He hopes you'll spot something. You won't."

James King admired Mr. Hornsby—"the old man." He knew Simmons was after Hornsby's job. He had no love for Simmons, and he had no intention of giving him any weapons. "Is Hornsby a friend of the Maspreths?" he asked.

"You haven't read very far, have you? There aren't any Maspreths—not in the company. They sold out to a group of young engineers about six years ago. That's when we went in. Somebody talked Hornsby into helping the boys along. The directors have been pretty hot about it for the last couple of years. How does it look to you?"

"Just fair," said James cautiously.

(Continued on Page 114)

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

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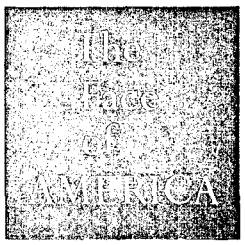


# Bouncing Boys

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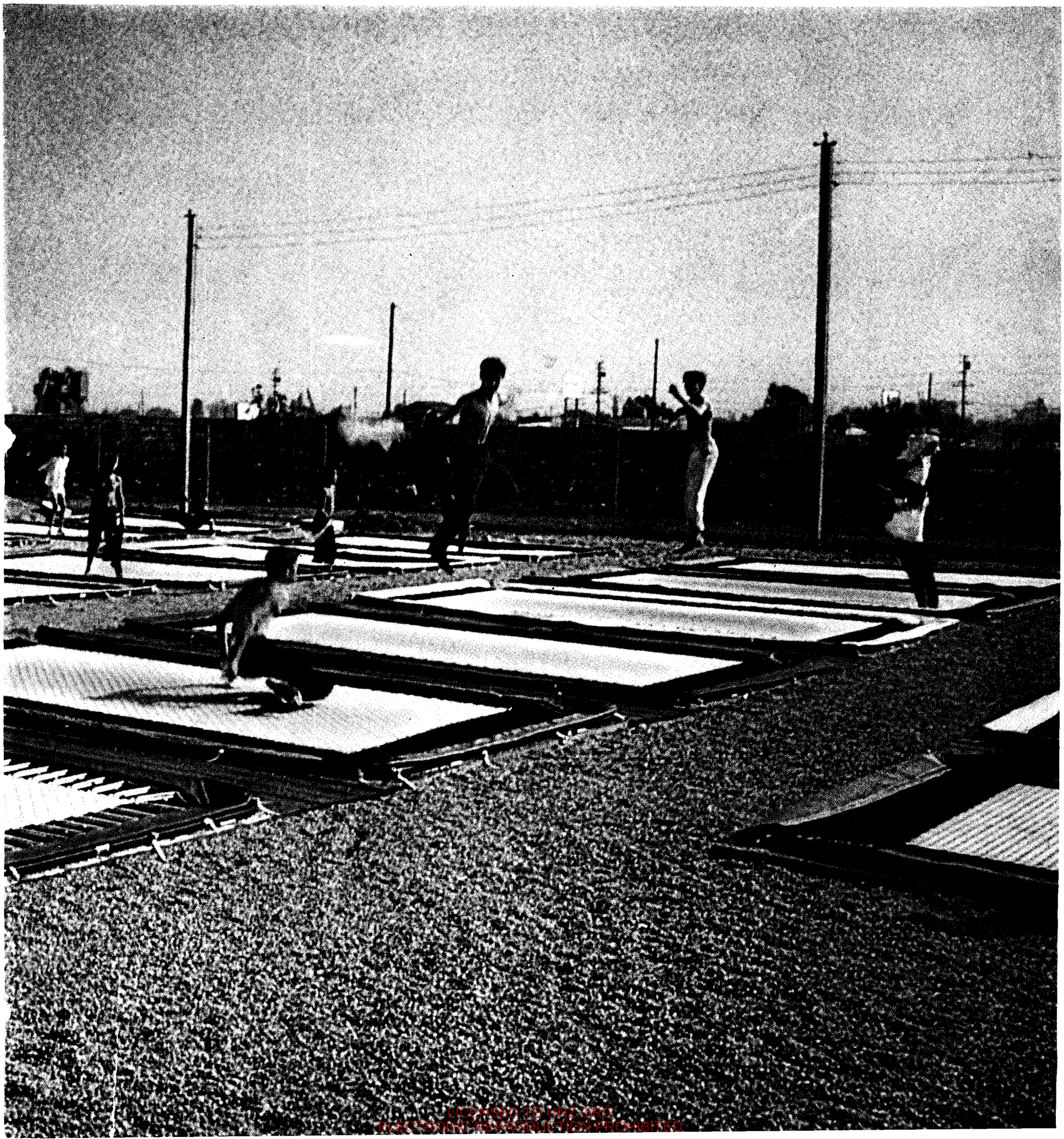
Three hundred years ago young Isaac Newton theorized that the Force operating on a body equals the product of its mass and acceleration (or, F=ma), and from this deduced the principle of gravitational attraction, the mysterious force which controls the mechanics of our universe.

These high-flying boys are testing Newton's laws at a Trampoline hop in Gardena, California, and have discovered he was right; whatever goes up must come down and the higher you jump, the harder you fall—provided you stay with the earth's gravitational field. In the mathematics of youth, this means that when Force is joy and mass is boy, the acceleration is wonderful. At seventy-five cents and, say, 3000 jumps an hour, this jouncy sport is too cheap for any adult sacroiliac.

Obviously an awkward flip can wrench muscles or break bones. But have you wondered why the Trampolines, set low so that tumbles out of bounds won't hurt, don't jounce the bouncers against the ground? The answer is that there's a forty-inch pit underneath each nylon net. We'll bet that even Sir Isaac Newton himself wouldn't have thought of that.

● Photograph by John R. Hamilton



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Dana in her stainless-steel "halo,"
which she must wear for months to come.

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# Why Dana Buxton Smiled

## For years this fifteen-year-old had been considered "doomed." Here is the story of how a daring operation gave her a future.

By Don Murray

Dana Buxton's smile warmed the bustling postoperative recovery room into which she had been wheeled. Surrounded by the green-gowned surgical team making a last check of their work and the white-suited group of residents, nurses and technicians who would take over now that her spine-fusion operation had been completed successfully, the fifteen-year-old girl had reason to smile. The surgery which had just been performed on her at Rancho Los Amigos Hospital in Downey, California, would not even have been attempted in most hospitals—not on a "respiratory" patient like Dana; that is, one whose normal breathing ability has been impaired by polio.

Her smile shone up amid a confusion of exotic medical equipment. In addition to the usual recovery-ward paraphernalia—the high bed sides, the inverted bottle with the dangling intravenous tube, the trays of needles and the blood-pressure gauge—there was some very special gadgetry around Dana.

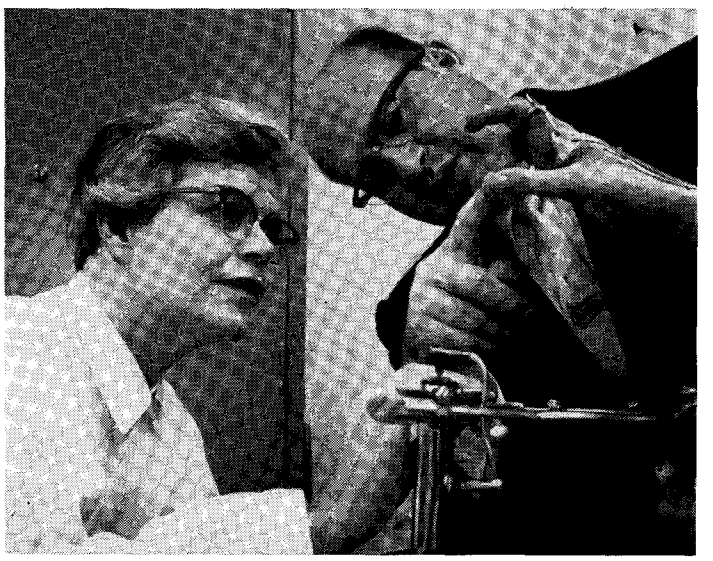
An electronic box with as many dials as a ham radio set stood near her, making a subdued, regular pumping sound. Dana was a polio victim as a child and she has to have machines do her breathing during and after an operation. The efficient breathing machine sent life-giving air pulsing through a thick corrugated tube which was connected to a plug fitted into an incision in Dana's throat.

The breathing machine was not the most surprising piece of equipment used on the pretty teen-ager so that she could undergo the series of spine operations which would save her life. An ingenious substitute backbone had been custom-built around Dana. A stainless-steel halo was screwed into her skull to keep her head, neck and upper spine in position. This halo was connected to four vertical girders of a metal scaffolding which was anchored to the bottom of a body cast, so that she was in traction from head to hip. Finally, three fine stainless-steel wires led from the back of her cast to gears on the metal superstructure. The wires were strategically fastened to three points on her upper spine, which just this morning had been fused. The wires would be tightened as her spine healed, and this new technique would be used to straighten her backbone by increasing the tension on the wires.

Dana lay half on her left side, a prisoner of all this equipment. Her face was wan after the four-hour-long operation, and her right arm outside the cover was fearfully thin, for although she is five feet two inches tall, she weighs less than seventy pounds. Yet, despite the ravages of disease and surgery, the cruel burden of hoses, plaster and metal, Dana managed to be a vivacious, vitally alive teen-ager.

Her jet-black hair had been cut short for the operation (Continued on Page 120)

Dr. Jacquelin Perry and Dr. Vernon Nickel examine the hand of a polio-crippled boy who underwent their "pinch" operation. Now the patient will be able to perform daily living activities, such as feeding himself.



Dana comes to the hospital for checkups on a "gurney," a stretcher which moves on tracks set in the family station wagon. With her is her grandmother, Mrs. Addie Lehman.

Rancho Los Amigos Hospital, Downey, Calif.: Ernest Baca, a 13-year-old polio victim, has only 35 per cent of normal breathing capacity. But, because of methods pioneered by Dr. Nickel (above, giving Ernest a postoperative examination), the boy came through a long, difficult spinal-fusion operation to correct severe scoliosis, or spinal curvature.

Photographs by Don Ornitz

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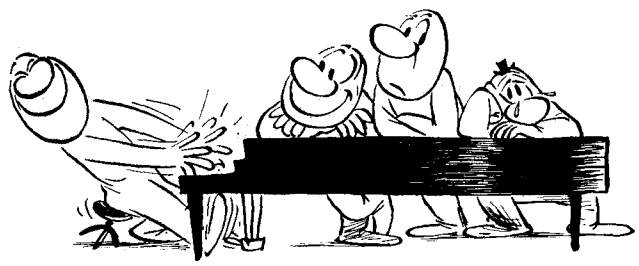
# Post Scripts



## Clean Sweep

My memory's simply awful.
I never recall a face,
A name, a number, a birthday,
Engagement, time or place.

In fact, I'm the only human
Whose pitiful darkling brain
Could ever forget Pearl Harbor,
The Alamo and the *Maine*.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

## Who Wants to Sit in a Bucket, Anyway?

"Just remember now," my wife said, as we entered the Spitzenmotor showroom, "we're looking for economy, comfort and dependability. Let someone else win the Grand Prix."

"I know, I know," I said. "Boy, look at that!" It was the Spitzenmotor Monsoon, long and snaky, with dual carbs, triple bucknells and quadruple exhaust pipes. "Wow, voom," I said.

"We call it 'The Car for the Man with a Mission,'" the salesman said, coming up. "Goes from zero to a hundred and thirty in twelve seconds. Outruns anything on the road. If they throw up roadblocks, you flip this lever and sail over. Care to take it out for a demo?"

"Voom, voom," I said, my palms sweaty.

"We want to see the family car," my wife said firmly. "The one with the built-in bottle warmer and teething ring."

"The Spitzenmotor Benedict," the salesman said sadly. "This way, please."

"Does it really get forty-eight miles to the gallon?" I asked indifferently.

"In low gear," he said. "Of course, you won't be passing anything but bicycles, but it handles easy, parks well and watches the dog while you visit the neighbors. We call it 'The Family Man's Friend.' Care to take it out for a demo?"

"Hey, look at this, honey," I said. "It's got a rack for the playpen."

"Voom," my wife said.

"Get out of that Monsoon and come look at this Benedict," I said.

"Voom, voom, varoom."

The salesman tapped me on the shoulder and handed me a contract. "You might as well sign this. She's the third one this week," he said.

"Honey, how about the bottle warmer?" I asked.

"Voom," she said, her eyes glassy, her hands twisting the wheel.

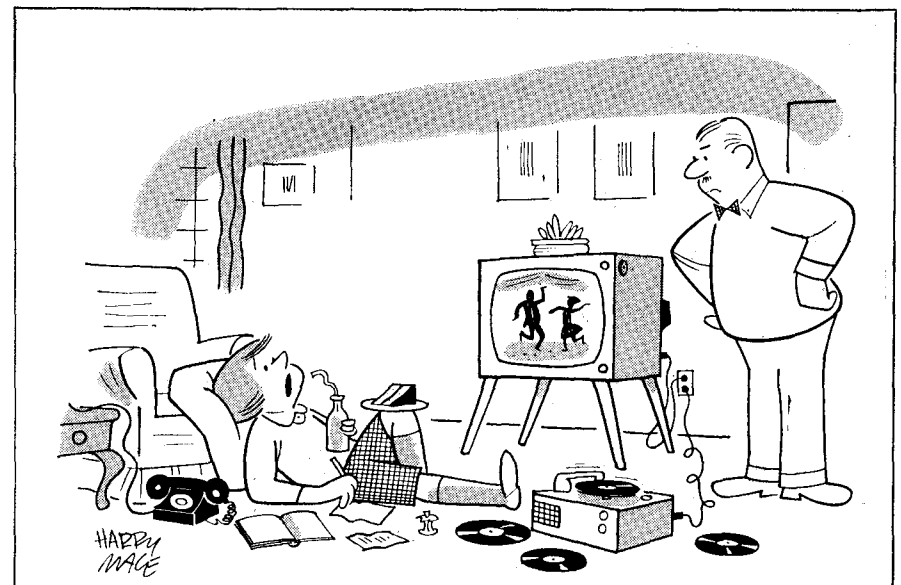
She's better now, though. Sometimes she'll come out for meals.

AL WRIGHT

## Go, Man, Go!

I fume because I can't get past
That poky driver up ahead.
Oh, look, he's speeding up at last!
He makes the light; for me, it's red.

HILARIE BROWN




"I am doing homework."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## Recovery Discovery

*Dearest wife:* When I feel poorly in the future,
I shall surely
Go to work and not stay home to convalesce.
I have come to that conclusion after two days
of seclusion
In our bedroom where the chaos and the
multiple confusion
Were more painful than my flu bug's mild
distress.

Must our children's voices be several notes
above high *C?*
Aren't they happy in a house unless they shake it?
While I'm at it, one more thing—by whose
say-so did they bring
All their pals into my bedroom where, like
vultures in a ring,
They allowed as how they thought I'd never
make it?

In between, above and under all these noises
was the thunder
Of the TV set in Granny's room next door.
From now on, dear, I shall sit in my office till
I'm fit—
Yet, in honest reappraisal, love, I willingly admit
I have never gotten well so soon before!

DICK EMMONS

## Memorable Moments in Our Club's Parliamentary Procedure

"Those in favor?"
"Aye."
"Those opposed?"
"NO-O-O-O-O!"
"The ayes have it. Now then ——"

"May we have a motion to that effect?"
"I move that we accept the proposal as read."
"Do I hear a second to the motion? . . . Do I hear a second to the motion? . . . Do I—GEORGE—hear a second to the ——"
"Golly, I'm sorry! I second the ——"

"Is there any person present who wishes to discuss the matter further?"
"Mr. Chairman ——"
"If there is, now's the time for him to speak."
"Mr. Chairman ——"
"Anybody at all?"
"Mr. Chairman ——"
"Since there seems to be no wish for further discussion, we'll move on to the matter of ——"

"Now, then, I'd like to ask if there are any additional nominations from the floorandtheredon'tseemtobeso ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

"He's a police dog."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# Cadillac

THE CADILLAC "V" AND CREST Interpreted in Diamonds and Platinum BY CARTIER

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Most people say that someday—if events keep pace with their dreams—they hope to own a Cadillac car. And among these are many who do not yet realize that Cadillac has become for them a present-day practicality. For Cadillac's economies have never been more real—or more convincing—than they are during the current year. The initial cost represents a sounder investment than ever in terms of value-received. The car's operation is practical almost beyond belief—and, as always, it is in a class of its own as far as resale is concerned. Isn't it time you found out how close these facts bring *you* to the car of your dreams? Then we urge you to visit your Cadillac dealer—take a demonstration drive—and hear the 1960 story for yourself.

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# BEATS GOING OUT!

Out of the oven it comes—bubbling with fun. 15 minutes faster than most mixes. And complete in one box. Complete with cheese. All set to sprinkle. (Most pizzas forget about cheese.) Peppier...saucier...happier... snappier! A Chef Boy-Ar-Dee® pizza convinces boys there's no place like home as no store-bought (or frozen stiff) pizza can.

# CHEF BOY-AR-DEE PIZZA

*a meal in a minute with the Chef's touch in it.*

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*The killer was trapped—but they couldn't let his hostage die.*

# NIGHT WITHOUT END

*By Alistair MacLean*

You'll never get off the icecap, Smallwood," Mason said. "Scores of ships and planes are searching for you. They'll get you and they'll hang you."

Dr. Peter Mason was addressing Smallwood and Corazzini, the foreign agents who had forced down an airliner on the Greenland icecap. They had murdered a passenger aboard the plane and stolen the secret missile mechanism he was carrying. Then they murdered the pilot. At Mason's shelter Corazzini smashed the radio beyond repair and smothered an injured crewman. Until this moment the murderers had managed to conceal their identities.

Now the killers abandoned Mason and the survivors on the ice. Smallwood and Corazzini took the snow tractor and the stewardess and a passenger as hostages. They were heading for a rendezvous with a foreign submarine.

Frostbitten and bleeding, Mason and the group followed the killers. Suddenly they stumbled upon the tractor sled where Smallwood had left it. On board it, Mason found the magnesium flares he used with his weather-data kits.

Firing the flares off in the hope of alerting air and naval forces, Mason was surprised to see another flare appear. Minutes later Hillcrest, Mason's colleague, and his rescue party reached the survivors.

## CONCLUSION

Hillcrest was a great bull of a man, red-faced, black-bearded, jovial, confident, with a tremendous zest for living, a deceptive external appearance that concealed a first-class brain and a competence of a very high order. It did me good just to sit there, glass of brandy in hand, relaxed—if only for a moment—for the first time in five days and just to look at him.

I could tell that it hadn't done him the same good to look at us—in the bright overhead light I could clearly see our yellowed, blistered, emaciated faces, the bleeding, nail-blackened, suppurating, all but useless hands, and I was shocked myself—but he concealed it well and busied himself with handing out restoratives, tucking away Mahler and Marie LeGarde in two deep, heat-pad-filled bunks and supervising the efforts of the cook who had a steaming hot meal ready prepared. All this Hillcrest had done before he had as much as asked us a question.

"Right," he said briskly. "First things first. Where's the Citroën? I presume the missile mechanism is still on board it. Brother, you just don't begin to have any idea how many heart attacks this thing is causing."

"That's not the first thing," I said quietly. I nodded to Mahler, whose hoarse, gasping breathing filled the room. "This man is dying."

"All under control," he boomed. He jerked a thumb at Joss who, after the first delighted greeting, had returned to his radio set in the corner. "The boy here hasn't left his set for over twenty-four hours—ever since we got your mayday call." He looked at me speculatively. "You took a chance there. I wonder you didn't stop a bullet for your pains."

"I just about did. . . . We were talking about Mahler."

"Yes. We've been in constant contact, same wave length, with two ships in that time—the destroyer *Wykenham* and the carrier *Triton*. I had a fair idea your friends must be heading in this direction, so the *Wykenham* has been moving up overnight and is lying off the coast. But the leads and patches in the ice aren't big enough for the *Triton* to maneuver to fly off planes. She's about eighty miles south in clear water."

"Eighty miles!" I didn't bother to conceal my shock, my disappointment; I'd begun to have a faint, irrational hope that we might yet save the dying man. "Eighty miles!"

"I have news for you, doctor," Hillcrest announced jovially. "We have moved into the air age." He turned toward Joss.

"A Scimitar jet fighter is just taking off." Joss tried to speak unemotionally, but failed. "It's air-borne—now. Time check, oh-nine-thirty-three. We're to fire our first rocket at oh-nine-forty-six—thirteen minutes from now. Then two more at intervals of thirty seconds. At oh-nine-forty-eight we're to set off a slow-burning magnesium flare where we want the stuff dropped, at least two hundred yards from the tractor." Joss listened for another few moments (Continued on Page 81)

"Get me a rope," he ordered.
"Hurry up or I'll kill her."

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**NOW!**
**RELIEF FROM ALL 5**
**ACID CAUSED**
**STOMACH TROUBLES**
***in seconds!***

**Upset Stomach**
**Heartburn**
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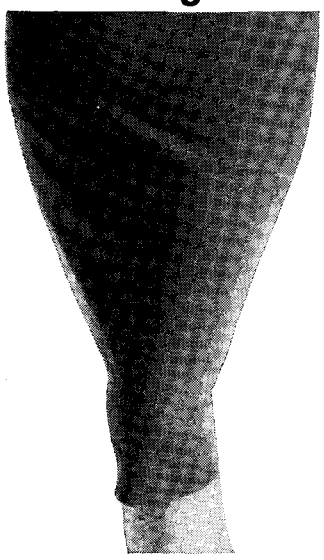

Whether tension-caused or due to overindulgence in food or drink, Phillips' brings relief from all five stomach troubles — *in seconds!* For the cause of all these stomach troubles is excess acidity. And scientific tests show Phillips' starts to neutralize excess acids in seconds! Yet stomach and lower intestinal walls remain completely free to do their digestive work. There's no digestive interference.

So when the fast pace of living gives you one of these stomach troubles, take Phillips'. You'll feel fine in practically no time!

**PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA**

REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

# My Friend the President

(Continued from Page 25)

held in the auditorium of the Library of Congress and to the nation at large in a television address. He had come to the conclusion that a sizable force of American troops would have to be assigned to duty in Europe for an indefinite period if the NATO military alliance were to succeed in its purpose.

Eisenhower was heart and soul in favor of the NATO project. But he was apprehensive about its fate in Congress, which already was debating the question whether President Truman had authority to assign American troops to European duty and, if so, whether he should. Taft was the rallying point for a potentially formidable opposition. While not definitely committed, he had indicated that he thought the proposed American commitment of four to six divisions far too large and the whole enterprise of questionable wisdom. At this juncture Taft and his Republican associates in the Midwest, while no longer outright isolationists, were still too nationalist in their basic philosophy to be enthusiastic about the NATO program.

Because General and Mrs. Eisenhower were staying with Mrs. Allen and me while they were in Washington preparing to take off for Paris and the NATO command, I was aware of the general's plan to make an attempt to win Taft over to his own thinking about NATO and the need for American troops. Also aware of this were several of Eisenhower's military associates. Eisenhower felt that Taft, being an extremely able senator, fully familiar with exigencies of the postwar situation abroad, would be amenable to persuasion if fully briefed on the nature and extent of the Soviet military menace.

So Eisenhower telephoned Senator Taft and invited him to a private session at Eisenhower's Pentagon office. I was in the building at the time waiting to ride home with the general. An aide was sent to a side door to meet Taft and escort him by a back way to the general's office at 5:30 P.M., after most of the personnel stationed in the building had left. Eisenhower didn't want the press to get wind of the meeting. Taft turned up on schedule and sat quietly while Eisenhower expounded the whole history of the war, the operation of the Marshall Plan and the opportunities and responsibilities confronting the western world. The general said he wasn't sure how many American troops would be needed to bolster European forces in NATO, but he felt that some kind of American participation would be essential.

His briefing complete, Eisenhower asked Taft whether he could agree that a collective security system for Western Europe, with some measure of American military help, was desirable and necessary—and whether the senator would support this concept, whatever his position on the details to be worked out later. Taft kept talking around the question, saying he wasn't sure whether he would vote for four or six divisions. Eisenhower said he wasn't interested at that point in specifics—only in the broad principle involved. On this Taft refused to commit himself, and the conference ended—from Eisenhower's point of view—in complete failure.

It had been Eisenhower's firm intention, had Taft given him a favorable answer, to issue a flat Shermanlike statement that he would never permit himself to be a candidate for the Presidency. He told me and others this before his meeting with Taft. He, of course, didn't tell Taft this. But the earnestness of his argument might well have suggested to the senator what he had in mind. In any case, Taft brushed off his opportunity to clinch the Republican nomination and perhaps the Presidency. Whether he could have defeated Gov. Adlai Stevenson in 1952 we shall never know, of course. We do know that it was a Republican year.

By such threads, sometimes never seen, the course of history often hangs. A Taft administration would have been very different from the Eisenhower administration. Had Taft taken office in 1953, his vice president would almost certainly have been Sen. William Knowland of California, and Knowland might well have been President now. Anyone who wants to can speculate on the consequences of a Taft administration followed by a Knowland administration. It is an exercise which might engage one's imagination through many a long evening.

As it all turned out, Taft supported the NATO program and helped get it through Congress. Just when he made up his mind to do so, I don't know; whenever it was, it was too late to guarantee himself a clear field for the Republican nomination. By the time Eisenhower took over the NATO command the pressures on him to run for the Presidency had become all but irresistible. They came not only from politicians but also from Americans in every walk of life. Their argument, stated in a wide variety of ways, always came to about this: "It is your duty to your country to lead us in winning the peace as you led us in winning the war."

The first round of pressures came in 1948, when Eisenhower was establishing himself as president of Columbia University in New York. Democrats, convinced that Truman couldn't win, climbed Morningside Heights individually and collectively to offer Eisenhower their party's nomination. I knew at the time that their cause was hopeless—that Eisenhower, if he ever consented to run for civilian office, would run as a Republican. Although he was not an extreme partisan, I knew that his leanings were definitely Republican and that he had voted them on the few occasions during his career as a professional soldier when he had found it possible to vote.

The pressures on Eisenhower to take an active part in public affairs were internal as well as external, but it took him a long time to recognize this. Once he had left the preoccupations of wartime leadership behind him, his interest in postwar world problems and in American policy broadened and intensified. He felt that the Democrats were too much devoted to the doctrine of "spend and spend, elect and elect." He felt that this doctrine tended to undermine the American tradition of self-reliance. At the same time, Eisenhower acknowledged that much of the Democratic program merited preservation—that the proper future course for America lay down the middle of the road, midway between what was called "liberalism" and what was called "reaction." In 1949 he outlined these views in a speech delivered before the American Bar Association in St. Louis.

Nevertheless, his aversion to what seemed to him the sharp practices of politics and politicians was so intense that Eisenhower refused to entertain the idea of translating his ideas into political action. In a letter written to a New Hampshire publisher in 1948, he went to extreme lengths to disqualify himself as a candidate for any political office. He said no man who had spent his whole life in the Army should enter civilian politics—an opinion which the Democrats used against him, but not very effectively, in 1952. And even after Eisenhower had been nominated at Chicago he was not wholly convinced, as he told me later, "that my decision to allow this effort to go forward was a wise one."

When I visited Eisenhower at NATO headquarters in Paris early in 1951, I still didn't know for sure whether he would finally consent to run. However, it was obvious by then that some of the arguments of the people who had been calling upon him were having an effect. These arguments went this way: "The Republicans must win this time, or the two-party system is doomed." . . . "If the isolationists stage a comeback, the world will be lost." . . . "If the New Dealers have their way, the American system will be lost."

The men who advanced these arguments were all kinds. One of them, Douglas Freeman, the historian, a deeply religious man, opened his conversation with the general by praying. Another, Walter Winchell, the columnist, went about it in an entirely different way—he said he didn't give a damn whether Eisenhower (*Continued on Page 52*)

". . . Stir constantly until mixture becomes light and fluffy."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# YIPPEE!

## A BOY!

Here's where big plans start . . .
the things you'll do together
. . . the places you'll go . . .
all the things you'll give him.
That *means* responsibility!
Responsibility to protect
what you have and the things
you'll accumulate in the years
ahead. The America Fore Loyalty
insurance agent right in your
own community is the man
best qualified to help you.
He can fit protection to your
needs today and your bigger
ones tomorrow. He will be your
PARTNER IN SECURITY,
watchful to see that you
are always properly insured
and ready to help you
in many ways should you have
a loss. For his name call
Western Union by number and
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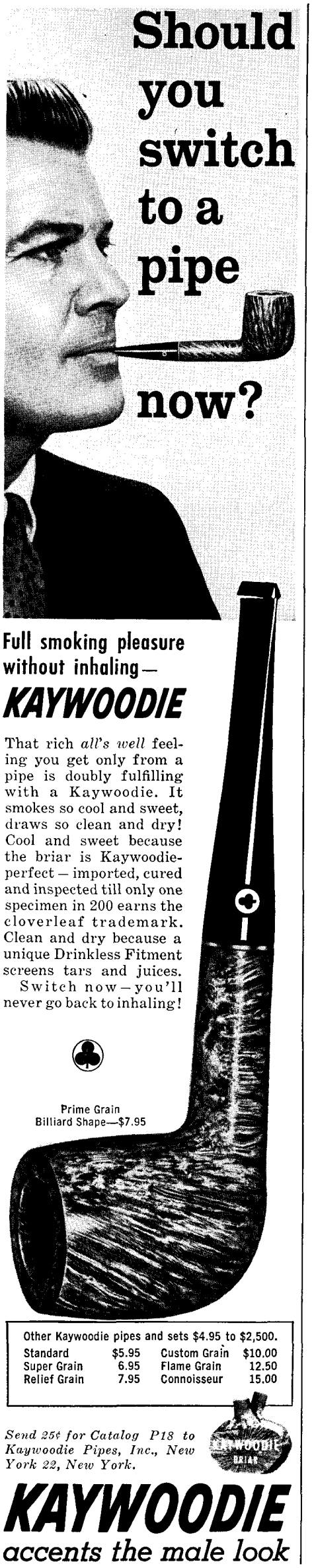
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Send 25¢ for Catalog P18 to Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22, New York.
KAYWOODIE
accents the male look


(*Continued from Page 50*) ran as a Republican or as a Democrat so long as he threw the rascals out. Rep. James Wadsworth of New York, a Republican elder statesman; Sen. Brien McMahon of Connecticut, a Democrat; Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge, representing the younger Republicans; Gen. Lucius Clay, a wartime comrade; William Robinson, then vice president of the *New York Herald Tribune;* Herbert Brownell, later attorney general; Jacqueline Cochran, the aviatrix—and scores more—beseeched Eisenhower to recognize that it was his duty to stand for the Presidency. Much as I had wanted him to join my own party, I, too, encouraged him to run for the Republican nomination once I was convinced that he would never throw in his lot with us Democrats.

The Republicans succeeded where the Democrats had failed. The Republicans were shrewd in directing their appeal to Eisenhower's sense of duty, a facet of his character which is outsized and overdeveloped. It was nurtured in his boyhood by austere Kansas parents. It was strengthened at West Point and through a lifetime of devotion to service of country. It is a formidable thing.

Once committed, Eisenhower worked hard for the nomination and the election, and he has been working hard at the world's toughest job ever since. He is a fast, intent worker. Most far younger men would have broken under the work load he has carried in the White House.

How Eisenhower has done it after three serious illnesses I don't profess to know. Neither, for that matter, do his doctors. They sound a little like mystics when they try to explain. They say it is a case of the mind's determination overcoming the body's obduracy. Whatever it is, Eisenhower's recuperative powers are extraordinary.

It is ironic that the American press, friendly as it has been to Eisenhower's policies and his administration generally, has somehow managed to project a distorted and frequently unjust impression of the man himself. His golf is represented as a way of shirking serious work. It is said that he won't read a report if it is more than a page long. Newspaper readers were given to understand throughout the President's first term that Sherman Adams attended to all domestic problems and John Foster Dulles to all foreign affairs—that the President was merely a figurehead. This situation was condoned, however, on the ground that Eisenhower was too old and too sick to manage things for himself. This was never so. Neither Adams nor Dulles made a move, important or insignificant, without consulting the President. This was especially true of Dulles.

After Adams had departed from the White House—the Goldfine affair left Eisenhower with no choice but to let him go—and after death had deprived the President of Dulles' services, the whole myth of his complete reliance upon them blew up. At his press conferences the President continued to demonstrate—and more sharply than he previously had, if anything—that he was master of the nation's foreign and domestic affairs, both in general and in detail. Eisenhower fought a Democratic Congress to a standstill against inflation and launched a campaign of personal diplomacy to see what could be done about melting down the cold war. These weren't the projects of a sick old man who refused to do his homework. They were the undertakings of a vigorous President determined to leave the American house in good order when he turned it over to his successor.

Eisenhower was so obviously not the kind of man the press had made him out to be that it invented the "new Ike" to explain its previous evaluation. This was not a "new Ike" at all, but the same old Ike who was exchanging visits with Nikita Khrushchev, arranging for a summit meeting, guarding the purchasing power of the dollar and still playing golf to keep himself in good physical trim. The difference was that the press no longer had Adams or Dulles to credit or blame. Both in the Army and in civilian life Eisenhower's subordinates have always been pushed to the fore—thus the fame of Patton, Bradley and the other generals under his command, and later of Adams and Dulles—to the detriment, at times, of Eisenhower's own reputation. For this he has himself in large measure to blame.

The fact is that the old Ike and the new Ike have both been remarkable administrators. The President is a flash reader. He can and does extract the meat from long or short documents quickly and surely. He works inordinately long hours, starting his day at seven A.M., or even earlier, and concentrating completely on the business at hand between interruptions and digressions. He issues orders and depends upon his staff to carry them out. He is impatient with sloppy work or sloppy thinking. Eisenhower is not an easy man to work for, yet he commands the loyalty of his subordinates.

His interests are broad and varied—some of them rather egghead, but he would never admit this. Eisenhower has a dread of appearing intellectual—an attitude peculiar, I have observed, to professional soldiers. His aesthetic impulses are similarly hidden and denied, but are nevertheless there. He paints simple, representational pictures and delights in the hobby, but never seems to look at them after they are finished. They are just discarded as inadequate attempts to capture on canvas some sight which, in the original, has given him pleasure. He is fascinated by the beauties of woods and rivers and lakes. The myriad varieties and tones of green in which nature clothes itself preoccupy him at times. He can never mix the paint to do them justice. He is impatient with art that is the product of introspection rather than observation.

This is a side of Eisenhower which even his close associates seldom see. To those who work with him, he appears to be an unremitting taskmaster both with himself and with them. They fear his quick temper, but they count on his fairness. They know, too, that the storms of temper pass quickly and that they are invariably followed by periods of regretful calm. Eisenhower's struggle to keep his temper in check has been lifelong and uphill. Once in his boyhood he became so angry that he beat his knuckles raw against a tree and never forgot the consequent walloping from his father or the lecture from his mother about self-control. He still tries to bridle his temper, but he thinks there is such a thing as righteous indignation and that its expression is sometimes justified.

Ike likes people as much as people like Ike. His preference as casual companions is for men of affairs who have practical ideas. He is an enthusiastic talker, but also a willing listener. He has a special weakness for old friends, particularly old Army friends. They alone have the privilege of being boring if they want to be. In the White House Eisenhower has had to limit his circle and his strictly social activities much more than he would like.

Out of respect for his high office, the President has become much more formal in his relations with people than he used to be. There are not many left who call him "Ike." Almost everyone calls him "Mr. President." He was startled—and a little hurt—the first time General Bradley called him "Mr. President" rather than "Ike." But he has become used to it now and sometimes seems taken aback when addressed more familiarly. There is something awesome about the power of the Presidency that transmits itself to the atmosphere of the White House. Sometimes even sophisticated men of the world find themselves all but speechless in this atmosphere. The President is as put off by this kind of awe as he is by overfamiliarity.

He likes the story, probably apocryphal, of an overawed citizen invited to have breakfast with President Coolidge. Acting on the advice of friends, the timid caller decided to observe carefully the conduct of his host and to pattern his own behavior on it. When Coolidge poured coffee into his saucer, the guest did likewise. When Coolidge added milk to the contents of the saucer, the guest again followed his example. But all the guest could manage was a red face when Coolidge set the saucer on the floor and called, "Here, kitty, kitty, kitty."

When in his first term, Eisenhower suffered a mild heart attack, some of his friends and advisers resolved to urge his retirement. Their arguments were marshaled—he had done his duty, and now his life, if he could save it, would be his own; Vice President Nixon had been well schooled for the succession and was perfectly capable of carrying on; a quick decision would foreclose the politicians from mobilizing pressures for his return to Washington from Denver, where he was stricken. They never got a chance to speak their piece because the President never surrendered to the illness. Within two days of the attack, he was transacting the nation's business from his hospital bed. John Eisenhower, the President's son, wrote his father a letter urging him not to run for a second term. After the President had shown it to me and after thinking it over, I wrote the President a note saying that I agreed with John. But fortunately our advice had no effect on the President or anyone else.

The President has ignored all subsequent illnesses, serious and minor, as he did the first. He has never recognized any real disability. However, he has reluctantly come to the realization that Gen. Howard Snyder, (*Continued on Page 54*)

## Beauty and the Tramp

By Audrey M. Lee

He thought her quite a
pretty miss.
Her hair was in a stylish
twist;
A single pearl hung near
her throat.
Her dress with rustling
petticoat
Swayed back and forth to
her advance
Through Franklin Square.
He turned his glance
As she passed the bench on
which he sat,
Then slowly raised his
tattered hat.
Ah, a pretty miss!

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April 9, 1960

# The champion of stay-fresh fibers in the new Plateau suit.

Kodel in Plateau® keeps wrinkles from getting to first base! Sportscaster Bud Palmer says it's the best shut-out he's seen. That's because Kodel is the liveliest polyester yet! The suit stays looking fresh and just-pressed. Kodel adds a subdued luster too. In any league...in every league, it's Plateau with Kodel, by Timely® Clothes. A Pacific worsted blend of Kodel polyester and wool.

Balanced Tailoring® keeps Plateau in shape extra seasons. And this famous "suit with the weightless feel" now comes in two versions: summer and year 'round. Plateau Summer Suit, $69.50. Year 'round, $79.50. Both in fine worsted blends of **55% Kodel polyester, 45% wool.** Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Only the fiber is made by Eastman, not the fabric or the suit shown here.

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(*Continued from Page 52*) his physician, knows more about what is good for him than he does. Howard has been a wise and devoted mentor, and the President's trust in him has been more therapeutic than any medicine. Doctor Snyder has prescribed frequent short golfing vacations and changes of scene. These relieve the pressure of duty somewhat, but don't turn it off entirely. The official apparatus of the White House follows the President wherever he goes, and its demands on his time and attention can never be ignored for more than a few hours at a time. Golf or other forms of temporary escape are essential to the well-being of any man as highly organized as Eisenhower is. He has been conscious of the gibes his devotion to golf have inspired, but he has schooled himself to shrug them off.

In fact, he has grown a fairly thick skin against all kinds of heckling. This hasn't been easy, because Eisenhower is cursed with sensitivity. This was one of the attributes—or weaknesses—which accounted for his original dread of politics. Now he takes the rough with the smooth as a matter of course. He is not indifferent either to praise or legitimate criticism of his acts, but neither throws him off balance. He has learned something of political maneuver, but his guiding rule is that the best thing for the country is, in the long run, the best politics. This arms him against exaggerated concern with the day-to-day gyrations of public opinion as reflected in press, radio and television comment and in the polls.

Eisenhower's way with a sensitive politico-international problem was best exemplified, I think, by his conduct during the Suez crisis of 1956. The British, French and Israelis had launched attacks on Egypt with the object of wresting the Suez Canal from Nasser, who had seized it. While Nasser's act had violated his nation's covenants, the countering moves of the British, French and Israelis had violated the basic rule of organized postwar international society—that force would not be used to settle disputes between nations, except to repel aggression and unless its use had been sanctioned by the United Nations. Eisenhower, distasteful though he found it to rebuke three trusted allies, nevertheless took his stand against the aggression. To do otherwise, he said at the time, would have been to destroy the United Nations, the one institution which gave some promise of substituting rule of reason for rule of the jungle in world affairs.

All this occurred on the eve of another presidential election, in which he was again the Republican candidate, pledged to finish the job he had started in his first term. His political advisers had warned him that disapproval of the Israelis' spectacular victory over the Egyptians would alienate Jewish voters and that New York, in consequence, would certainly be lost by the Republicans. His answer was that he would be sorry if this were true, but that he didn't believe it. Jewish voters, he said, would prove to be as concerned with international order as any other segment of the electorate. And when the votes were counted he had carried New York by nearly 1,600,000, an unprecedented plurality. As it has so often, Eisenhower's refusal to play politics—his "political naïveté," some of his associates call it—turned a political profit.

Old maid: a woman who would rather darn men than their socks.

DAN BENNETT

Eisenhower's way with purely domestic problems is best illustrated by his conduct in two quite serious recessions. On both occasions he was advised to quit worrying about a balanced budget and stabilization of the dollar's purchasing power and to spend the nation back to prosperity in a hurry. He was assured both times that no American political party could afford to let the economy slip—that it would be thrown out of the White House and kept out for a generation, as the Republican party was after the "Hoover depression." He was convinced that this was so. But he was also convinced that the economy was strong enough to right itself without pump-priming of the New Deal variety—that 1929 was not repeating itself. Eisenhower was proved to be right on both occasions, but not before the critics had subjected him to considerable punishment and the opposition party had won back some seats in Congress. During both periods of economic uncertainty Eisenhower refused to panic. He agonized over some of the decisions which he felt had to be made, but once they were made he stood his ground.

This panic-proof quality in Eisenhower is the quality, more than any other, which has made him a great President in these panic-prone times. It is also the quality that made him a great military leader. I was with him shortly after he had sent millions of American and British soldiers across the English Channel to attack Hitler's European fortress in the face of adverse weather reports. I marveled at his calm confidence that the attack would succeed. I have seen him make equally momentous decisions in the White House, and I have been even more impressed by his poise under stress. All of which has made me wonder whether military leadership in war may not be the proper proving ground for the Presidency in these times, Eisenhower's own opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

It has been said of Eisenhower that he is the exception to the rule that military men make bad civilian leaders. The reason usually given for this is that he was always more diplomat than soldier—that his biggest contribution to victory in the war was the achievement of holding the alliance together and making it work. Yet many of the strategic designs that won the war were his, and most of the major tactical decisions.

Eisenhower hates war as only a soldier who knows war can hate it. Sensing this, the whole world has come to think of him as its foremost man of peace. Yet he has never shrunk from the use of force where there seemed no alternative. He stood by Chiang Kai-shek in the defense of Quemoy and Matsu, and he sent United States Marines to Lebanon when the crisis in the Middle East threatened to set the whole world aflame. The realization that he would and could, if necessary, lead his nation in another war has been effective insurance against war ever since 1952.

The President's overriding ambition has been, and still is, to make a start toward establishment of a lasting peace during his lifetime. To him this is not an academic cause. It is as personal as his grandfatherly concern for the four young Eisenhowers who romp over his domain at Gettysburg. He visualizes a world in which neither his grandchildren nor anybody else's grandchildren anywhere in the world will ever again have to kill one another in an international war. Whether this ambition will be fulfilled is still doubtful, noble though the effort has been.

Even so, I am confident that the President, when he at last gets time for contemplation, will look back upon his career in the White House with considerable satisfaction. But he will never get any gratification out of what I consider his most remarkable accomplishment. It is this: The man who took office mistrusting politics and politicians will leave office having proved himself one of the most successful politicians ever to occupy the Presidency. He will leave the White House more popular than when he moved in, and this will be an unprecedented feat—a political feat.

## The Tewksbury Feud (Continued from Page 27)

lifted her, holding her close against his chest until her sobs quieted and she lay breathing in his warmth and strength that meant sanctuary. He lowered her gently, wincing at the feel of the fragile sharpness of her bones.

"Why didn't you come home, Josie?" he asked. "At least, let us know—I'd have fetched you any time ——"

"I couldn't, Ed," she whispered. "I was too sick."

"He—never married you, then." Lines deepened in his big-boned face. "Jim Roberts it was that got wind of how it was with you—and come to me."

Her face crumpled with weary, old pain. "He—George kept sayin' he would, soon as he could get around to it. But then he didn't think it would look decent whilst I showed—the baby comin'. And then when he saw him ——"

She stirred feebly and pulled back the blanket from the baby which lay beside her, and Edwin Tewksbury looked down at his sister's child and understood. There was a duskiness to the delicate skin, and the abundant hair was dull black, coarsely shaggy about the small skull. Betrayal was also in the tiny bones of the face and the closed, slanting eyes.

"But he knew—George Graham knew that you and me were part —— pa never hid it, none of us have ——"

This was true. Fiery old Jonathan Tewksbury had never concealed nor even glossed over the fact that his first wife, the mother of Edwin and Josie, was Indian. Few, indeed, were those who could have recalled that the oldest son's name was Edwin—he was known throughout the Tonto Basin as "Breed" Tewksbury.

"George knew," Josie said, "but when he saw the baby—how he looked, he got awful upset. He—he swore it couldn't be his get ——" Her voice had a wailing in it. "He asked me what 'Pache buck had rode by the place when he wasn't here ——" Her tragic eyes closed and tears slid down the wasted cheeks.

Breed's face grayed, his nostrils pinched; hate, sour and pitiless, twisted his insides. He forced himself to release the tension that was growing unbearable within him. He leaned down to kiss his sister's cheek. "Rest now, Josie," he said. "I'm here to see to things—there's nothin' more to worry about."

When she slept he left the hut to unsaddle the gelding and turn it into the pasture. He located a bucket and milked the cow, first forking wild hay into a crude manger built into the pole fence. He poured some of the foamy milk into a dish for the pup, which lapped greedily.

Josie whispered directions for feeding the baby with a rag nipple and sweetened milk and smiled feebly at his extreme, awkward caution as he did so. "I named him for pa," she said; "I call him Jonny." Her sunken eyes yearned over her brother's intent face as he concentrated on the baby in his arm, her pallid lips moved as she silently said a prayer of thanksgiving that help had come before it was too late. She could not eat the gruel he prepared for her, but she drank a little milk and sank again into an exhausted sleep, so deep it was like a coma.

He built a wood fire in the crude rock-and-clay fireplace and sat throughout the night, his shoulders bent with grief and weariness. There was a stillness in Breed Tewksbury's strange, cavernous eyes and the same stillness was in all of his long, seemingly slow-moving body. He was a big man and taller than he looked because of the breadth and bulk of him.

The baby cried, and he lighted the kerosene lamp and fed him again. The light deepened his anxiety, for he saw that Josie was worse; her face had a sunken look, and she seemed to have trouble focusing her eyes. "You'll take Jonny home, Ed?" she breathed. He took her wasted hand in his. "I'll take him home. Josie," he promised. "He'll be my son now—I'll see to him." She tried to smile, but the effort was too much. He laid the sleeping child back in the bed and sat beside her, holding his sister's hand. Her breathing was shallow and became irregular, pausing for long, silence-haunted moments. He watched her face in the flickering lamplight, but as he saw her slipping away he left her in peace, making no attempt to rouse her to an agony of consciousness again.

When dawn thinned the shadows within the hut, he looked at her and saw that it was over. She lay as though asleep, her face turned on her shoulder toward the baby which slept in the circle of her arm.

He dug a grave under cedar trees on the hillside back of the hut. He wrapped her in a blanket and carried her there, so light a weight that it was hard to believe it was the body of a grown woman. He covered her with slow shovelings, feeling the need not to bruise the wasted flesh. He fashioned a rough cross and carved her name: JOSEPHINE TEWKSBURY 1862-1882.

He returned to the hut. The baby was awake and crying; his tiny fists waved angrily. Breed took up the bucket preparatory to milking the cow. The gray pup had wandered into the hut and now scrambled into the bed to snuggle up to the baby, whose crying stopped. The two small things sniffled whimperingly and, warmed and comforted, they dozed off. Breed stood undecided, viewing the pup's solacement with mingled relief and misgiving. He knew that a woman would not have allowed it, but he was grateful to have the baby content.

As he stood there he heard a sound and lifted his head—a horse was approaching the hut. He stepped to the door and stooped to emerge, the bucket still in his hand.

George Graham, swinging down from a stocky roan, (*Continued on Page 57*)

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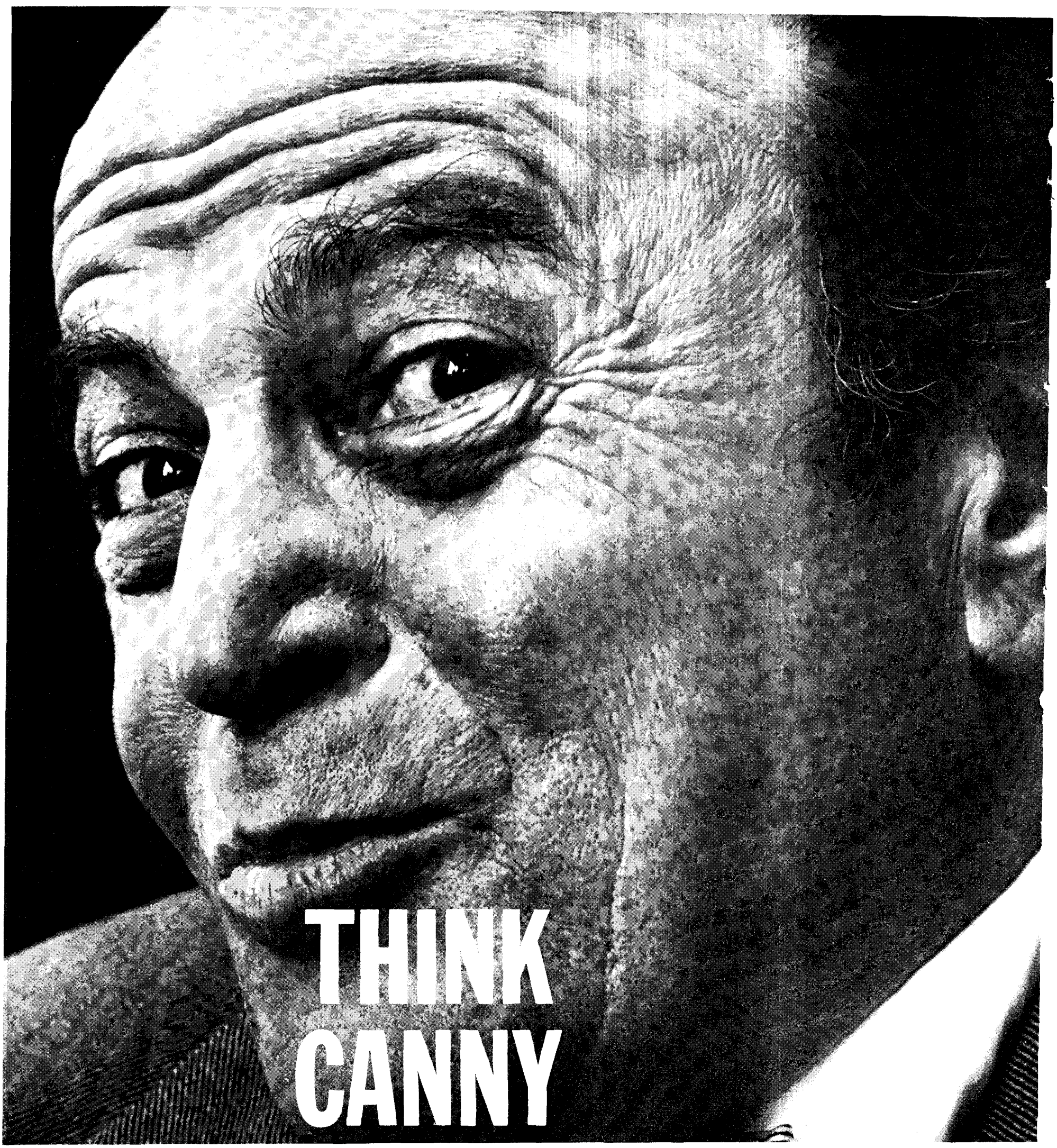


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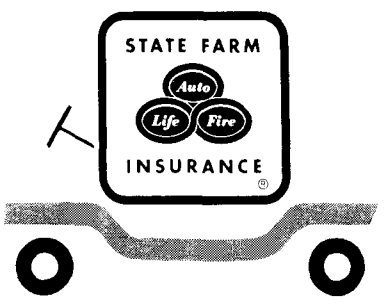


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(*Continued from Page 54*) stared with astonishment at the man standing before the door. Graham was a sturdy, square-built man, with a boyishly handsome face. His taste in clothes was somewhat gaudy; he wore a heavily beaded buckskin vest, and the bandanna knotted about his throat was of crimson silk. His pants were tucked into Texas-style boots on which many-colored five-pointed stars had been stitched.

He dropped the reins and removed buckskin gloves, disclosing that his hands were small and as white as a woman's. His light-blue eyes, defiant at first, became uncertain before the intensity of the other's gaze. Neither man spoke a greeting, and Graham, noting that Breed stood unarmed, felt reassured by the weight of his own Colt against his thigh. He also noted the milk bucket. "Fixin' to be a wet nurse, Breed?"

Breed nodded. "I'm takin' the boy home with me."

Graham scowled, his glance shifting to the door of the hut and back to the man blocking it. "Josie ——" he began.

"Josie—lies yonder ——" Breed motioned toward the hillside, his gaze boring in on the other's face. Graham's eyes jerked to the stark cross, staring with shock and unbelief. When his look slowly returned to Breed it held wariness and the beginning of deep alarm. "Josie?" He stumbled over the name. "But what—I don't ——"

"How long you been gone, George?" Breed's voice was almost gentle in its inflection.

"Why," the man said. "jist overnight ——"

"You lie," he interrupted calmly. "Josie could still talk when I came yesterday mornin'. I know how it's been for her, George: you treated my sister worse'n a mangy dog." The words hung on in the tensing silence between them. Breed remained motionless, but Graham retreated a step.

"You left her alone for nigh onto a week"—the toneless voice recounted—"and her sick—crawlin' on her hands and knees to milk the cow for the baby."

"She wasn't that sick when I left ——" Graham's voice was suddenly shrill; then it dwindled and stopped as his gaze became trapped on the still face with its strange, hooded eyes. He read and understood the verdict in them—and there was frenzied haste in the hand that went for his gun.

Breed smiled then and stepped toward him, dropping the bucket which clattered as it rolled away. Graham got his gun clear of the holster, his finger tightened convulsively and the bullet whined past Breed's head, taking the lobe from his right ear. At the booming report of the gun Graham's horse neighed and reared, plunging back and away from the men. Graham saw crimson spurt at Breed's neck, but the big man was still coming at him. Unnerved, he lowered the barrel again, but Breed leaped, one arm flung out reaching for the gun; the second shot blasted into mid-air. The gun was torn from Graham's frantic clutch and flung away.

Their twisting bodies thudded to the ground, and Breed's big hands found a grip on Graham's throat. Astride his body, he slowly increased a terrible pressure on the windpipe. Teeth bared, his stare intent on the bulging, glazing eyes, he deliberately prolonged the agonized death struggle of the threshing, clawing man beneath him. He did not relax his hold on the crushed neck until long after the other lay still.

He took his hands away and got slowly to his feet, to stand staring down at Graham's body for long moments. He put his hand to his neck and stared with surprise at the blood, for he had not realized that the first bullet had grazed him. He looked again at the distorted face and the outflung arms and legs of the dead man and he spat in the dust beside him. He wiped the blood from his hand against his thigh and with slow, almost painful movements entered the hut.

He felt not only an immense weariness but also a deep urgency to be gone from this place. He milked the cow and filled his canteen. He unsaddled Graham's horse and turned it loose, leaving the bars of the pasture gate down so that both animals were free to forage. Ignoring Graham's body, he returned to the hut and wrapped the baby and pup together in a blanket, tearing another blanket into wide strips and binding the bundle like an Indian carryall. He took the drowsy pair out of the hut and put them gently down on a grassy spot in the shade. He returned to drag Graham's body inside the hut, where he placed it on the miserable heap that had served as a bed. He located a tin of kerosene and poured its contents over the body and the bed, scattering the liquid over the floor as well. He fired the hut and moved back to watch the flames take hold and roaringly consume the tinder-dry structure. When the supports burned through and the roof fell in, he caught up his horse and, taking up the bundled pair, rode across the meadow and up the ridge. From the cottonwoods he looked back and pulled up for a silent moment. A trailing wisp of smoke rose heavenward from the smoldering ruins, and the forlorn little cross on the hillside was barely discernible beneath the cedar trees.

He did not push the gelding, for the way was rough and he must conserve the animal's strength. As they came out of the wilderness canyons, he skirted the settlements and outlying ranches. He kept going far into the night, at times walking and carrying the bundle and leading the horse. He paused to rest briefly at intervals, where there was grass and water. While the horse grazed and drank, he fed the baby and pup with the milk from the canteen.

They rested for several hours upon reaching the valley that followed the windings of Tonto Creek, for the high country loomed before them against the sky, range beyond range, interminably. They commenced the climb, zigzagging upward across the saguaro-studded slopes. Hours later they still climbed, now high above the valley so that the stream below was only a narrow gleam of twisting ribbon reflecting the sunlight.

On, then, and still upward till the barren ridges moved into sparse cedars dotted about the mesas; and beyond was the green gloom of the forest—the thick, shadowed stands of pine and blue spruce and the ghostly shimmer of pale, whispering aspens. It was colder here, and late snow lay blue-white and chill on the north slopes and in deeply shadowed nooks. (*Continued on Page 59*)

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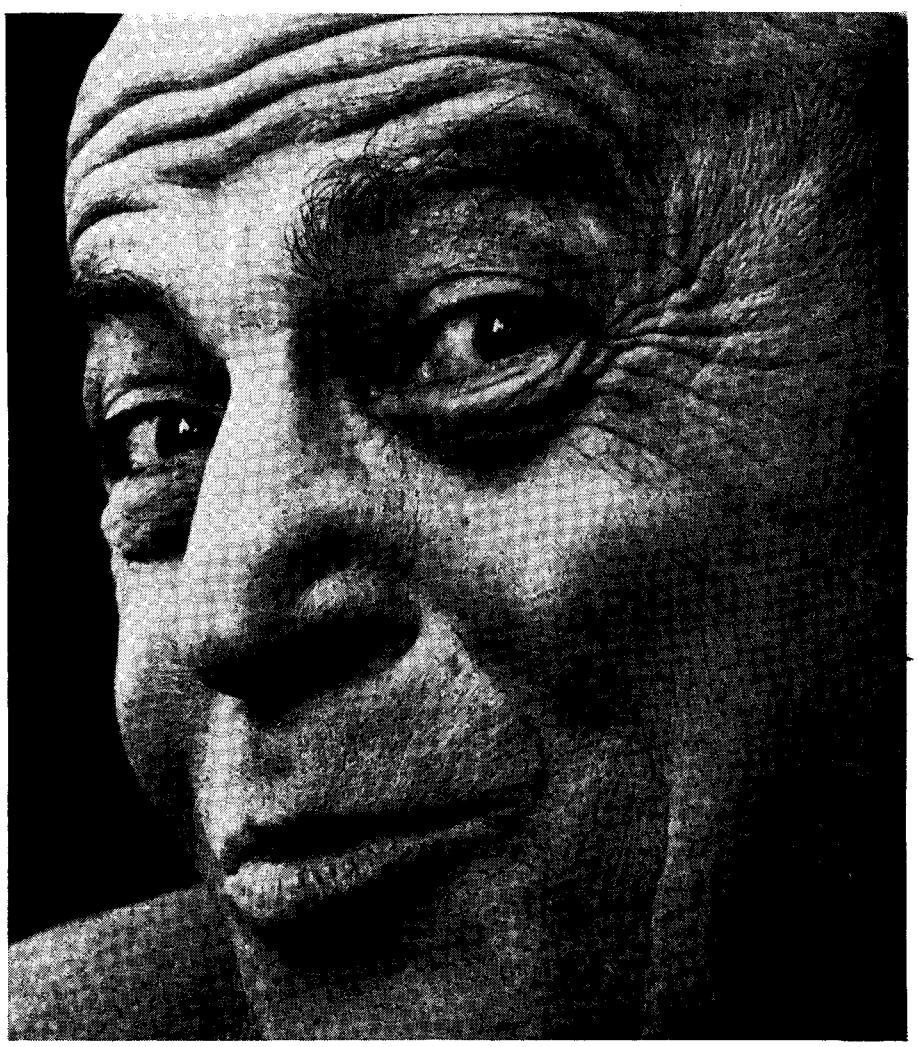
"By women."

Laurence Eisenlohr



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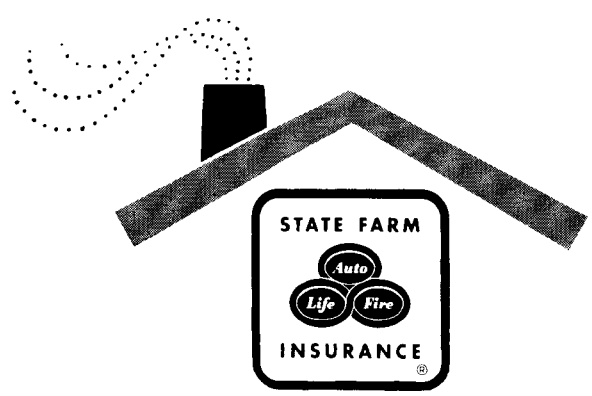


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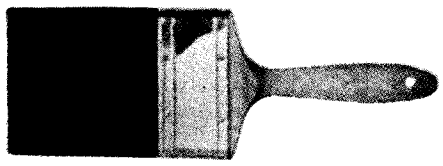

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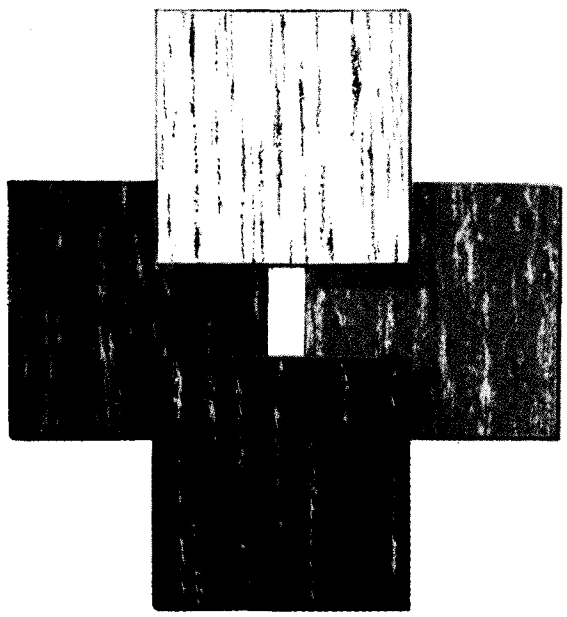

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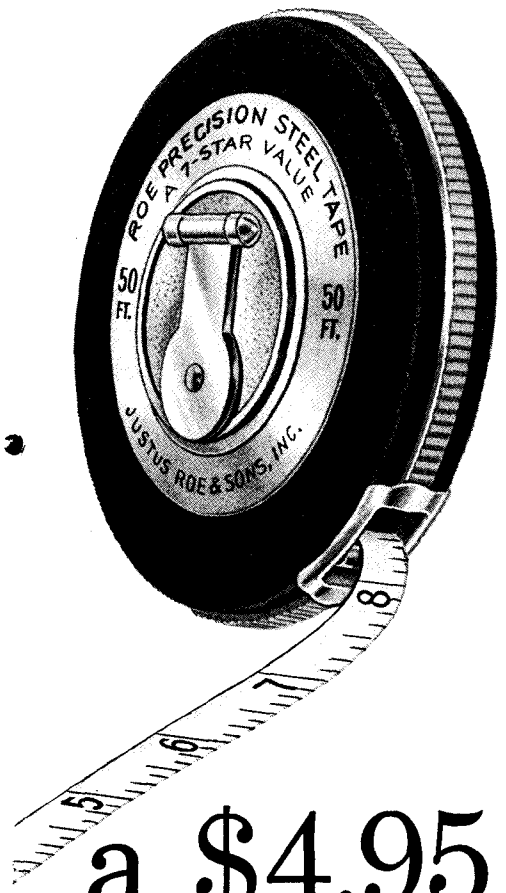


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are also used by leading builders in their 7-Star Value *new* homes. To find one – look for this sign.

(*Continued from Page 57*) He reined up near a herd of cattle in a clearing and roped a cow recently come in fresh. He tied the struggling, half-wild animal and milked her while her calf bawled dismally, circling them but keeping a careful distance away.

He fed the baby and the pup, marveling at their placid and contented cuddling. Jonny had been awake from time to time and stared about him, his brilliant eyes like cheerful jet beads in his little face. Whenever the bundle was loosened, the freed pup would bumble about a little, but soon returned to sprawl near the baby again.

As Breed neared home his thoughts shadowed ever darker, for he knew that his tidings would be a tragic blow to his father. Josie had been loved with a tenderness near adoration by Jonathan Tewksbury and his three sons, Edwin, James and John. They had felt bereft—as though the fire on the hearth had smoldered into cold ashes—when Josie had run away with George Graham.

Breed anticipated that little comfort would be given to Jonathan in his bereavement by his wife, the acid-tongued Lydia. For a few months after Josie left, old Jonathan had moped and complained—and then he had taken a third wife.

Jonathan Tewksbury had not been fortunate in his marriages: the Indian mother of Edwin and Josie had died of complications following the white man's measles; Edie, the second wife, had been a cheerful, buxom woman and had been warmheartedly good to her stepchildren as well as to John and James, the two boys she bore Jonathan. But Edie had succumbed to mountain fever back on the Humboldt River.

This third wife, Lydia Shipler, had run a boardinghouse in Globe, Arizona Territory. Her husband died after a brief bout with diphtheria in Globe, leaving her almost penniless. To support herself and her fourteen-year-old daughter, Stella, she opened a boardinghouse which did well, for Lydia was an excellent cook and kept the place immaculate—two features hitherto foreign to Globe. But she was a woman who made a great point of refinement and she despised the coarse, primitive existence in the almost lawless mining camp.

Jonathan Tewksbury might have kept his distance had he not seen her in an unguarded moment—he glimpsed the surprising sweetness of a smile she turned on her daughter, and her face then was not prim. It had become soft and younger and, to the lonely big man, immensely vulnerable.

When the Widow Shipler became aware that the elder Tewksbury was attracted to her—and that the bearded giant considered Stella a great asset because he was lonely for his own daughter—she gave it more consideration than she had to former suits. She made a discreet inquiry or two and learned the size of the Tewksbury herds and holdings. She listened with shining eyes while Jonathan admitted that the present house was not much but, he said, it could be rebuilt to her requirements—he would even build a new one, perfect in every way!

She was hesitating on the brink of acceptance when he unwittingly played his ace card. He remarked that he thought—if she consented to become the mistress of the Tewksbury ranch—she should persuade Tildy, her sturdy hired woman, to accompany them. At this Lydia hesitated no longer.

Jonathan was overwhelmingly delighted when she accepted him. They were married less than two weeks after their first meeting and were very happy for a short while.

After the torturous eighty-mile journey from Globe to Pleasant Valley there was little that pleased the third Mrs. Tewksbury. She surveyed with weary scorn the log-built structure that was to be her home. The ranch house was sturdy and weathertight, but not large, and her pinched nostrils and lifted skirts conveyed her opinion. She began to plan improvements before she unpinned her bonnet.

Jim had accompanied his father on the trip to Globe for supplies—which had been prolonged and ended with the marriage. Breed and Johnny met their stepmother on their arrival at the ranch when Lydia was exhausted and in no mood for further disillusionment. Breed was to be forever grateful that Josie had not been present when Lydia discovered that the mother of Jonathan's two eldest had been a squaw. For she labeled it a shameful thing and was most articulate because Jonathan had not advanced this information before they were married.

Breed concluded that it would be best for him to leave the ranch, but Jonathan persuaded him to "give Lydia time to get used to things." They built a second cabin, and Breed moved himself and all his gear into it. Before long his half brothers, Jim and Johnny, moved in with Breed to escape the scornful and imperious woman. The boys were lanky and leggy as yearling colts, raucous and clumsily violent in their movements. Before Lydia's coming they were as unrestrained as young Apaches. After experiencing tongue lashings as to manners and deportment, they both went to any lengths to avoid her.

In spite of the upheaval in the family, Breed was forced to acknowledge that in her own way Lydia was an exceptional woman; and that most of the changes she had wrought were improvements. Jonathan had kept his word, and more rooms had been built onto the main house—it now sprawled in comfortable ampleness. In the new kitchen stood a huge black cookstove freighted by wagon from the railroad. A room off the kitchen housed Tildy, the sour-visaged, silent woman who had been Lydia's helper in the boardinghouse.

To ensure a supply of milk, cream and butter, Jonathan imported two milk cows and hired an ancient crippled rider to see to them. Crip was a bandy-legged, hobbling man with a wizened, toothless face, which appeared to unfold and refold as he chewed his tobacco cud, and who became enchanted with the horse-faced Tildy and a never-ending nuisance to her. Her only acknowledgment of his existence was to sweep him methodically from her kitchen along with the daily accumulation of debris.

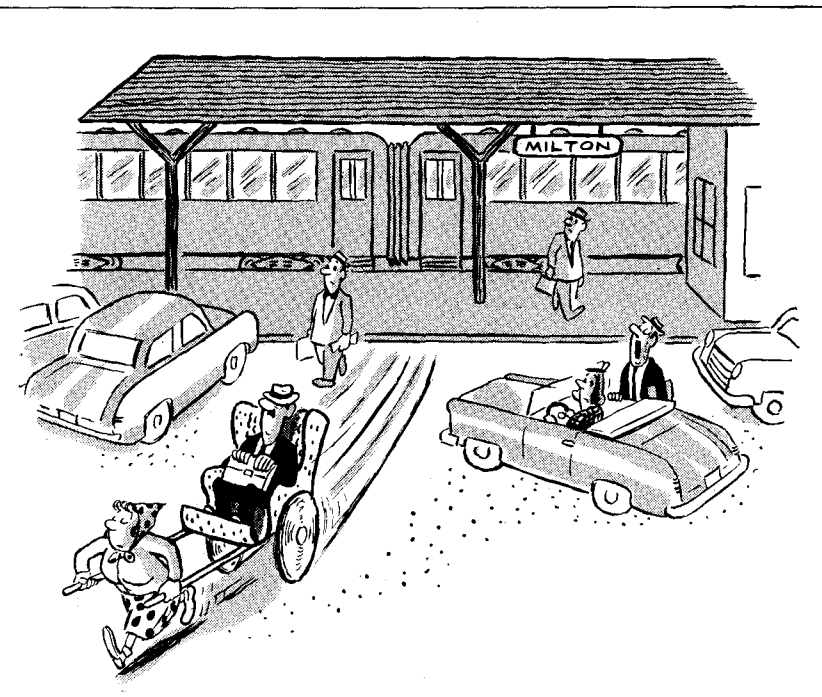
Lydia succeeded in her purpose of shutting herself in and the world out. She was satisfied with the house, which was handsome and comfortable; but Jonathan was often puzzled that it somehow lacked the hospitable warmth of the old make-do days when Tewksburys' had been a gathering place for all who lived in, or passed through, Pleasant Valley. Breed's cabin became, to all intents and purposes, the working headquarters of the ranch, and the men quickly got in the habit of dismounting before his hitching rail. Far from resenting this shift, Lydia welcomed her increasing seclusion. And there was another—and characteristically concealed—reason for her withdrawal.

To her dismayed resentment Lydia had become pregnant, and less than a year after the marriage a son was born, whom they named Walter. Jonathan had found himself overlooking and excusing a great deal as he waited for Lydia to "get used to things." There was a healing of this breach between them after the birth of the baby, for Jonathan's delight in this new son and her own preoccupation—which centered even more within the tight circle she had drawn—gave her a measure of serenity.

Jonathan was relieved when Lydia appeared to have settled down and to have come to terms with her surroundings; he did not see that it was a surface composure only and that she was filled with helpless terror by many things.

Her daughter Stella, on the other hand, loved the ranch. The vastness of the wilderness excited and thrilled her, and she felt as though she had been set free. She was not lonely, for she had never had companions her own age, and she was allowed to ride out with Jonathan when he tended to nearby chores, but she had strict orders against riding with anyone else.

The younger Tewksbury men were seldom at the home place. With Breed as foreman, Jim and John and two hired riders composed the range crew for the family herds, and they lived for the most part on the range, in camps or the line shacks perched on the ridges of the Tonto Basin heights. One or the other of them, most often Breed, rode in to consult with Jonathan at intervals. The elder




"Looks like the Wilsons are economizing again."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Tewksbury had given up the active management to Breed shortly after he married Lydia.

Stella discovered her own friends, for she adored all the ranch animals and they responded in kind. She crooned over the leggy colts in the top pasture, giggling at their awkward, romping antics; she brought titbits and lavished caresses on the horses, so that they watched for her coming. The whole herd would gallop in dusty stampede to where she waited, and she laughed as they jostled and pushed their big heads against her, contesting for her attention.

Breed came into the corral one day to find Stella trying to saddle Jerry, her horse. Jerry was an elderly mouse-colored gelding, fat and short-legged; but his apparent sleepy acquiescence was fraudulent. Each time Stella wrestled the saddle near his back he stepped just far enough away so that it slid off, dragging the saddle blanket with it.

"Damn you!" she said. "Stand still!"

Breed grinned—then erased it quickly. She had not heard his approach and she was startled when he spoke, "Here—let me give you a hand." He slapped the blanket across Jerry's broad back and one-handed swung the saddle across, at the same time crowding the stocky little horse against the poles of the fence. He buckled the cinches and tested and dropped the stirrups. Then he adjusted the headstall, tightening it and freeing one of Jerry's ears, which Stella had folded under a strap.

Stella watched his big brown hands as they moved with easy sureness. Then she looked up at his face, conscious, and the more curious because of it, that this man's society of all on the ranch had been the most emphatically prohibited by her mother.

"Why?" Stella had asked.

"Because I said so, that's why!" her mother had answered in an irritating, adult way.

"He's cleaner than the others," the girl offered, "and he doesn't have a dirty old beard ——"

"He doesn't have a beard because he is half *Indian!*" Lydia said with distaste. "Most Indians don't have to shave because hair doesn't grow on their faces—like white men." She looked severely at Stella, whose expression betrayed her instant fascination. "Now mind me, Stella," she warned. "I'll have to punish you if you don't mind!"

"Well, but he's *related*, isn't he?" Stella persisted rashly. "He's my brother, sort of, isn't he?" Then she retreated a step, for hysterical fury blazed in Lydia's eyes. "He is not related to you!" Lydia snapped. "He is a half brother to Jim and Johnny—and they aren't related to you either—and don't you forget it!" For several days after that Lydia kept the girl so closely under her surveillance that she had not argued it again.

Stella glanced toward the house now and, assured that the smokehouse blocked the view from the kitchen, stared at Breed with fascination. She hadn't seen so very many Indians, and he didn't look at all like the ones in Globe.

Breed turned his head and caught her staring at him and was amused at her quick flush. But she was beginning to feel impatience at her mother's nagging timorousness and she could see nothing frightening about the big man before her. His eyes were quiet and, indeed, so was his whole expression. She sensed a gentleness that she liked.

"Is Jerry treatin' you right?" Breed asked.

Stella made an impatient motion. "Oh, he's all right, I guess," she conceded, "but he's such a sleepy old thing. I have to beat him half to death with a switch to get him to trot—and then he jounces so."

Breed grinned. "Likely pa will scare up somethin' better when you're ready," he said. "The broncs ain't gentled enough for a girl."

"I *am* ready," Stella announced. "I rode that big bay in the pasture down by the creek—and I wouldn't have fallen off, either, if I'd had a saddle on him."

Breed looked at her, interested and amused. "You rode the bay—bareback?"

Stella nodded, "I was just sort of down there and I coaxed him over to the fence. He let me get on and I held to his mane—and, oh, he went like the wind! So smooth and fast! But when he whipped around by the creek I slid off and I had an awful time getting the mud off me, so mamma wouldn't notice."

Breed was looking at her with growing wonder. He was startled at the promise of beauty he saw in her. She was not now what a man would exactly call pretty, and yet with those eyes and that red hair there'd be heads turning aplenty when she filled out a little.

"Look here"—he tried for a commonplace tone—"you're gonna miss out on your ride if you don't get along." He glanced at the position of the sun. "It's gettin' on for noon, and I'll bet your ma wants you home to dinner." He freed Jerry's reins and, as Stella mounted, he looped them back and put them in her hands. "Don't let him throw you, now," he cautioned, his teeth flashing white in a teasing smile. He slapped Jerry's broad haunch, startling the somnolent beast into a jogging trot.

Stella laughed aloud. "Not this old slowpoke," she said. "So long, Breed—and thanks." She smiled back at him over her shoulder.

"So long, Stella," he answered and watched her ride out of the corral, kicking at Jerry's flanks in a futile effort to get him into a lope. The smile stayed on his face only a short time after the girl had gone. When it faded his dark eyes were thoughtful and somber.

A few days after his conversation with Stella, Breed stopped off at the old Middleton ranch house. He had seen smoke drifting from the chimney and knew that his friend George Newton would be there. Newton, who had bought the place from the Middletons, had a business in Globe and spent only a part of his time in Pleasant Valley. Although Newton had owned the ranch for some time, it was still known as Middletons'.

Newton stepped to the door as Breed approached. "Come and get it!" he shouted. "Beans in the pot and the coffee's boilin'."

The two men heaped beans on tin plates, filled granite mugs with coffee and pulled stools to the plank table in the one room of the cabin. "What news from Josie?" Newton asked, blowing on his scalding coffee.

Breed shook his head, "Nothin'," he said, "and it ain't like Josie at all, for it's been over a year, now, and pa worries a lot about her. If I knew whereabouts she and George Graham had settled I'd take time to look her up."

"You ever do anythin' about that brand deal George pulled off?"

"No," Breed said. "Pa hated to make trouble for Josie's man. He figgered at first that George would straighten it out. But it's right unlikely now." Breed cautiously sipped at his coffee, for the lip of the granite cup held the heat. "I can't figger how come she run off with George Graham. Tom Graham I like well enough, for you can take his word on a thing. But George ——" He shook his head. "Course, he's only the Grahams' cousin, and more like he was kin to the Texas bunch of Blevinses he come to the Basin with than to the Grahams. The Blevinses—and that Andy Cooper who lives with them—they're all of a stripe."

Newton glanced up at this mention of the Blevinses. "You seen anythin' of them lately?" he asked. "The Blevins bunch?"

"Seen old Mart and one of his boys, the one called Hampton," Breed said. "They stopped by the Furnace Ridge line shack a while back. Stayed for supper." Breed had finished his meal. Now he rolled a smoke and dragged deep before he went on, "Real mouthy—old Mart is."

"Braggin' what a big gun he was in Texas?"

"Oh, sure, real big gun, to hear him tell it. Maybe I wouldn't mind his gab if I didn't have to look at him. Them pointed teeth of his puts me in mind of a weasel spyin' out a hen roost."

Newton laughed, "That's old Mart—and all his boys got the same set of choppers. Ever see the whole bunch? Old Mart and his four sons—and Cooper? Every one of them boys has got weasel teeth—*includin'* Cooper! And notice this here: Cooper looks more like old Mart than any of 'em!"

Breed looked puzzled. "What you gettin' at?"

Newton hitched his stool nearer the table. "A blind man can see Cooper is old Mart's get—but he don't go as a Blevins—and I just found out why. A while back old Mart and Cooper was in Globe, and Cooper was hellin' around, drinkin' heavy and gamblin'. Makes himself out to be a gunslinger, wears two flashy guns and he is got up all flashy with silver on his duds and gear. After they pulled outta town old Marshal Barnes stopped by and was askin' questions about the Blevins bunch and Cooper. He had a notice the Texas law had got out on a wanted man—name of Andrew Blevins. The description fit Andy Cooper to a T. He's wanted on quite a few counts in those parts: horse stealin' and suspicion of murder, and for sellin' whisky to the Indians. He's served time for cattle rustlin'. And I got to thinkin' that it was right after the Blevins outfit settled on Canyon Creek that Stinson commenced losin' stock!"

"It adds up," Breed said. "Barnes aimin' to do anythin' about Cooper?"

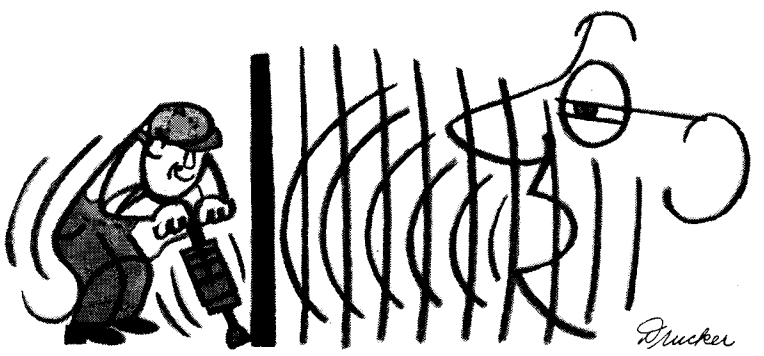
Newton chuckled, "Hell, no! So long as Cooper keeps his nose clean in town, Barnes ain't gonna meddle none."

"Yeah," Breed said, "I ain't surprised—I never cottoned much to Cooper, but the worst I had agin him was him and George Graham bein' so thick. I bet Cooper helped George plan that crooked-brand deal."

Actually the swindle had been rather simple. The Graham ranch, like the Tewksbury spread, was located on Cherry Creek—a narrow, rushing stream which cut an ever deepening wash bisecting the hilly expanse of rich meadowland that composed Pleasant Valley. Encircled by timbered mountains, the valley was barricaded on the north by the colossal, red rock wall of the looming Mogollans, which, merging into farther ranges, composed the Tonto Rim.

Some miles to the northwest of Tewksbury's was the old Stinson place. A man named James Stinson had sold out, discouraged by mounting losses to cattle thieves. His roundup had been hasty, and a number of cows and unbranded calves remained in the jumble of canyons and wilderness pockets. By range custom, strays became the property of whoever rounded them up and branded them. The Grahams and the Tewksburys joined forces in a far-flung drive of Stinson's abandoned stock, making an agreement to split the proceeds and devising a third brand which would be used on these jointly owned animals.

George Graham had volunteered to make the long trip to Prescott to register this brand, and he had offered to ramrod the trail crew which delivered the salable calves to the railroad for shipment. Josie Tewksbury had been visiting friends in the railroad town, and these friends had written old Jonathan that Josie had eloped with (*Continued on Page 64*)




## The Perfect Squelch

Because he constantly called staff meetings and used them to talk endlessly about nothing, Mr. Calvin's employees called him old Cracker Barrel Cal. However, as he was president-owner of the company, they never did this to his face.

One day when Calvin called a completely unnecessary meeting, an air hammer was clattering noisily outside. Unable to hear half of what he said and uninterested in the other half, Calvin's audience drooped to inattention.

Belatedly becoming aware of this, Calvin halted a long-winded personal reminiscence to complain, "I can't hear myself talk in here."

Just then the air hammer stopped, making a weary comment suddenly audible: "You aren't missing a thing, Cal."

**Martin E. Harwood**

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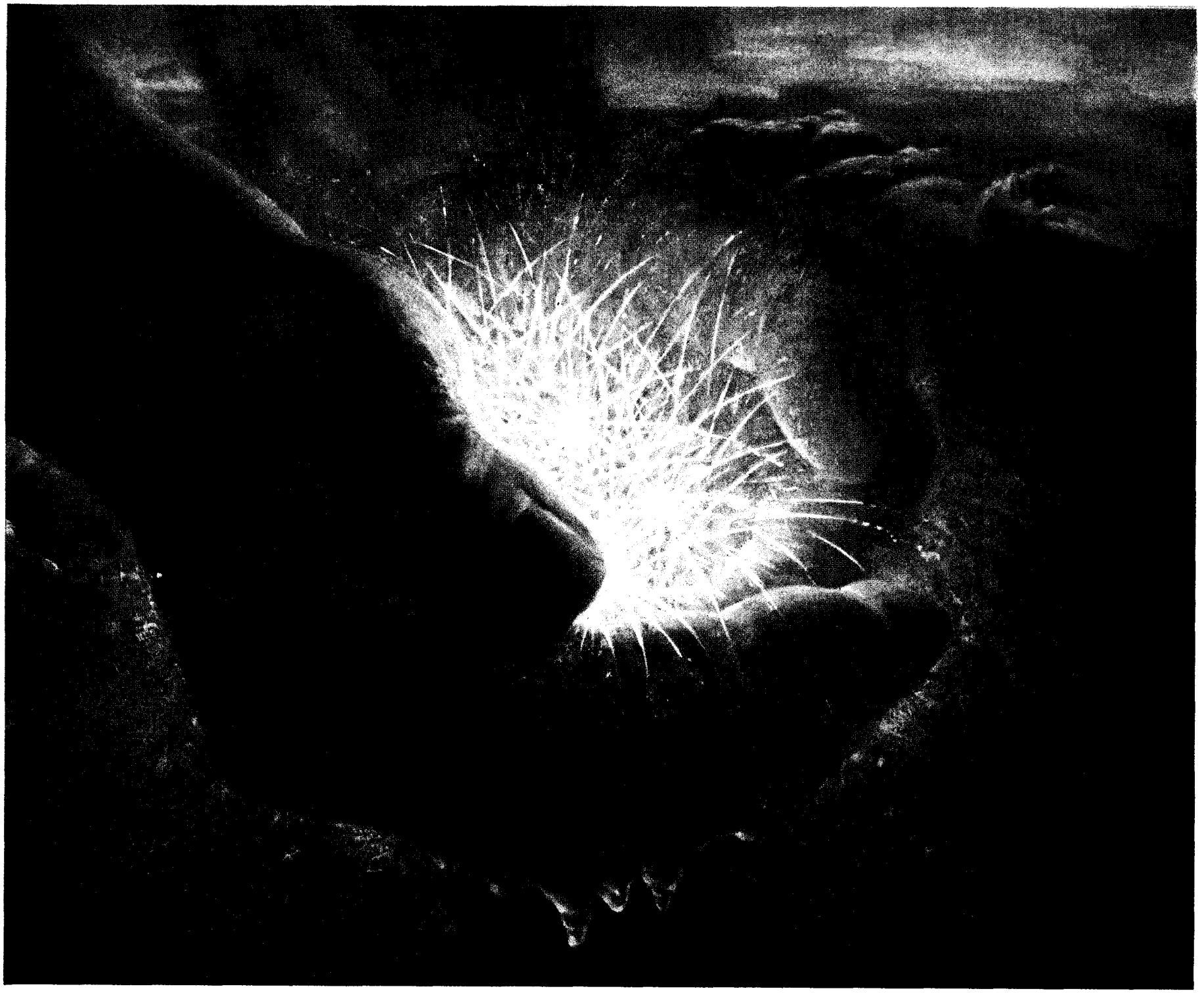

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(*Continued from Page 60*) George Graham, who was still in possession of the undivided money from the cattle sale.

None of the participants in the cattle deal was disturbed at first; everyone assumed that George Graham would settle up when he got around to it. But then, Jim Roberts, a Tewksbury rider, checking at the brand office in Prescott, discovered that George had registered the joint brand in his name alone. Legally, the way it stood, the cattle had been his to sell—the money all his to keep if he chose.

As the weeks and months went by and no word was received from George or Josie, uneasiness became suspicion. Relations between the Grahams and the Tewksburys were strained and thin—with many, thus far, unspoken conclusions. The breaking point came when old Jonathan, worried about Josie and seething over George's chicanery, went storming to Tom Graham, who shook his head when asked if he had had any word from his cousin.

"George will likely square it," he offered, his pleasant, open face miserable with embarrassment.

"Square it!" Jonathan roared. "How the hell can he square outright stealin'?" The big, angry man stalked about the room, his anger muttering within him. "Why, Tom, an idiot can see he took us like a bunch of sucklin' ninnies!" He paused and nodded his shaggy head vigorously before he added, "And I ain't holdin' you to account for him—cousin or not. I know, like everyone else knows, that you'd not a pulled any such thing, Tom." He roamed the room. "I don't give a damn, " he went on, "about the money. It's Josie I'm worried about."

Tom Graham heard Jonathan out in silence, offering no defense, for he felt the accusations were more than justified. George Graham was his first cousin, but Tom had found little in common with the man, and less to like, in the months since he had made himself at home on the Graham spread. George never bothered to cover his unscrupulous avarice and he had at times displayed an almost sadistic streak of cruelty. His talk had often been a bristling "don't-push-me" hostility toward the law and a violent intolerance for nonwhites, into which class he shoved Mexicans, Indians and Negroes—and the half- or part-breeds of any of these.

It was his ruthless obsession about half-breeds which made Tom doubt if George had married or ever intended to marry Josie.

In the year that followed George Graham's defection the Tewksburys and the Grahams avoided one another's society whenever they could. Early in this same year Jonathan married Lydia Shipler and brought her and her daughter, Stella, to the ranch in Pleasant Valley.

Breed was surprised at the new warmth of his regard for Stella as he sat with Newton, drinking a last cup of coffee. He noticed a mother cat nursing her kittens on a heap of gunny sacks in the corner. She was a gaunt, drained-looking animal, but her kittens were tiny balls of animated fur. "Newt," Breed said, "what'll you take for a coupla them kittens?"

"Kittens!" Astonishment raised the sandy brows. "You want a coupla kittens?"

Breed grinned, "Not for myself—thought I might fetch 'em to Stella. Coyotes got our old cat, and Stella's right fond of animals—specially baby ones."

"Sure, Breed," he said, "help yourself."

When Breed dismounted in the home corral he grinned down at where his hand supported a bulge under his shirt. Two calico kittens were cuddled together, warm against his skin. "Jim," he yelled at his brother, "fetch Stella—I got a present for her."

Jim ambled off toward the house, turning to call back over his shoulder, "Jim Roberts is back—waitin' for you in the cabin."

Stella had been washing dishes. She ran into the corral still wiping her hands on her apron, her hair disordered and in bright wisps about her flushed, narrow face. Her eyes widened with delight as Breed fished the drowsy kittens from his shirt front and placed them in her hands. "Oh-h," she crooned, lifting them up to rub her cheek against the downy, funny little heads. Her eyes began their slow lift to the man's face and they were shining in their dark, feathered frames, and her pink mouth was curved with tender enchantment.

The man's gaze intensified on the glowing face raised to him, and he leaned with the unthinking desire to kiss that sweet mouth. She sensed his intent and, surprisingly, tilted her chin higher. But he put out an uncertain hand and touched her thin arm. "Stella," he said with gentleness, "how old are you, Stella?"

"Fifteen," she said apologetically, "goin' on sixteen."

He nodded and his smile flashed on her as though they shared a secret joke. "Let's give it a coupla years," he suggested. "I got lots of time——"

Her eyes had become shy and she ducked her head to the kittens, but she looked up again and the man became conscious once more of the devastating effect of that slow look, innocent though it was. "Me, too," she whispered. "I—got plenty of time, too, Breed——" She turned and ran, hugging the kittens to her.

Breed was still smiling as he strode into the cabin to greet Jim Roberts, back from a business trip. Roberts ran his cattle with the Tewksbury herds; he had been almost like a member of the family for several years and he had taken it very hard when Josie had eloped with George Graham.

Breed's smile sobered as Roberts turned toward him, for the man's strong, handsome face was drawn, lined with more than the fatigue of travel. "I know where Josie is," he said in a dead tone.

Breed went stiff and cold within as the exhausted voice went on. With harsh simplicity Roberts told what he knew. "First off, I thought to go myself," he finished, "but Josie might not—I figgered it'd ought to be kinfolks. I come home fast as I could." His grieved and somber gaze lifted to the taller man's face. "I'll ride with you," he offered with a meaning both understood.

"No," Breed said, "you done right—this is family business. I'll see to it." He stood unmoving for a bleak, silent pause; then, "Tell pa," he said in a curiously flat voice. "Get him off alone and tell him the whole of it, and tell him I've gone to see to Josie."

So he had followed Roberts' directions into the wilderness country up by the Superstition Mountains. The trail ended with Josie dead and George Graham killed and his ashes scattered. Then Breed started the long ride home, carrying Josie's baby with him.

Well, he'd seen to Josie, Breed thought as his horse plodded the last miles to Pleasant Valley, but there'd been mighty little he could do for her. At least she'd had the comfort of one of the family near and she'd known that her baby would be safe.

The tired gelding dropped its head before the tie rail in front of the main house, which was dark and quiet. Breed dismounted stiffly, trying not to disturb the sleeper in his cramped arms.

The door was unbarred and he stepped silently inside, groped to a couch and put down his bundle. Then he lighted a lamp on the table, disclosing that his father dozed in a big chair before the fireplace. Jonathan's eyes opened as the glow from the lamp reached him, and he rose and moved forward, his face full of anxious questioning. He was a tall man, taller than any of his sons. A gray beard spread across his barrel chest and his eyes were as fierce and searching as an eagle's. He was of commanding presence, but his manner was uncertain at this moment. "Josie——" His deep voice rumbled with pain.

Breed gestured toward the couch. "Josie's boy," he said. "Jonny—she named him for you."

The gray gaze swung to the bundle and bleakly back to his son. "Josie—is she——"

"I got there before she died," Breed said, feeling that he was helpless to lighten the blow. "I buried her decent and then I burned the place—and George Graham with it."

Jonathan's eyes closed; he swayed slightly, his teeth clenched but moving under his beard. No sound came from him, and after a silence he stepped to the couch and leaned to lift the corner of the blanket from the baby's face. He laid a gentle hand on the small head, and tears ran from his eyes. He regarded his grandson long and tenderly, and then he straightened and wiped his eyes with the back of one big, horny hand. He faced about. "Tell me——"

"Josie'd been sick," Breed said, "ever since the boy come. She was alone when he was born. George left her alone most of the time in a shack not fit for a pig. He'd been gone a week when I got there. The reason we never heard was that he'd never married her and she was ashamed. By the time she knew him for what he was—it was too late. She was sick, and he wouldn't let us know. She begged him——" His voice stopped as the strangling hate choked him again, but in a moment he went on in a whispering, hoarse way, "George Graham claimed the boy, here, looked too Indian to be his get; he accused Josie of takin' up with some wanderin' 'Pache buck!"

Jonathan's whole big body jerked and his eyes glared with fanatic fury. "You killed him?" he demanded.

Breed nodded. "I killed him," he said.

The father's nod held somber triumph, his eyes fiercely explored his son's person. "You take any hurt?"

Breed touched his right ear, and there was now only a dark crust of scab where the lobe had been. "Grazed," he said. "He was jumpy—shot too quick."

Jonathan nodded. "And you——"

Breed frowned and tried to remember how it had been. "I wasn't armed," he said. "He shot and I jumped him."

Stern pride flared in Jonathan's face and eyes as he regarded his son. An exclamation of horror quivered through the room, and both men turned to see Lydia standing in the doorway. She wore a flowing, dark robe over her nightgown, and her face was bleached pale under her brilliant hair, which was strained back into a braid.

"I heard"— her voice was thin, high-pitched— "I heard what you——" She could not voice the enormity of it. "What kind of people are you to——" Her pale blue eyes were wide and aghast on her husband, who had stiffened, and then on Breed, whose weary dark face showed nothing at all. She moved to the couch and stared down at the sleeping baby.

"He *is* Indian," she declared. "Perhaps George Graham was right about Josie." With one long stride Jonathan was upon her and slapped her across the mouth. She reeled back, almost falling, stumbling away from him, but he followed to hulk over her, his big hand raised again. "Shut your filthy mouth!" he thundered, "and keep your nasty tongue from my daughter's name—never speak it again!"

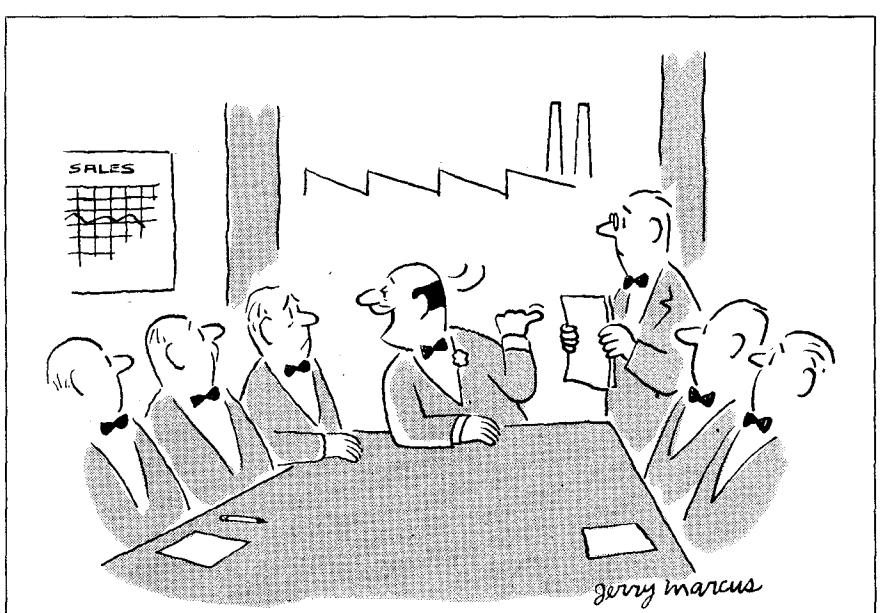
Lydia crouched in a terror-stricken silence, clutching at her robe with thin hands. Her face had a trancelike look of appalled unbelief. The smarting red from the blow stood out like a brand on her ashen face, and a trickle of blood crept from the corner of her mouth.

Jonathan still hovered over her; his furious glare was almost maniacal. "And what you heard"— his voice was a muted but still threatening rumble— "you will never tell! You will never speak of it! Do you hear?"

Lydia's haunted stare moved to Breed and back to her husband. She seemed bewildered, and her voice was only a whisper. "But he has killed a man," she groped. "The law—what will they——"

Jonathan's huge shoulders moved irritably. "The law!" he said, and then he stooped and brought his bearded face more on a level with hers. "Madam," he explained, "there is no law in the Tonto! And none in the Superstitions!" He watched her for a moment as she tried to grasp this alien fact. "My son," he said with pride, "has killed a varmint that needed killin'. And the Tewksburys stand with him!" He looked at her with piercing intentness. "And you are a Tewksbury," he said more quietly.

TO BE CONTINUED




"Any fool knows that scheme won't work—tell him, Stevens!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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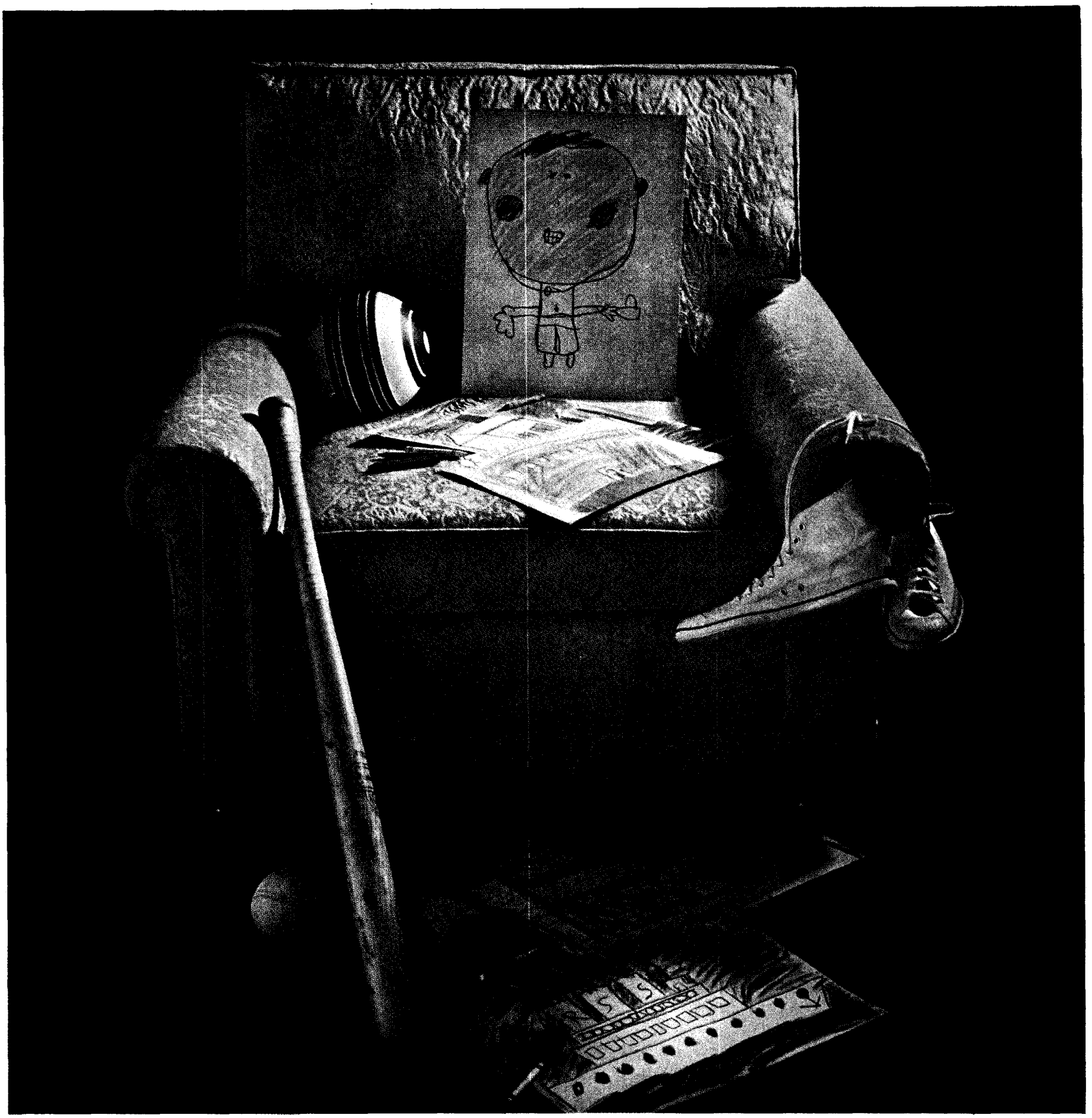

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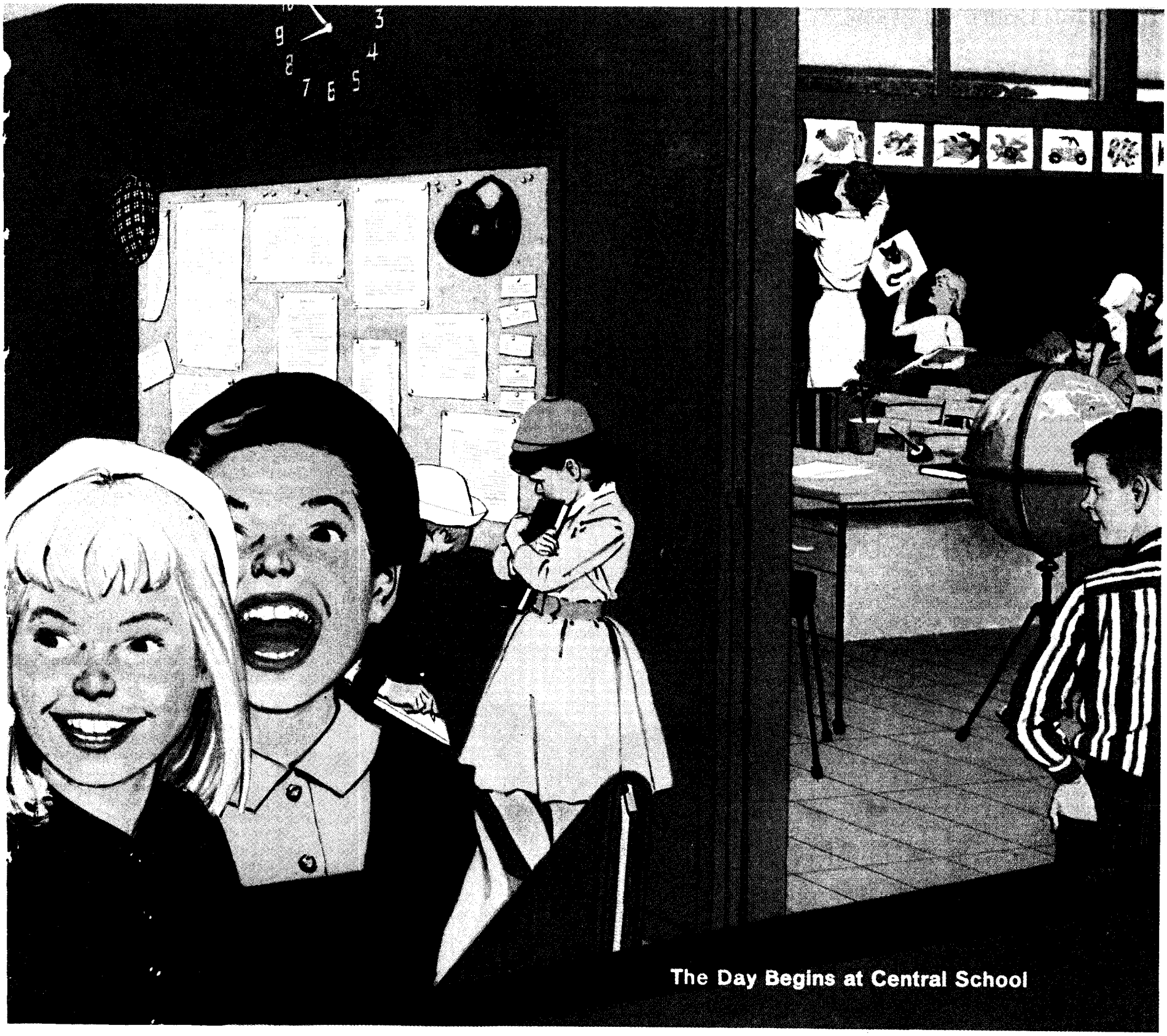


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# Too Many Brides (Continued from Page 30)

firmly repeated, "Two!" He added, "It will take that long to get the three hundred bags off the ship!" Jahaira's heart ceased swooping. The haggle was not about her after all. It was about cement.

The young man still protested at waiting so for his merchandise. The sheik of Khazza, he made known, was in feverish haste for this cement. Khazza's walls were of stone without mortar and sorely in need of strengthening. Also, the trucker informed in a voice that rolled about the courtyard that he himself was eager to be on for Khazza. He had romantic intentions there.

Jahaira, gripping the teakwood screen of her window, told herself bitterly that she might have guessed it.

"In two days, not an hour sooner, you shall have the cement," stated Mutluq the merchant.

The customer had to accept the terms. No one else sold cement in this Persian Gulf port. He stalked off.

Mutluq the merchant of Zubail stood there rubbing his hands—a sure sign that he was pleased—and permitted his beard to divide in a sly smile.

Why, the tall girl at the concealing lattice wondered, had her begetter pretended that the cement must come from that ship in the harbor? More than three hundred bags already lay in his warehouse. Well she knew. She had helped stack them there. She sat down on the cool floor, chin in hands, and pondered.

She was utterly weary of waiting for a husband. She regarded her hands—capacious, willing. She stretched her muscled young arms to their full span of six feet from fingertips to fingertips. She examined her legs—long, tireless and not at all bad-looking. She didn't have to inspect her face. She knew it was plain. But that was a bridegroom's fair risk.

Why had her sire not urged her merits upon the young man? Why had the bearded parent concerned himself strictly with cement he seemingly didn't want to sell? Why had he kept looking so piously to the blue vault of heaven? What did the sky have to do with it?

She thought she knew all his tricks. What wile was he up to this time? An idea smote her. A stunning one. She'd go up to the house roof and survey Allah's wide sky herself.

Two appointed days later the young man on the truck tooled over Arabia's high desert with speed. His people called him Khalid, his friend Ed Hooper of Pipeline Constructors, Inc., called him Kelly, and four dark-eyed packets of beauty off in his native Khazza soon would be calling him many other things, all tender. The luscious four, he counseled himself blissfully, were as hard to choose among as four perfect pomegranates. Fortunately he did not have to forgo any. He planned, one by one, to marry them all. The laws of Islam sanctioned four wives. The veiled lovelies could scarcely object to it. Their fathers, in view of his hauling contract with the sheik of Khazza, heartily approved of it. Khalid's only important problem, now happily solved, had been how to acquire this initial load of cement from the merchant Mutluq. But now he had it; Zubail, the seaport, was twenty leagues behind him; Khazza was one hundred leagues onward in the approaching sunset; and with the profit from this trip he would acquire the first of his four charmers.

Ed Hooper had made all this possible. Ed, the equipment boss of Pipeline Constructors, had taught Khalid truck driving, tire changing and much else, including how to save a few dollars of his wages. Ed had even encouraged him to buy this written-off truck and set up his own business. As for purchasing this cement, for which he'd lacked cash, Ed had suggested, "Why not buy it on the cuff? That's how we do things in America. Offer this rascally storekeeper—what's his name—Murphy?—a trifle down and the rest later. Boy, how you're going to start installment buying in Arabia!" And it had worked. Mutluq had stroked his shiny beard and demanded a written mortgage on Khalid's truck but, after that agonizing two-day delay, had handed the cement over. So Khalid, with three hundred heavy sacks on his vehicle, now bumped up dunes and down wadis.

A breeze, soft but faintly ominous, rippled the vinyl dust curtain of his cab. He was scarcely aware of it. His mind reverted to another point, minor but acute, which also had been solved for him by Ed Hooper. After being paid by the sheik of Khazza for his initial load, to the house of which damsel should he hasten for the first wedding? The house of Muzni? Dagheima? Zarar? Or enchanting Tarachi? Wouldn't it set that one over the others? Would the rest believe that he adored all equally? Women, the proverb warns, can turn into wasps in a man's headdress. Red-haired, longheaded Ed had produced the answer. Why not draw whoever's to be No. 1 out of a hat? he'd suggested.

"The trouble with you ragheads," added Ed, "is that you don't wear hats. I'll lend you mine. Draw the name in plain view in Khazza's market square. Holler loudly that it's Allah's will. Here's the hat, Kelly me lad," said pipeliner Ed, handing the headgear over, "and may sweet peace dwell in your four-ply household forever!"

So, "On, my iron camel!" exulted Khalid now, Ed Hooper's hat beside him. "On for Khazza! On for Dagheima, Muzni, Tarachi or superb Zarar!"

The westering sun rubbed its disk into the sand. The wind was a notch stronger. It was from the southeast, with all of autumn's heat weariness in it. He would drive all night. For company he would build up images of his brides-to-be. Mantles and masks, by ancient custom, had concealed them from his gaze so far; but a suitor can envision. Muzni should be cuddlesome and merry. Zarar, exhilirating and tempestuous. Dagheima was a shape, a grace and a delicious tranquillity. Tarachi was as many-sided as her flashing earrings.

The engine throbbed with a pulse far steadier than Khalid's. Tires sang zestfully. Three hundred sacks of cement hurtled Khazzaward. "On, my great beast," breathed Khalid. "Each spin of your wheels brings my four jewels nearer!"

Something took form out ahead. In this evening hour, on this vacant steppe, a person.

Perhaps the solitary traveler was a pilgrim bound for Mecca. Aid to a pilgrim, the proverbs charge, is as a rung on the ladder to heaven.

But the figure was veiled—a woman.

Woman, the proverbs warn, is as a donkey's foot in a goatskin of butter; is as a rope across a path on a dark night.

"This in no way dampens my enthusiasm for geology."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She was closer. Her hand said "Stop!" Khalid groaned. He was in a hurry; also he was painting delectable mind pictures which no stranger's idle chatter would be an improvement on. But he who rejects the appeal of a traveler blackens the face of his honor. Who refuses the appeal of a woman shall be bastinadoed with thorn canes at the gates of paradise.

With squeal of brakes, Khalid halted. While his truck quivered impatiently, he called down, "Peace be upon you."

"Upon you, peace," replied the foot traveler. "I place myself under your protection." She was invoking the law of the wastelands. To leave her stranded now would drive a stake through his soul forever.

"Whither go you?" he asked dismally. Surely not Mecca, he hoped. Mecca was far from Khazza. But maybe she wasn't a pilgrim. Maybe a fugitive. "Woman, from whom do you flee?"

"From the greediest man in Arabia."

The greediest man, Khalid long had understood, was the Sheik Al Tabbar, blood enemy of the sheik of Khazza and a warrior who had no use for walled towns save as places to storm and ravage. Where was Al Tabbar encamped now? Khalid had seen nothing of his herdsmen or his four-poled pavilion. Could he be marching upon frail-walled Khazza at this instant? On Khazza and all it held, including—hot blood turned icy!—Tarachi, Dagheima, Zarar, gentle Muzni?

Dusk was closing. But he could see that this traveler, by the black-cloaked outline of her, was impressively long of leg. A lone wanderer, long of leg, can cover a lot of desert if he be fool enough. But a woman! And the fierce Al Tabbar possessed swift camels, sharp sword and heavy hand. Where he struck, woe and ashes remained. Could a meager Khalid risk such awful anger? As soon as he knew whither this woman was bound, Khalid decided, he would say he had business elsewhere. "In what direction, O weary traveler, did you hope to be taken?"

She opened the cab door and was up beside him in a bound. "Toward Khazza. Drive on!"

Houris of paradise, handmaidens of eternity, forgive the lie he had to utter! "But I am about to turn off at the next dune and make for Damascus ——"

"Nonsense! Everyone knows the sheik of Khazza trembles behind his feeble walls. Get on with this truckload!"

Here was command from one almost as tall as Khalid, and who, by the way she'd sprung to his cab, had muscles of steel beneath her vestures. His foot trod the gas pedal. His hand shoved gears. Woman, the proverb says, is as disturbing to him who meditates as a great stone hurled into a still well.

The wind had moved from southeast to south. It blew from the Empty Quarter. His throat scratched; his lungs burned. Now and then he looked at his passenger sideways. The eyes behind her peepholes were gravely on him. What, besides those eyes, was under the face mask?

"The wind," she mentioned after a time, "is now from southwest."

So it was, veering more quickly than a camel can kick. Something unusual was happening to the weather. The evening star, which should be showing the way to Khazza, was drowned in dust. The beams of his lights tunneled into the sky-high dust heap and died. He steered by what was visible of the caravan track. Engine drummed. Tires swished.

"What," he asked, "is your name?"

"Jahaira."

"I am Khalid. Some call me Kelly." The Kellys, Ed Hooper had told him, were famous fighting Irish sheiks.

The truck rolled on for another dozen leagues. (*Continued on Page 70*)

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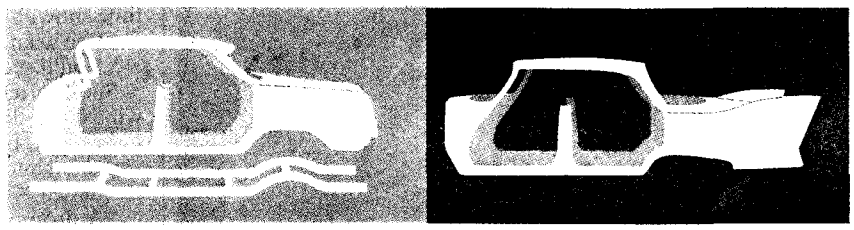
Some people own cars.

Some cars own people.



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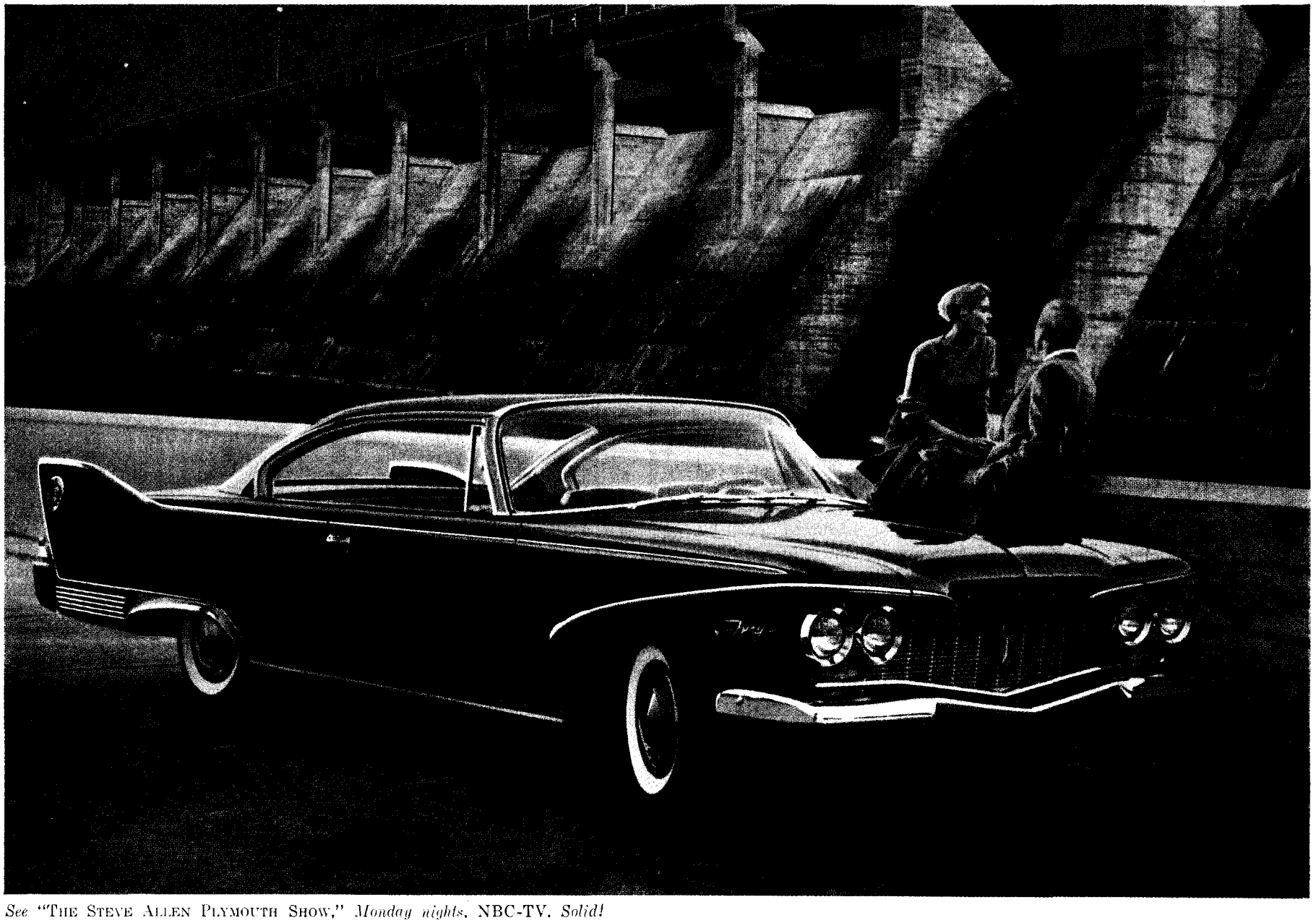

*See* "THE STEVE ALLEN PLYMOUTH SHOW," *Monday nights*, NBC-TV. *Solid!*

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(*Continued from Page 68*) "It is about time now," she remarked.

"For what, O daughter of the waste?"

"You'll see."

Soon after, something spanged the windshield like a bullet from a tribesman's gun, but the missile, not the glass, shattered into particles. "A drop of rain!" exclaimed Khalid.

"A drop of rain." Jahaira didn't seem to be surprised.

"This is not the season! It is only early October!"

"Allah hangs signs in the sky days ahead for him who has sense to read."

"If the wind veers further, it will come from the Middle Sea! There will be deluge!"

"There will be deluge."

"My cement! It is in paper sacks!"

She didn't respond to that. After all, it wasn't her cement.

"I shall arrive at Khazza with three hundred sacks of solid stone! I shall gain no payment— I shall be lucky if the sheik doesn't lop my hands off and follow with my ears! I bought the cement on the cuff—a merchant at Zubail will now own my truck! And I shall lose ——" He couldn't bear it. The names stuck in his throat. "Al Tabbar, when he throws down Khazza's walls, will seize and carry off all four dear ones! They are as good as in his pavilion right now—before I am permitted so much as to draw, by Allah's will, the first bride's name!"

"Let us stop on a rise of land," recommended Jahaira, "and unload this cement."

"Three hundred bags?"

"Three hundred bags." At better than ninety pounds to the bag.

"But where would we put them?" All was open desert.

"Under this truck," retorted Jahaira promptly. Ed Hooper himself couldn't have been more resourceful. But fourteen tons!

"There's another wet splash," said Jahaira. "You'd better find your knoll and face northwest. Even a camel has the wits to lie down with its head to the storm."

Khalid, numb with dismay, did as she said.

Jahaira jumped from the cab. She stripped off her outer and midway-outer garments, which were no loss in the dark, and threw them to the cab seat. Veiling and face mask followed. Her steps crunched away. She could be heard undoing load lashings. Khalid got down and fumbled at load lashings too.

"You take the bags off where you are," Jahaira called. "I'll take from here."

A full cement bag is only a trifle when one is in a hurry. Khalid now was in a great hurry; two more large drops fell on him. "We'll make a platform of the bags, three high," said Jahaira, "with a ramp of bags for the wheels to ascend."

Nine bags. Ten. Khalid worked feverishly. Jahaira also. For a time no more drops fell, and he wondered if he shouldn't reload and be on. A splashy drop large as a plover's egg struck the back of his neck, and he reached hastily for a fifteenth bag. The twentieth felt somewhat heavier. The thirtieth, much heavier. The fiftieth, which he climbed up to reach, achingly heavier. Arms almost out of sockets, he rested a moment. Jahaira, who also had hopped up for more bags, spoke sharply. After that, no resting. His sixtieth sack was pure agony. His seventieth, no feeling whatever. When he wondered how he could possibly lift a ninetieth, Jahaira moved over to help him. Her hundred and fifty sacks were off and emplaced. She took two of his at a time. A lash of drops spurred him. He, too, tried to shoulder two bags at once. His knees wobbled, and he fell on his face. She plucked him up. After that he took his bags singly again.

They reached the last. "Where's your shovel?" yelled Jahaira through the wind. He fetched it. Vigorously she spread protecting sand and gravel over the bags. "Now drive up." He drove up and halted. The truck was over its load like a great square mother hen over many eggs.

"There!" said Jahaira, springing to the cab seat. "Let it rain!"

It rained.

As only skyborne water from the Mediterranean Sea can do, and that once in forty years, it lifted itself, sailed off for those deserts and dropped. Some of the Nile may have come with it. Lightning sheeted along the sky from Sinai to Ararat. Thunder cannoned from Suez to Sheba. The wind, which had risen to a screech, had cleared everything loose out of the cab—Ed Hooper's felt hat, Jahaira's cloak and overdress, her mantle and mask. These had gone dancing off over the sands somewhere, doubtless toward Oman. But the night was decently black. Save when lightning held its shaky torch, she was practically invisible. The two sat in growing rain puddles on the vinyl seat. The wadi alongside the caravan track turned into a hissing torrent.

### Our American Phrase Craze

Said the Calculated Risk to the
Educated Guess:
"Let's evaluate the climate of
conditional success,
Preview the x-potential of the
psycho-symbol scene,
Then take the Fifth Amendment
if they ask us what we mean!"

**S. Omar Barker**

"How about a snack?" Khalid suggested. "I have doughnuts and canned meat. Also soda pop. Ed Hooper taught me about them. Do you mind Western things?"

"I know these wares well," she replied. "My father sells them."

"Your father?"

"His name is Mutluq. He is the merchant at Zubail."

Mutluq! "Ed Hooper calls him Murphy, the money-mad Mahdi. I bought this cement from him!" cried Khalid.

"I know. I watched from the women's quarters. It worried me."

"Worried you?"

"You signed a paper. Father rubbed his hands."

"It was required that I sign. I was buying on the cuff!"

"Father knew it would rain. He keeps instruments on the house roof, took a look at them. That was when I started out walking."

"But why? Even if you knew what the sky was planning?"

"Three things move an Arab woman. Running water, a green meadow, and ——" She didn't name the third one. Could she, by chance, mean a likely-looking Arab man? If this was the answer, he indeed was the luckiest soul alive. The coming of this strapping Arab girl had warded off complete disaster. Now he could dream of Tarachi, Zarar, Muzni and shapely Dagheima again. Allah well knew what he was doing when he created those four scented forms of perfection. Allah even had sent this money-mad merchant's daughter, this

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robust jinni, out ahead of the storm to preserve Khalid for the joys in store for him.

"We'll save the rest of this snack for breakfast," said Jahaira, wrapping it up.

Ah, yes. For the heavy job of reloading, they'd need a breakfast.

Jahaira announced, "As long as it's raining, I think I'll sleep." She sank into her corner and did so. Completely fagged, he did the same, and dreamed. He walked in blessed gardens with Dagheima, Zarar, Tarachi and Muzni, while beautiful handmaidens of paradise followed with trays of grapes. Up a fountained glade all strolled. Then the graceful ones, chatting gaily with each other, silken garments fluttering, slippered heels twinkling, drew away from him. Their laughter grew faint with distance. He called, but they didn't turn. He pleaded, but couldn't follow. He was bound to a rock with great chains. The four girls and their attendants passed over a crest into cloudland and were gone.

His outcries and the torture in his bones brought him to. Storm was over. Day shimmered upon a sodden desert.

The waking forced a new groan from his lips. Now came the task of reloading the truck with those awful sacks. But at least he'd have the able Jahaira. It was time to be on with the task. He turned to jog her awake.

She wasn't there. The seat beside him was vacant. He wrenched the curtains aside and looked out. The desert was spangled with lakelets, and the wadi was a rush of foam. But skies were clear, sun up, and every puddle shining like the bracelets on Dagheima's arms, the gems on Muzni's fingers.

No Jahaira whatever. He shouted. Alarm sent his voice on an upward curve. He needed her—no man had ever needed anyone more. "Jahaira!"

Water gurgled in the wadi. Sand sucked at the lakelets. The sun drew steam. He was alone.

But this was beyond belief. Lifting even a third of those sacks was a thought nearly paralyzing. Lifting all of them was completely beyond him. He'd never make it, never. He put all his power into one more scream. "Jahaira!"

"And what do you want, my friend?"

She appeared from behind a dune. She informed, "I've been taking a bath—I found the cutest wallow. I've been out since dawn, hunting for my cloak and overdress. I found them away off, against a rock. But I couldn't find mantle or mask. You'll just have to see my face and make what you like of it."

In the dazzling sunlight, which she let fall boldly upon her, he beheld this being in her candid reality. She was not molded of moon gold nor summoned out of star dust. Her gifts ran to brawn and bone, with nothing left for ornament. The facial features were strictly practical.

"Take a long look," she bade him. "You're the first man who's ever had the chance."

Nose roomy and full-bridged. Chin blunt. Mouth wide and firm. Eyes calm and unafraid. The whole mien amused, good-natured, resolute and healthily aglow. He lifted Ed's hat, which was cocked for a sun guard atop her coil of black hair.

She said unconcernedly, "Lots of us Arab girls are on the plain side. Only a handful are beautiful. That's why we mask and veil. There are more girls than men, and if we didn't hide ourselves we wouldn't get husbands." She said it matter-of-factly.

He thought of cuddlesome, merry, ripe-lipped—he was confident she was ripe-lipped—Muzni. Of high-colored—he assumed she was vividly rosy—Zarar. Of fine-skinned—how could she be otherwise?—Tarachi. Of gorgeous—to go with that stately poise—Dagheima. But, come right down to it, had he any reason to be so sure? What if he'd been fooled by trailing whiffs of frankincense and cassia, of wits-stealing musk and deceitful myrrh? What if—oh, shock to unhinge reason—teeth were gone, hair going?

"So I'll take my share of the snack and get walking," said Jahaira.

"Walking?"

"Back to Zubail."

"No!" The cry leaped out of him.

"I don't get some of the snack? Well, there's more at home."

"You must help me load the sacks!"

"I wonder if I'm interested, after the way you hollered all night to some girls who probably couldn't lift a saddle onto a donkey."

"I've got to have your help! Without it I shall die right here, as surely as if Al Tabbar found and rode me down!"

"In that case I'll see you off." She flung aside her cloak and overdress again. In gay-colored house smock, unabashedly untrammeled, she hauled forth and shouldered upward two of the many sacks. "Get up and stack," she directed, "while I fetch and heave."

Tug, thud. Last night's performance in reverse, in broiling sun. With only moments out for that companionable snack. At hot midmorning she said, "There's the last. Now I'm really going."

"No!"

"Do we have to go through all that again? The sheik of Khazza will turn out plenty of men to unload for you."

He'd been staring at her all morning. A magnificent creature, supple at bending, sturdy at straightening, whip-lithe, gray with cement dust on chest and shoulders and not caring. Why, maybe that was all there was to silvery star dust itself—just rays from cement blobs away off in the sky. On her brow, under Ed Hooper's rakishly perched hat, the sweat gleamed brightly. He cried, "It's moon gold!"

She said, "Kelly, you're dreaming again."

"Come to Khazza. I want you at my wedding!"

"Not this Murphy girl," said Jahaira decisively. "I'd forget myself and pull the place apart."

"I want to marry you too!"

"Can't be done. Five's not allowed."

"I'll give up one of the others!" Which one? With peeks behind those mantles not permissible, how was he to know?

"Kelly, you forget I've gone Western. Doughnuts and air conditioning did it. There's one thing we Westerners don't go for. That's sharing the husband."

"Come closer to this truck."

She moved one step closer.

He reached down and snatched off the hat.

"Now what's that for?" demanded Jahaira.

"Ed Hooper told me to pull the choice of Allah out of this hat. Well, I've pulled her."

"At least you know what you're getting," agreed Jahaira. "The West is pretty smart about seeing the girl first. All right, make me Mrs. Kelly—on my terms."

The tires sang joyfully as they made for Khazza. Khalid felt wonderful. He flexed his grand new arm muscles, which had developed since yesterday. "I wish we could come on that sheik Al Tabbar—I'd like to fight him."

"You and who else, my sweet?"

"You're the who else, my love."

Their handgrips tightened.

"I guess two Kellys could handle him at that," mused Jahaira. "But let's wait till we've delivered the sheik of Khazza's order. Business is business," said the daughter of Murphy the Zubail merchant.

THE END

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# Big Ear in Lost Valley

(Continued from Page 29)

area, which is twice the surface of the Yankee Stadium baseball field. This great metal saucer will hang in the sky, towering above the earth at a height—when in vertical position—greater than that of the Washington Monument, peering downward on the Sugar Grove turkey runs and upward at celestial objects trillions of miles away.

That is not all. Thirty miles from Sugar Grove as the crow flies—double that distance by automobile—a second project, the $10,000,000 National Radio Astronomy Observatory, is being completed at Green Bank in Deer Creek Valley, Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Sponsored by the National Science Foundation, the nation's top basic-research organization, it will be managed by Associated Universities, Inc., a nonprofit research group which also operates the Atomic Energy Commission's huge research laboratory at Upton, Long Island. The observatory's facilities will include an eighty-five-foot and a 140-foot radio telescope.

Already the mountain-and-valley country, destined to become the listening post of the universe, is feeling the impact of the coming scientific revolution. For generations this part of West Virginia has been a quiet, conservative area, in many respects almost sealed off from the rest of the East. The automobile, television and radio have opened it up a great deal, but in the rocky hills there still are settlers, descendants of pre-Revolutionary pioneers, to whom such phenomena as the Soviet Sputnik and American satellites are less real and less vital than the season's corn crop or the well-being of the turkeys, hogs and sheep. Now, in such territory, the glistening, modernistic new "science cities" with their awesome sky-scanners are coming into being, and the settlers of "lost valley" are meeting the new pioneers—the men of science who speak of megacycles, supernovae and moon signals rather than of corn and hogs. Each—the people of Sugar Grove and the men of science—will have a good deal to learn from the other.

Radio astronomy is a vastly complex method of probing into space by electronic means and coming up with data far beyond the range of even the most powerful optical telescopes. There are stars in the cosmos which visual telescopes cannot even detect. With the new tools of radio astronomy, man will be able to hear and record the radio impulses which these invisible stars emit. Little by little, by capturing and analyzing these signals, man may unlock the as yet incomprehensible secrets of the cosmos.

The Sugar Grove telescope will completely dwarf anything now in existence. The world's greatest optical telescope—the 200-inch "big eye" on Mount Palomar, California—can penetrate into space for a distance of some 2,000,000,000 light-years. (Light travels at a speed of 186,000 miles per second; hence a light-year equals 6,000,000,000,000 miles.) Theoretically, depending on cosmic conditions, the radio telescope being built at Sugar Grove, which significantly is being called the "big ear," has a potential range of nineteen times the distance of the Palomar "big eye"—38,000,000,000 light-years, or 228 thousand billion billion miles.

Gigantic as it is, the 600-foot dish may be just a beginning. Stationary antennae of larger size are being built—the Defense Department is constructing a radar station equipped with a 1000-foot ground antenna, in Puerto Rico—but these lack the flexibility of the steerable telescopes. Scientists already are discussing the possibility of erecting a movable "ear" 3000 feet in diameter. They believe such a device can be built; the only question is whether the nation can afford it—some authorities estimate it would cost more than $500,000,000.

There are numerous reasons why the Government is pouring $90,000,000 into these new citadels of space research. For one thing, the United States, after pioneering in radio astronomy, went to sleep, and other nations—including Great Britain, Australia, the Netherlands and the Soviet Union—surged far ahead of us in building the big, space-stabbing radio telescopes. Sugar Grove will put us on top again.

Both civilian and military activities will benefit from the Sugar Grove-Green Bank operations. Not only will there be improvements in radio communications, but our knowledge of the universe will be enhanced. Our scientists point out that we are living—in a state of alarming ignorance—on the verge of the outer-space age, and they are going to try to chart some space maps for us. Edward F. McClain, head of the NRL (Naval Research Laboratory) Radio Astronomy Branch, says that the "big ear" at Sugar Grove "can be as potent for certain purposes as a deep-space probe"—a "deep-space probe" meaning the devices which the Russians project to and around the moon. We talk about sending human explorers to the planets; yet, we do not even know for sure exactly where in space certain planets are. Our spaceships might miss their landings by thousands of miles, which would be discomfiting, to say the least, to the astronauts aboard them.

As early as 1951 both NRL and NSF—National Science Foundation—were concerned with the need to catch up in radio astronomy. In 1954 the physical search for the sites began in earnest. One of the most important requirements for the devices which are to eavesdrop on the howling, hissing, cacophonic symphony of the cosmos is that the "ears" themselves be located in a noise-free place. No type of electrical interference can be tolerated. There are many ways in which such interference can be generated—not only obvious sources such as television, radio and airlines communications but such prosaic items as neon signs, household electrical appliances and, under certain circumstances, even electric shavers. At Green Bank an electric needle used by a local doctor for cauterizing warts proved a hazard.

Ignition noises from a farmer's tractor or a truck or a sawmill engine can completely frustrate the bouncing of communication signals off the moon. A Green Bank observatory official relates, "One night when our eighty-five-foot telescope was operating, I drove into the area to talk with the contractor. In a few minutes we got a call from the telescope-control operator, who wanted to know 'who in hell left his motor running?' My ignition was fouling up his measurements of emissions from Jupiter."

The searchers' hunt, therefore, was for a location at least fifty miles from any sizable city or industrial center, not too near any well-traveled highways or

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O. A. BATTISTA

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commercial air routes and "screened" from outside radio and TV interference by high mountain ranges. The site had to be far enough south to permit observation of the Milky Way, yet not so far south as to exclude research involving certain polar phenomena. Finally, it should be relatively free of violent snowstorms and ice storms, hurricanes, tornadoes and earthquakes.

The Navy and NSF conducted independent searches and wound up only thirty miles apart. The Navy's expedition was directed by James H. Trexler, technical director of the Sugar Grove project, which he has guided since its inception. The forty-one-year-old Trexler, in addition to being a trail blazer in the communications field, is something of a showman. He wears a heavy mustache and a chin beard like those seen on ancient Egyptian statues, and, among other things, he was the first man to talk successfully to the moon. On July 24, 1954, utilizing a "hole-in-the-ground" radar dish that was a forerunner of the "big ear," Trexler aimed his voice at the moon and, approximately two and a half seconds later, got back a clear echo of what he had said. Instead of uttering some stirring phrase, such as "What hath God wrought?" with which Samuel F. B. Morse inaugurated the telegraph, Trexler had to content himself with saying, "Hello, test—one . . . two. . . ."; his superiors didn't want the Russians or anyone else to know at that time that he was bouncing his voice off the moon.

Trexler and other engineers scoured the rugged countryside, first in cars, later in lumbering gray Navy trucks and trailers, laden with radio-interference detectors. They camped out in farm pastures, and all the while Trexler told the landowners as little as possible except that "the Government is looking for a site for a new radio station, somewhere in the mountains between Pennsylvania and Tennessee." "We got along fine with everyone," Trexler recalls. "I think it may have helped somewhat that I did not have my beard at that time."

Before the Navy's two-year active search was completed, the turkey farmers and sheep raisers were mystified and tantalized by the strange happenings in their hills. Newspapers and radio stations began getting "tips" from the Sugar Grove area that "something mighty peculiar" was going on. Wip Robinson, news editor of WSVA radio-TV at Harrisonburg, Virginia, got a call from his friend, Willie Puffenbarger, who runs a general store and blacksmith shop near Sugar Grove. "Fellows are going all over the mountains, digging holes with shovels, then covering the holes back up again," Willie reported. "Now we've got a helicopter flying around." Newsmen tried to crack the story, but got nothing out of Washington until the Navy was ready to announce it.

Once the "quietest place in the East" had been selected, support of Federal agencies and the West Virginia legislature was enlisted to keep it that way. The state's House of Delegates enacted a special law prohibiting any electrical interference within two miles of either Sugar Grove or Green Bank and placing additional restrictions on potential noise sources up to ten miles distant. The Federal Communications Commission created, in effect, a "radio quiet zone," extending approximately 120 miles north and south and ninety miles east and west from the facilities; it means that applications for new or modified radio or television outlets in that area are carefully screened and, if any interference with the telescopes is threatened, the requests are denied. Finally, the Federal Aviation Agency is rerouting commercial air traffic that might create interference.

The Navy itself is locating its electrical shops four miles away from the telescope and is burying all its power and telephone lines within a two-mile radius. Even its laboratory building is being built underground to ward off interference.

The next big hurdle was to find a designer and a builder for the 600-foot dish. There were no real precedents; the largest dishes the United States had built up to this time were fifty- and sixty-footers. The Navy turned over the problem to its Bureau of Yards and Docks. The bureau finally came up with blueprints after tapping some of the nation's best private engineering talent, including the firms of Grad, Urbahn and Seelye, and Ammann and Whitney, both of New York City, and Battelle Memorial Institute of Columbus, Ohio.

The critical factor in the design of the "big ear" is stability. Director Trexler's fanciful macabre jest is to speculate on "the possibility of this dish coming loose and rolling down the highway past the turkey farms." This is a farfetched notion. Yet, the seven-acre steel-and-aluminum reflector, with a 364-foot, tripod-shaped antenna protruding from its center, will be a tempting "sail" for high winds to buffet. It is engineered, therefore, to withstand theoretical winds of more than ninety miles per hour.

As the telescope's accuracy depends on its ability to resist distortions, caused not only by the wind but by heat and cold, intricate automatic devices have been designed to keep such deviations down to fractional margins. Ponderous machinery will rotate the telescope in a complete circle and will tilt it so that practically any spot in the heavens can be pinpointed. Finally, there are the complex electronic "brains" which digest and analyze the mass of cosmic data that the "big ear" will gather.

The project is so big that building contracts are divided among numerous firms, with the prime contract going to a coalition of three companies—Tidewater Construction Company of Norfolk; Peter Kiewit Sons' of Omaha, and Patterson-Emerson-Comstock, Inc., of Pittsburgh. The important subcontract for the structural steel fabrication and erection of the telescope itself was awarded to United States Steel Company's American Bridge Division, which has put up the steelwork for such great structures as the Empire State and United Nations buildings and Mackinac Straits bridge. American Bridge assigned one of its most experienced construction superintendents, Charles O. (Slim) Edmonds, to the project. When asked if he thought the radical, unprecedented structure could be built, Edmonds replied, "Hell, if they can design it, we can put it up."

Now the dirt began to fly. Bulldozers lopped off 1,500,000 cubic yards of earth and rock, creating a large, flat surface. Before the first beam for the telescope proper could be installed, two 420-foot steel erection towers—each the equivalent of a forty-two-story building—had to be put up, merely as platforms for the construction work. When the job is completed, the towers will be torn down.

It was the coming of the Navy's administrative cadre, headed by Capt. Frank C. Tyrrell, resident officer in charge of construction for the Bureau of Yards and Docks, followed by the construction brigade and the advance group of steelworkers, that made Sugar Grove and nearby communities realize their secluded pattern of life was coming to an end. So far, the peak number of workers—it eventually will swell to 800—has been 345. The newcomers, executives and workmen alike, have swarmed over the countryside—a few in and around Sugar Grove, others in new trailer parks near Brandywine, seven miles from the site. Some commute daily between Sugar Grove and Franklin, the county seat—a forty-mile round trip. Captain and Mrs. Tyrrell, anticipating a long stay, purchased a home near Franklin. Many of the newcomers, unable to fill their needs in the rural communities, began making weekly shopping trips to Harrisonburg, a populous trading center some forty miles across the mountains. As a result, Harrisonburg is enjoying an appreciable boom.

Sugar Grove itself is an old community which derived its name from groves of maples—now mostly vanished—from which the first settlers made sugar. Until the coming of the Navy project, Sugar Grove had been losing population, as small farmers drifted away and few young persons remained in the community after being graduated from high school. Poultry is the area's biggest business. Driving to Sugar Grove on a sunny fall day, a visitor is surprised to see what apparently are snow-covered fields; the illusion is caused by loose feathers from the white turkeys favored in the area. Sometimes cars must halt to avoid hitting flocks which have strayed to the road.

The advance-construction workers have been a quiet lot, which is just as well, for night life is nonexistent at Sugar Grove. Evening recreation consists of watching television. The nearest commercial movie house is at Franklin, though on Friday nights the schoolgirls' volleyball team sponsors movies in the Sugar Grove school gymnasium.

The area is great fishing-and-hunting country, and the newcomers are enjoying it. Last year a black bear was spotted raiding apple trees near the telescope site. Gasoline stations and stores carry official notices, REPORT TURKEY, DEER AND BEAR KILLS HERE.

Ironically Sugar Grove, which will lend its name to the world-famous project, seems likely to benefit less from the boom than neighboring communities. In fact, because of its proximity to the site, it will feel the restrictive effects of the "quiet zone" most sharply. Television receivers will have to be screened against creating interference, and the only neon sign in Sugar Grove—located on the Veterans of Foreign Wars two-room clubhouse—is almost certainly doomed. Willie Puffenbarger already has been advised that his arc-welding equipment will have to be shielded—at Navy expense.

There are some ruffled feelings in the community over land-condemnation suits which the Government found it necessary to institute. Richard Homan is one of those who is in litigation with the Government over 300 acres, more than one third of his family's farm. He says he has no resentment against the Navy development—in fact, his younger brother Virgil is working for the project, and Richard himself is giving serious consideration to a Navy suggestion that he establish a lookout station on a high knoll on the remaining part of the Homan farm from which the inevitable sight-seers can view the giant telescope. Homan does regret, however, that land which has been in his family for several generations will pass into Government hands. He also is concerned because "our quiet way of life, which we happen to like," is bound to be radically altered, though he concedes that "the change may be for the better."

Sugar Grove's attitude might be summed up by the remark of one disgruntled resident, "Before the Navy came here, no enemy would ever waste a bomb on Sugar Grove—now we're not so sure." Or, as Willie Puffenbarger puts it, "It's too soon to tell whether it's going to put us on the map or take us off it."

In so far as capitalizing on the naval station is concerned, Brandywine, a community of approximately 125, already has taken the lead from Sugar Grove. Existing motels have been spruced up, and Wilbert Wilson, a contractor from Fairmont, West Virginia, has put up a modern motel, trailer park and restaurant in which he says he has invested more than $50,000. Two other trailer parks have been opened. "I believe," says Wilson, "that in a little while Brandywine will be bigger than Franklin."

Franklin, a busy little town of between 800 and 900, meanwhile is doing all right for itself, with (*Continued on Page 78*)

". . . and Monday she only took four ounces of formula, compared to her usual four and one half . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# **Thrift** *(a wonderful virtue)* **is compulsory in the compact Corvair**

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**Unipack power team.** *Wraps engine, transmission and drive gears into one compact package... takes less room, leaves you more.*

**All at a practical kind of price.** *Check your dealer on the short, sweet details.... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.*

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*the happiest driving compact car* ★

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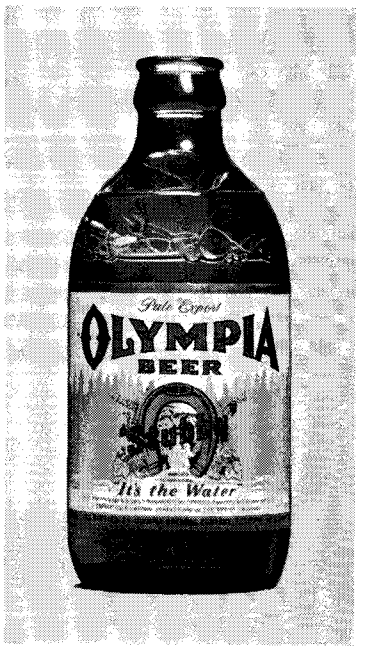
It happened just before the turn of the century at the little town of Tumwater near Olympia in Washington State. Here a young legislator on an official visit from Montana tasted a dipper of water flowing cold and pure from a deep artesian well.

One taste led to an analysis that convinced young Leopold Schmidt he should sell his well-established Montana brewery and build a new one at Tumwater, where he could use water equal in quality and character to the few naturally perfect brewing waters in other parts of the world.

This rare water has the unusual ability to coax the most delicate and subtle flavors from choice hops and grains; giving light Olympia Beer a consistent quality and distinctive character.

Today, a third generation of Master Brewers from the founding family continues to brew Olympia Beer *only* at Tumwater, because *only* here can we assure you that each glass of Olympia will taste as *refreshing* and *distinctive* as the last.

Discover for yourself the difference this naturally perfect brewing water makes—and join the millions of discriminating Westerners who know why we say: ***"It's the Water"**




*Visitors are always welcome to "One of America's Exceptional Breweries," Olympia Brewing Company, Olympia, Washington, U.S.A., 8:00 to 4:30 every day.* **Oly* **®

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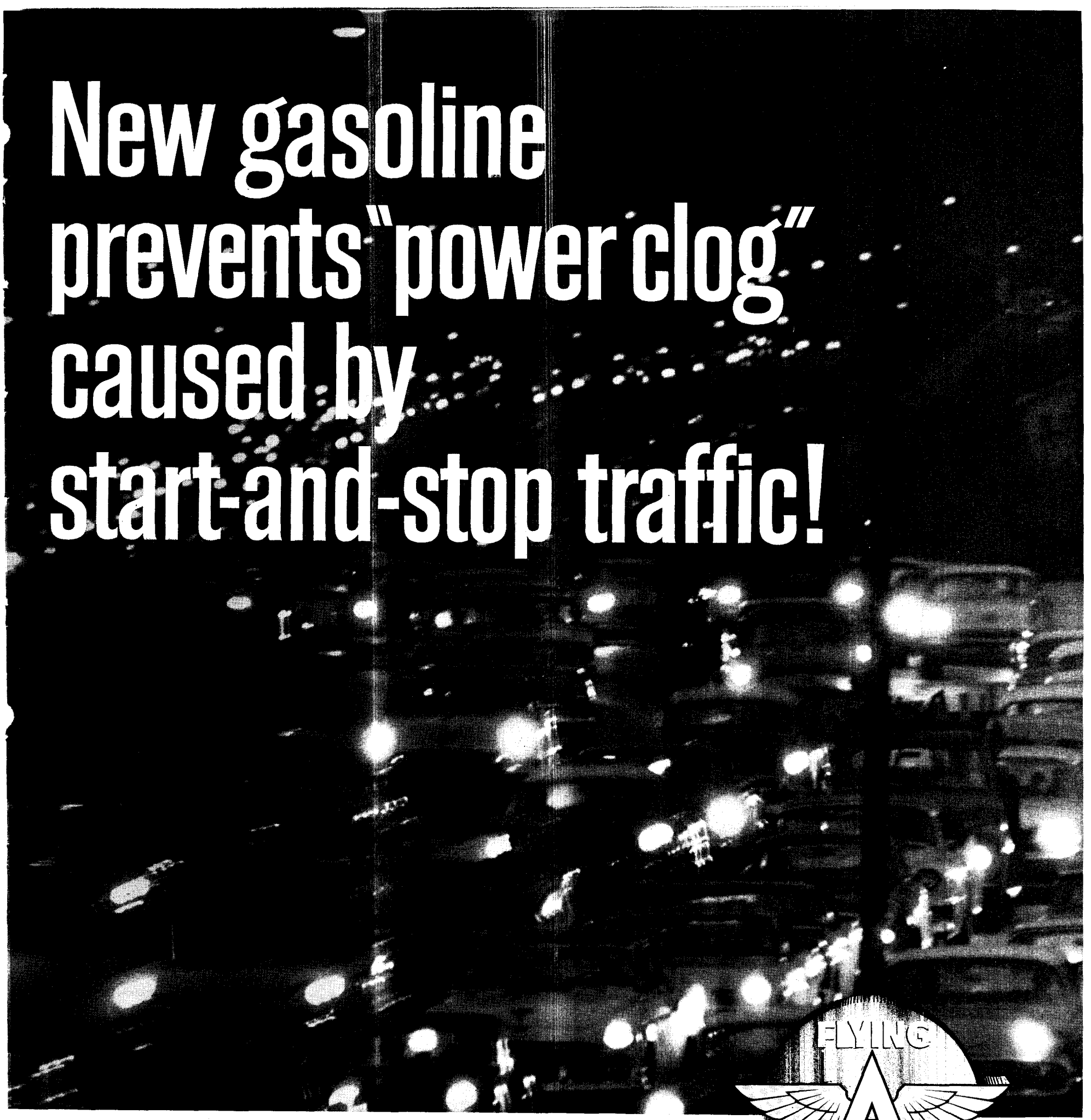
# New gasoline prevents "power clog" caused by start-and-stop traffic!



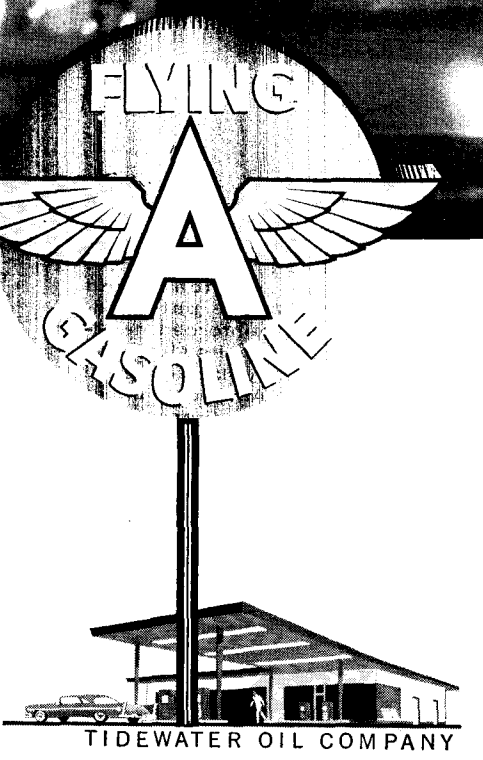
**From DuPont comes new protection in MS-3. Now Flying A guards your engine constantly. It's the only gasoline specially made for today's start-and-stop driving.**

**Heavy traffic** driving is the cause of "power clog." Stopping, starting, idling and shifting causes harmful deposits to collect inside your engine. Engine parts become clogged—full power cannot get through.

**Flying A's new 100+** helps prevent "power clog." Flying A burns clean, keeps your engine cleaner. Power comes through full and strong. Flying A is the only gasoline that gives extra protection with new MS-3 by DuPont. For example: MS-3 helps prevent the formation of harmful lacquers and gums inside your carburetor and fuel system. It guards your engine day and night—even in the thickest traffic.

**More power on the open highway.** Flying A provides over 100-octane for greater power. Because Flying A with new MS-3 protects an engine from deposits during in-traffic driving, more power is preserved for peak performance on the open highway.

***New MS-3 by DuPont—yours in Flying A Regular, too!***

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(*Continued from Page 74*) increased trade, employment and rentals. The latter is one of the few sources of complaints by the newcomers, for rents have gone soaring in Franklin since the Navy moved in. Local residents themselves do not deny this, as some of them were caught in the squeeze. A Franklin high-school teacher, incensed when his rent skyrocketed from fifty dollars to $125, moved his large family to his mother-in-law's farm and took up residence in a former chicken-house, which he remodeled. The house which he vacated remained empty many months.

One thing that perturbs some area residents is that the Navy plans to build its own village to house its permanent personnel. Approximately 400 military personnel and eighty-five civilian scientists will be brought in. With their families, this could mean a population rise of 1000 or more. To accommodate the newcomers, the Navy will create a community on a 130-acre tract midway between the telescope site and Brandywine. In addition to workshops, it will contain the usual trappings of a military installation—barracks, quarters, clubs, eating and recreational facilities and a Navy exchange, where certain items of food and merchandise will be sold and services such as cleaning, laundry, haircuts and so forth will be provided. Some local citizens have complained that they would like to secure this exchange business. The Navy has replied that the door is wide open—also, that the installation will provide approximately 100 jobs for area residents. The Sugar Grove station will bring into the area a $2,000,000 yearly payroll which, coupled with the Navy's local expenditures, is expected to double the county's normal retail business.

When a project of such magnitude comes to a remote area, the social upheaval created inevitably calls for a certain amount of give and take on the part of both old settlers and newcomers, some of whom never had lived away from city lights. Some of the city-bred wives are unhappy—particularly those who have found homes in wooded sections where rattlesnakes and copperheads occasionally slither up to the doorsteps. On the other hand, Mrs. Archer Graves, wife of an NRL technician, is so enchanted with life at Sugar Grove that she has persuaded her husband to buy land on which they plan to build a home. "I'm all for spending the rest of my days here," she says. "They ought to elect me president of the chamber of commerce."

In all the communities, the local citizens, traditionally proud and independent, have shown themselves to be courteous, hospitable and helpful. At Brandywine young Mrs. Bob Hendrick of Oil City, Pennsylvania, who lives in a trailer with her husband, an American Bridge crane operator, and their two-year-old son, says, "Folks here have been awfully nice—especially the church people. The Methodist minister called to invite us to come to services. Bob never went to church regularly before, but he does now." And at Franklin, Helen Tyrrell, wife of the senior Naval officer, and Mrs. Charles Edmonds, wife of the steel-construction boss, both say they never have been more hospitably received anywhere. "It's something you read about, but seldom experience," Mrs. Tyrrell says. "The ladies came calling with cakes, cookies, jams and canned goods."

At Green Bank, Judy Callender, wife of Frank J. Callender, business administrator of the observatory, never will forget the day when a trash fire threatened to engulf their newly purchased home—practically the entire town turned out to fight the blaze.

The Green Bank observatory is located on a 2650-acre tract between Green Bank and Arbovale, towns of some forty families each. The face of the countryside already has been radically changed with the erection of a stone, steel and glass laboratory building and a modernistic residence hall. Having been in business longer, the Green Bank contingent has had more experience in community relationships. "The people here in Deer Creek Valley," Frank Callender comments, "will do anything for you. Being helpful is a way of life to them."

The newcomers have learned that the local residents have an ingrained belief in direct action. If they have business to transact, they will call the other party at his home at any hour. Callender recalls being awakened at 5:30 o'clock one winter morning by a phone call from an area woodsman. "Will it be all right for me to cut some trees on the Government's property?" the man wanted to know. "My neighbor is sick, and I want to take him some firewood."

Another time after a late night at the observatory, Callender again was awakened at 5:30 A.M. by the telephone. The caller was an eighteen-year-old high-school graduate whom the business manager had told to drop by the office to discuss the possibility of a summer job. "I just wanted to check and see what time I should be there," the boy said.

A father should get down to his young son's level occasionally, even though watching the television on his stomach is uncomfortable.

WALT STREIGHTIFF

The Green Bank scientists and administrators—and their wives—have plunged wholeheartedly into community affairs. Mrs. Callender has become president of the local Parent-Teachers' Association, county chairman for the Crippled Children's Society and director of the Presbyterian church choir, in which both she and her husband sing. Callender, a minister's son, substitutes as a lay reader at the Liberty Presbyterian Church when the regular minister is called away. Mrs. Frank Drake and Mrs. Ted Riffe teach piano to Green Bank children. All the wives have banded together to do as much of their grocery shopping as possible in Green Bank and nearby communities; the storekeepers have responded by stocking items never before in demand—such as canned Chinese vegetables for chow mein, frozen breaded shrimp and cocktail cherries.

From the scientific standpoint, the "lost valley" telescopes are moving toward fulfillment of their missions. The eighty-five-foot telescope at Green Bank has been in operation since April, 1959, and Dr. Otto Struve, observatory director, says the results already have justified the entire investment. By the latter part of this year the 140-foot listening device will be completed. Sometime in 1962 the 600-foot giant at Sugar Grove will be beaming its rays into outer space.

There will be sharp contrasts between the two projects. Green Bank is a purely scientific research station, and there will be no security restrictions whatsoever. So far as the NSF is concerned, even the Russians are welcome to come to Green Bank to witness and participate in what is being done. There will be an operating exhibit—perhaps built around a planetarium—for sight-seers.

Such freedom will not be possible at Sugar Grove. Its purpose is primarily military, and the station will be rigorously guarded. Only visitors on official business will be permitted inside the restricted area. No Navy-sponsored tourist shows are contemplated.

There will be a co-ordination of activities, in so far as possible, between the two great telescopes. NRL spokesmen say that the "big ear" at Sugar Grove can and probably will be used for nonmilitary scientific research "about 50 per cent of the time," and that these activities will supplement, rather than duplicate, the Green Bank research.

The Naval Research Laboratory will talk freely about what it expects to learn about interstellar distances and temperatures, colliding galaxies and how the earth was created; but when it comes to discussing specific military functions of the "big ear," the Navy has kept a reasonably tightly buttoned lip.

Certain things have been said, however, that reveal some clues as to the military importance of Sugar Grove.

The moon, Navy spokesmen have pointed out, is a key to the telescope's military use. Capt. A. B. Metsger, former deputy Chief of Naval Research, told a Congressional committee, "Use of the moon as a reflector for communication purposes . . . is one conceivable method of using an instrument of this kind."

Rep. Harley O. Staggers, who represents the Sugar Grove and Green Bank district, told his constituents, "The mission of the Naval radio facility at Sugar Grove is primarily one of military operations. . . . [It] will provide interference-free communications channels for use by our ships and will be capable of providing them with assistance in navigation. . . ."

The Navy itself finally went a step further by stating, "The new Sugar Grove facility . . . will conduct the basic research to provide a revolutionary means of radio communication by utilizing the moon as a reflector of radio-frequency energy. When more complex, man-made satellites are launched, this method of 'moon bounce' communication will be usable even at times when the moon is not in position to serve as a reflector."

Many wild rumors have sprung up as to exactly what the seven-acre listening device will be able to do. In the West Virginia hills, where many of the settlers are puzzled as to whether they are harboring an instrument to scan the stars or to blow up the world, one of the comments occasionally heard is, "Better be careful how you talk at night—that thing over there will be able to hear every word you say."

This, of course, is fantasy; but in an odd, roundabout way, it points to a tangible and exciting military possibility on which some authorities are willing to speculate.

The Sugar Grove telescope's nickname—the "big ear"—is the clue. If the telescope can be used in conjunction with other equipment to bounce electronic signals off the moon—or off man-made, orbiting satellites—and get back a message, conceivably it also may be able to receive messages which other nations—perhaps even other worlds—are broadcasting. A spokesman summed it up, "Communications are vital to the military. Everybody knows that when you build a big radio telescope, it becomes a terrific listening device. No one knows exactly what we will hear. We have great expectations that we will hear things of interest and importance."

Such a possibility—a cosmic listening device—is one that rocks the imagination. If it works, it will be worth the $79,000,000 price tag. THE END

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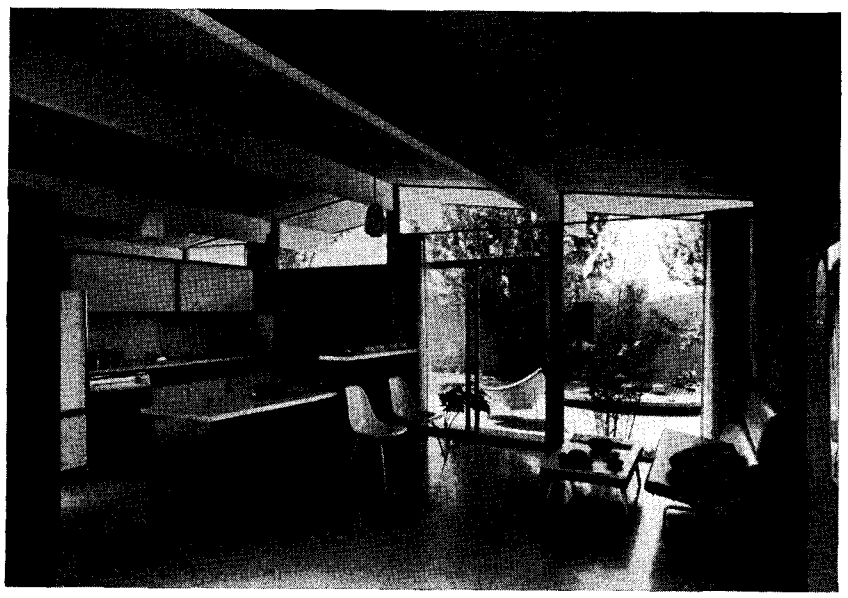

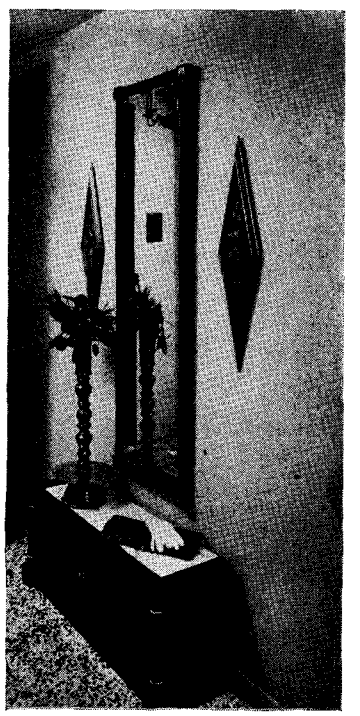

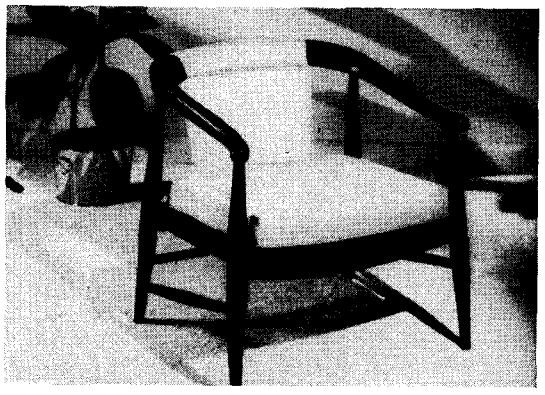

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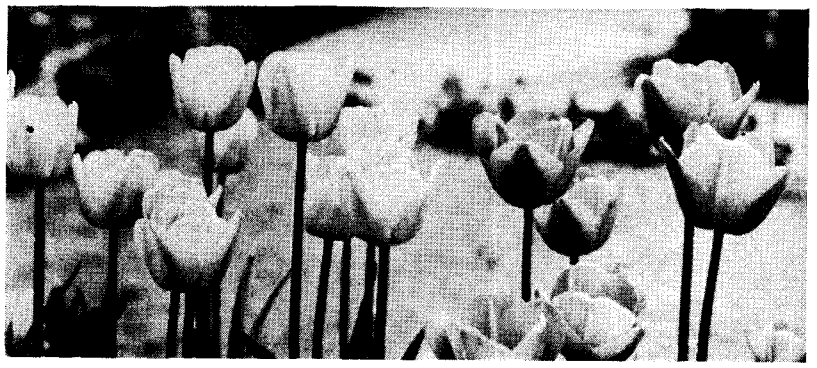

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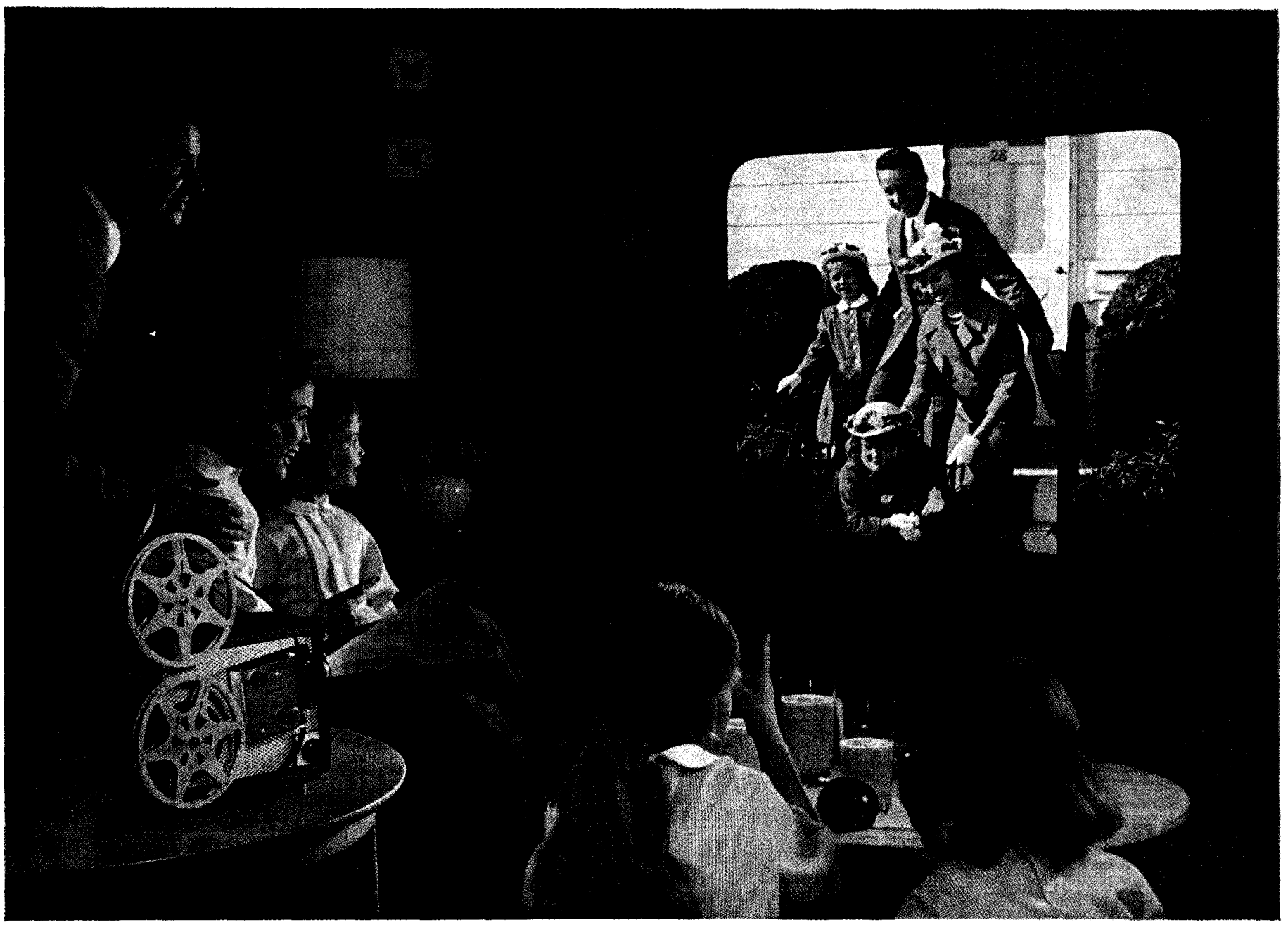

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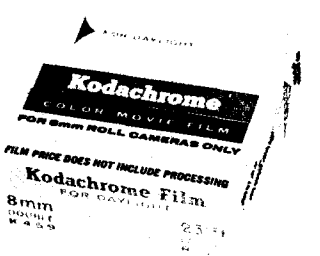


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# Night Without End (Continued from Page 49)

and grinned. "He says we're to get out of it fast after we've lit the flare or we're liable to collect a headache or worse."

Hillcrest must have had some intuitive understanding of how I felt, for he spoke at once. "Service, old boy. Sorry we couldn't have laid it on earlier, but the *Triton* refused to risk an expensive plane and an even more expensive pilot flying low over virtually uncharted territory unless they definitely knew that Mahler was alive."

"They've done all anyone could ask." A sudden thought struck me. "These planes don't usually carry ammunition in peacetime, do they?"

"Don't worry," Hillcrest said grimly. He ladled some steaming stew onto our plates. "Nobody's playing any more. There's been a flight of Scimitars standing by since midnight, and every cannon's loaded. . . . Right, doctor. Give with the story."

I gave, as briefly and concisely as possible. At the end he clapped his hands together. "Maybe five miles ahead, eh? Then it's tallyho down the old glacier and after 'em." He rubbed his hands in anticipation. "We're three times as fast and we've three times as many rifles. This is the way any decent I.G.Y. expedition should be run!"

I smiled faintly, a token response to his bubbling enthusiasm. I never felt less

---

The time for a woman to begin raising a family is an hour before they're supposed to get up.

CHARLES RUFFING

---

like smiling. Now that the worry of Mahler—and, in that warmth and with hot food, almost certainly also the worry of Marie LeGarde—was off my hands, my anxiety about Margaret had returned with redoubled force.

"We're not tallyhoing down any old glacier, Captain Hillcrest. Apart from the fact that it's a rotten surface, which would bring your speed down to about the same as the Citroën's, open pursuit is a pretty sure way of guaranteeing that Margaret Ross and Mr. Levin get bullets through their heads. Incidentally, Mr. Levin is the father of Mr. Zagero."

"What?" Both Hillcrest and Joss had spoken at the same time.

"Yes. But later. Have you a map of the area?"

"Sure." Hillcrest handed it over. Like most Greenland maps it showed topographical detail for no more than the first twenty miles inland, but it was sufficient for my purpose.

"Where did you say the destroyer was?" I asked.

"The *Wykenham?* I'm not sure."

"Blocking the Kangalak fjord here, perhaps?" I indicated on the map.

"No, that I'm certain of." He shook his head regretfully. "The captain said the pack ice was too heavy, he couldn't risk his destroyer in any of the leads in case they closed." Hillcrest snorted. "I gather its hull is made of paper."

"It's not much thicker—I've served in destroyers. I don't blame him. But I'll bet this trawler, probably a specially strengthened job, is well inside the fjord—and a submarine not far away. Look, this is all we can do." I traced my finger on the map. "We must parallel the glacier, maybe a mile away. With the slope of the valley sides Smallwood won't see us, and with his own engine running he can't hear us. Down here ——"

"What's to stop him from cutting his engine now and again to listen?" Hillcrest demanded.

"Because what Smallwood and Corazzini don't know about engines would fill an encyclopedia. They'd be dead scared to stop it in case they couldn't start it again. . . . Down here, at the base of the headland separating the fjord from the bay to the south—about a mile from the end of the glacier, I would say—the sides of the glacier valley fall away and level off into the plateau on either side. But there's bound to be some kind of moraine or shelter there. That's where we'll ambush them."

"Ambush?" He frowned at me. "What's the difference between that and pursuing them? It'll still come to a fight—and they can still hold pistols to the heads of Levin and the stewardess, and bargain from there."

"There'll be no fight," I said quietly. "They've been following the left-hand side of the glacier all the way down; I see no reason why they should change. They should come into sight maybe fifty yards from where we're hiding—further out on the glacier the going is impossible for tractors." I nodded at the telescopic-sighted .303 rifle in the corner. "With that, Jackstraw can hit a three-inch target at a hundred yards; and a man's head at fifty yards —— First he gets Corazzini, who's probably driving, and when Smallwood sticks his head out the back, as he will—well, that's it."

"But, good heavens, man, you can't do that!" Hillcrest was horrified. "Without a chance, without warning? It's murder, simple murder!"

"Want me to go over the number of people *they've* murdered?" I shook my head. "You just don't begin to know those two, Hillcrest."

"But ——" He broke off and turned to Jackstraw. "It's you he's asking to do it. What do you say?"

"It will be a pleasure," Jackstraw said.

Hillcrest stared at us both, baffled incomprehension in his eyes.

"Oh-nine-forty-three, Captain Hillcrest," Joss broke in calmly. "Three minutes to go."

"Good." Hillcrest was, I could see, as glad of the interruption as I was. "Barclay"—this to the cook, the only other of his men there, the other three were in the big driving cabin to make room for us—"three Wessex rockets. Line them up on the stand, wait for the word. I'll go myself with the flare, two for safety. Give a beep on the horn, Joss, when it's time to set 'em off."

I went with him to watch, and the whole thing went off without a hitch. Dead on time, just seconds after the third rocket had been fired to curve upward and explode into incandescent light in the star-dusted darkness above, we heard the high-pitched whine approaching out of the southwest, and in an incredibly short space of time a vague dark blur, carrying no navigation lights, screamed by five hundred feet ahead, banked in the distance, came in at us again at much reduced speed, banked a second time and then, with a crescendoing banshee shriek of the jet engine, had vanished again into the vaguely lightening darkness to the southeast before we had realized that the pilot had made his drop.

There were two packages, not one, attached not to parachutes but to insignificant little drogues that seemed to let them fall much too fast for safety. They landed almost together not forty yards from the magnesium flares and


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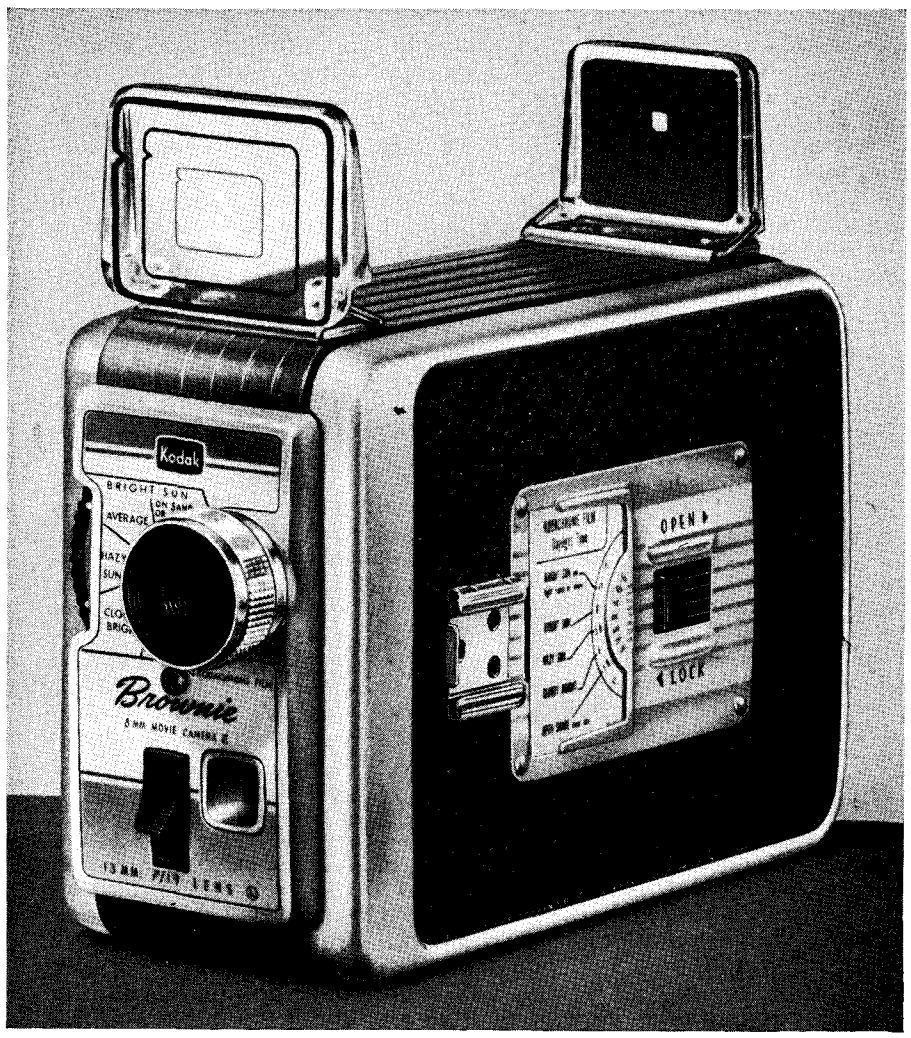


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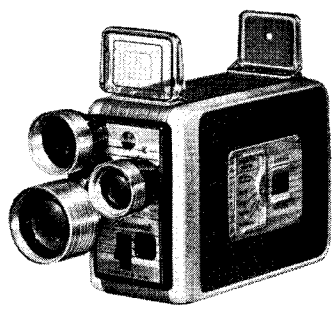

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with such force that I was sure that their contents must be smashed. But I had underestimated the Fleet Air Arm's skill and experience in these matters; the contents were so beautifully packed and cushioned that everything was completely intact. The packages were duplicated—two ampoules of insulin and three hypodermic syringes in each package. Whoever had packed these had been taking no chances. I just tucked the boxes under my arm and made for the tractor at a dead run.

For close on two hours Hillcrest's driver pushed the big snow tractor along at its maximum speed, and despite the inherent stability afforded by its four wide belt treads, the tractor swayed and lurched in terrifying fashion. And once again Jackstraw's big Siberian wolf proved how invaluable he was. Running tirelessly ahead, Balto repeatedly guided the tractor away from dangerous territory, but even so our route was a necessarily devious and twisted one.

For all of us it was a time of tension, of an ever-mounting anxiety that reached intolerable proportions. For the first half hour or so I was busy enough in using the tractor's first-aid kit and doing what doctoring I could to Mahler—a Mahler whose dyspnea was already dramatically easing—Marie LeGarde, Helene, Jackstraw and, above all, to Zagero's shattered hands, which were the worst case of frostbite I have ever seen—the result of losing his gloves Friday night. And I had to admit, when he insisted on an answer, that he would never fight again. Then I myself submitted to Hillcrest's rough-and-ready ministrations. But after that there was nothing for me to do.

Suddenly, exactly at noon, the tractor stopped abruptly. We jumped out to see what the matter was, and it became apparent soon enough the driver was awaiting instructions. We had abruptly rounded the humpback of the last ice ridge that had lain between us and the glacier itself.

Even in the half-light of the arctic day the panorama suddenly unfolded before us was a breath-taking one. To the north the ice sheet extended all the way down to the coast, forming vertical and in some places overhanging cliffs, the well-known phenomenon of the Chinese Wall fronts—nobody, nothing could hope to land there.

To the south and separated from the fjord by the mile-long ridgeback of the seaward-projecting southern wall of the fjord, was a wide bay, fringed by a low, ice-bare rocky coast, quilted here and there with drifts of snow blown off the icecap. That, if anywhere, was where we we would have to leave.

In the center, between the low walls of the fjord, the Kangalak glacier itself—here, at its tongue, about 300 yards wide—ran down to the waters of the fjord in a great dog leg curving sharply thirty degrees right about halfway down its length and ending abruptly with its upper surface a hundred, perhaps a hundred and fifty, feet above the pack-ice-strewn water beneath. For the first half of its length the tongue of the glacier sloped fairly sharply from right to left down to the nunataks, crescent-fringed by the debris of moraines, that thrust up through the ice at the far corner of the dog leg. Surely Smallwood could never be so desperate, so insane as to drive the Citroën out on that. Apart from the fissures, the very steepness of the slope downward and to the left would send him into an uncontrollable slide.

And beyond everything lay the sea, the island-studded, ice-filled waters of Baffin Bay. Offshore there was a mile-wide belt of loose pressure ice streaked with open, ever-changing leads and dotted at rare intervals with small icebergs.

But two things there were that were not lost—two ships. The one to the southwest, wraithlike and blurred though its lines were through the swirling mist, was quite unmistakable anywhere. It was a destroyer; it could only be the *Wykenham*, moving slowly, cautiously shoreward through the ice-filled waters of the bay to our left. A heartwarming, immensely reassuring spectacle—or it should have been. But after the first cursory identifying glance I lost interest, for my attention was taken and completely held by the second ship.

I couldn't see all of it—most of its hull was hidden by the precipitous end of the glacier—but its small, squat bridge, two masts and broad, bluff seaward-pointing bow were clearly etched against the mirror-calm waters of the head of the fjord and the sloping ice-bare rock that brushed its portside fenders. I could see no flag. It was a trawler, and I thought grimly that it must have been a very special trawler indeed to have battered that still-visible path through the ice-choked mouth of the fjord.

My gaze moved back to the trawler again, and a second later I was grabbing Hillcrest's binocular without so much as a by-your-leave. One glance was enough; even in that shadowed gloom of the depth of the fjord I could see all I wanted to see by the gray noonlight. For a few seconds I stood stock-still, listening desperately for the sound of the Citroën's engines. Moments later I was in the tractor cabin by the radio table.

"Still in contact with the *Triton*, Joss?" He nodded, and I rushed on, "Tell them there's a group of men coming ashore from a trawler in the Kangalak fjord. Ten, twelve, I'm not sure. And I'm not sure whether they're armed. I'll be surprised if they aren't. Tell them I'm certain they're going to move up on the glacier."

"Are they moving onto the glacier now?"

"Take them ten, fifteen minutes—the fjord walls are pretty steep, and it's a tricky climb. . . . After that ask the *Wykenham* if they will send a landing party ashore. An armed party. And for heaven's sake tell them it's urgent."

"Will they get here in time, doc?" Zagero was behind me. "By the time they lower a boat, row ashore, cross this headland—it's at least a half mile—it'll take them fifteen minutes, maybe more."

"I know," I said irritably—irritably, but softly, for Joss was already talking into the table microphone, in the swift, staccato, yet strangely unhurried voice of the trained radioman. "If you have any better suggestions —— "

"It's coming!" Hillcrest's excited face had just appeared at the door of the cabin. "Come on! We can hear it coming down the glacier."

And indeed they could. The deep, throaty roar of that heavy engine was recognizable anywhere. Hurriedly we moved about a hundred yards away from the moraine-ringed depression where we had parked the tractor, Jackstraw, Hillcrest and I each with a rifle in his hands, and crouched down behind the concealing protection of some ice-covered debris at the edge of the glacier. From where we lay we could command a view of the glacier across its entire width and up to a point several hundred yards away, where it curved out of sight.

We needn't have hurried. The Citroën was still some good way off, the sound of its engine being funneled down through the glacier valley well ahead of it, and I had time to look around me. What I saw seemed good. I was banking everything on the hope that the Citroën would still be on the same side of the glacier as when we had last seen it, and, from what I could see, the chances were high that it still would be. Here, on the left side, close in to the lining wall of moraine, was a relatively clear path, fissured only at long intervals, and not more than thirty yards broad. Thirty yards! Jackstraw could never miss at this point-blank rifle range.

I stole a glance at him, but his face was immobile and devoid of expression.

There came the sudden click, abnormally loud even above the closing roar of the tractor, and Jackstraw, stretched his length on the snow, had the rifle raised to his shoulder. And then suddenly the Citroën had come clearly into sight, and Jackstraw was gently lowering his rifle. I had gambled, and I had lost. The tractor was on the far side of the glacier, hugging the right bank. Even at its nearest point of approach it would still be three hundred yards away.

SATURDAY: 12:15 P.M.—12:30 P.M.

The Citroën was traveling in a most erratic fashion—one moment slowing down almost to a stop, the next jerking forward and covering perhaps twenty to thirty yards at a rush. Although we couldn't see the glacier surface at that distance, it was obvious that the driver was picking his way round ice mounds and threading along between fissures at the best speed he could manage. But his average speed was very low. It would probably take him almost five minutes to reach that point opposite us where the glacier fell away sharply to the left toward the outer angle of the dog leg halfway down toward the fjord.

All these things I noted mechanically, without in any way consciously thinking of them. All I could think of was that Smallwood and Corazzini had outwitted us right up to the last—they undoubtedly had seen and been warned by the rockets Hillcrest had fired to give the Scimitar our position and decided to give that side of the glacier the widest possible berth.

But the reasons no longer mattered. All that mattered was the accomplished fact, and the fact was that Corazzini and Smallwood could no longer be stopped in the way we had intended. Even yet, of course, they *could* be stopped—but I had no illusions that that would be at the cost of the lives of their two hostages.

Frantically I tried to work out what to do for the best. There was no chance in the world that we might approach them openly over the glacier—we would be spotted before we had covered ten yards, and a pistol at the heads of Margaret and Levin would halt us before we got halfway. If we did nothing, let them get away, I knew the hostages' chances of survival were still pretty slim—that trawler would almost certainly have a name or number or both, and I couldn't see Smallwood letting them make an identification of the trawler and then come back to report to us, and to all the waiting ships and planes in the Davis Strait-Baffin Bay area. Already the Citroën was not more than three minutes away from the nearest point of approach they would make to us.

"Looks like they're going to get away with it," Hillcrest whispered. It seemed as if he feared he might be overheard, though Smallwood and Corazzini couldn't have heard him had he shouted at the top of his voice.

"Well, that was what you wanted, wasn't it?" I asked bitterly.

"What I wanted! My heavens, man, that missile mechanism —— "

"I don't give a single, solitary damn about the missile mechanism." I ground the words out between clenched teeth. "Six months from now other scientists will have invented something twice as good and ten times as secret. They're welcome to it, and with pleasure."

Hillcrest was shocked, but said nothing. But someone was in agreement with me.

"Hear, hear!" Zagero had just come up, his hands swathed to the size of boxing gloves in white bandage. The words were light enough, but his face was grim and his eyes bleak as he stared out across the glacier. "My sentiments exactly, doc. To hell with their murderous little toys. My old man's in that buggy out there. And your girl."

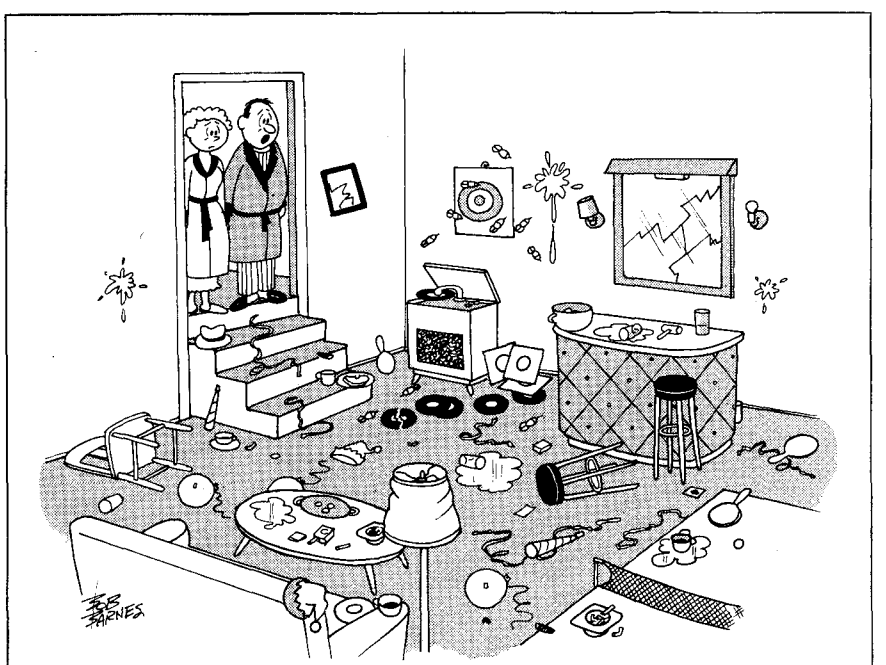
"His girl?" Hillcrest turned, looked sharply at me under creased brows for a long moment, then murmured, "Sorry, boy, I didn't understand."

I made no response, but twisted my head as I heard footsteps behind me. It was Joss, hatless and gloveless in his excitement.

"*Wykenham's* anchored, sir," he panted out. "Her ——"

"Get down, man! They'll see you."

"Sorry." He dropped to his hands and knees. "Her powerboat's already moving inshore. And there was a flight of four Scimitars already air-borne; they should be halfway here (*Continued on Page 85*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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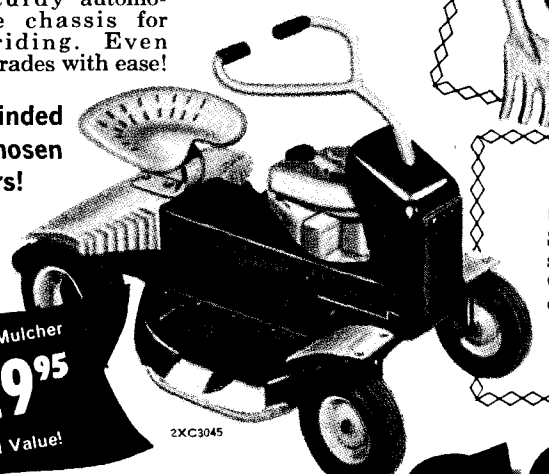

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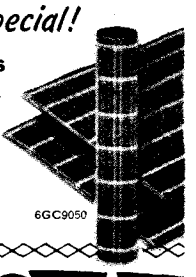

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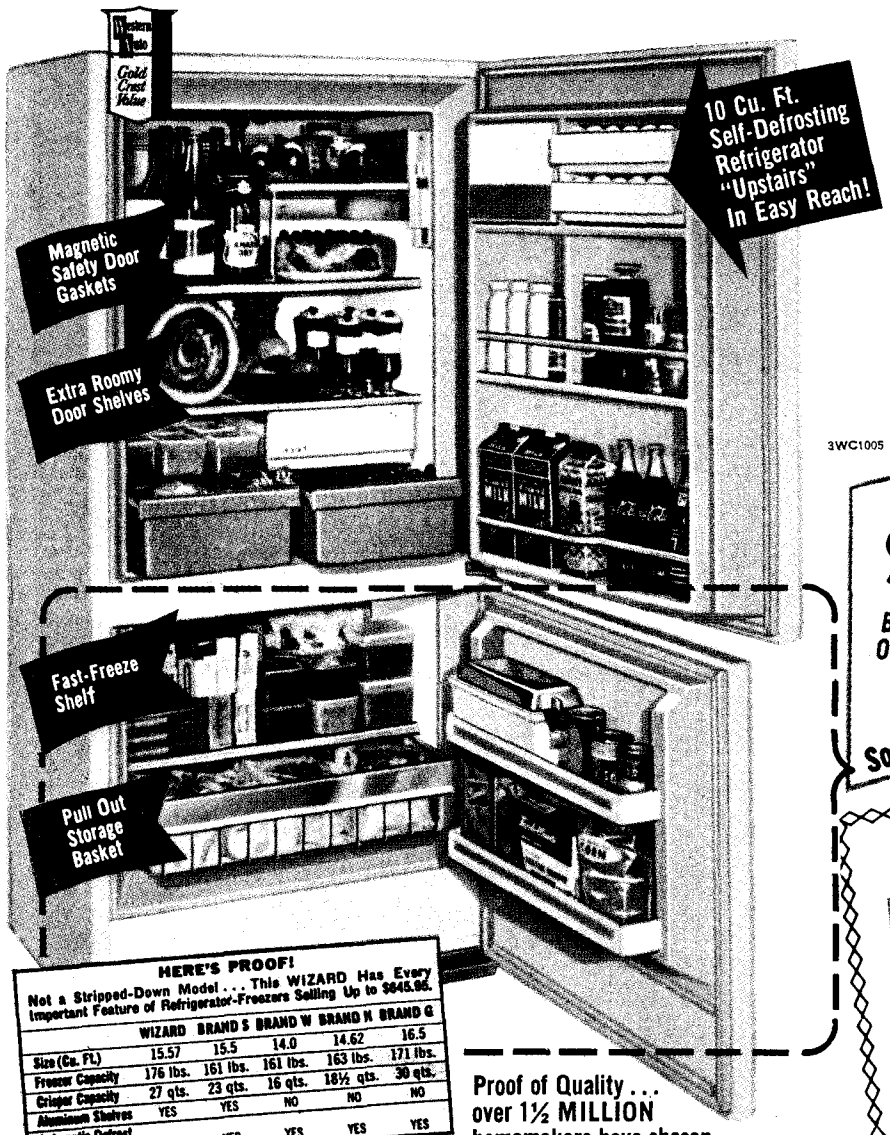
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| Crisper Capacity | 27 qts. | 23 qts. | 16 qts. | 18½ qts. | 30 qts. |
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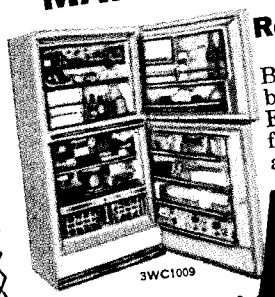

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(*Continued from Page 82*) already. In two minutes' time four or five bombers are taking off, with high explosives and incendiaries. They're slower, but ——"

"Bombers?" I snapped irritably. "Bombers? What do they think this is—the second front?"

"No, sir. They're going to clobber the trawler if Smallwood gets away with that missile mechanism. They won't get a hundred yards."

"The hell with their missile mechanism. Do human lives mean nothing at all to them? . . . What is it, Jackstraw?"

"Lights, Dr. Mason." He pointed to the spot on the fjord wall where the men from the trawler had already covered two thirds of the horizontal and vertical distance to the end of the glacier. "Signaling, I think."

I saw it right away, a small light, but powerful, winking irregularly. I watched it for a few moments, then Joss said, "It's Morse, but it's not our Morse, sir."

"They're hardly likely to signal in English just for our benefit," I said dryly. "It's the tip-off to our friends Smallwood and Corazzini. If we can see the men from the trawler, it's a cinch the men from the trawler can see us. But do Smallwood and Corazzini understand them?"

Five seconds later I had my answer in the form of a suddenly deepening roar coming to us across the glacier from the engine of the Citroën. Corazzini—Hillcrest's binocular had shown him to be the driver—had understood the danger all right; he was casting caution to the winds and gunning the engine to its maximum. He must have been desperate, desperate to the point of madness, for no sane man would have taken the fearful risks of driving that tractor through sloping crevasse ice with the friction coefficient between treads and surface reduced almost to zero. Or could it be that he just didn't know the suicidal dangers involved?

I tried fleetingly, frantically, to get inside their cold and criminal minds, to try to understand their conception of us. Did they think that we thought, like them, that the mechanism was all-important, that human lives were cheap and readily expendable? If they did, would they not be convinced that they would be shot down as soon as they had stepped out on the ice, regardless of the fate of their hostages? Or did they have a better understanding than that of minds more normal than their own?

Even as these thoughts flashed through my mind I knew I must act now. The time for thought, had there ever been such a time, was past. If they were left to continue in the tractor, they would either kill themselves on the glacier or if, by a miracle, they reached the bottom safely, they would then kill their hostages. If they were stopped now, there was a faint chance that Margaret and Levin might survive, at least for the moment. They were Smallwood's and Corazzini's only two trump cards and would be kept intact as long as it lay within their power, for they were their only guarantee of escape.

"Can you stop the tractor?" I asked Jackstraw.

He nodded, his eyes on me. I nodded silently in return.

"You can't do that!" Zagero shouted in urgent protest. "They'll kill them, they'll kill them! Mason, if you're really stuck on that kid you'd never ——"

"Shut up!" I said savagely. I grabbed a coil of rope, picked up my rifle and went on brutally, "If you think they'd ever let your father come out of this alive, you must be crazy."

A second later I was on my way, plunging out into the open across the thirty-yard stretch of ice that led into the first of the fissures, wincing and ducking involuntarily as the first .303 shell from Jackstraw's rifle screamed past me and smashed through the hood of the Citroën and into the engine. But still the Citroën came on.

I leaped across a narrow crevasse, steadied myself, glanced back for a moment, saw that Hillcrest, Joss, Zagero and a couple of Hillcrest's men were following, then rushed on again. What was Zagero doing there? I asked myself angrily. Unarmed, with two useless hands that could hold no firearm, he was nothing but a liability. What could any man do with ruined hands like those? I was to find out just what a man with ruined hands could do ——

We were running straight across the narrowest neck of the glacier, making straight for the spot where the tractor would arrive if it survived Jackstraw's attempts to halt it. Jackstraw was firing in a line well above us now, but we could still hear the thin, high whine of every bullet, the metallic crash as it struck the Citroën. Every bullet went home. But that engine was incredibly tough.

We were about halfway across when we heard the engine change gear, the high, unmistakable whine of the tractor beginning to overrun its engine. Corazzini—I could see him clearly now, even without the aid of the binocular—must have found himself losing traction on the steepening slope and was using the engine to brake the Citroën. And then, when we were less than a hundred yards away and after a longer than usual lull in the firing—Jackstraw must have stopped to change magazines—the sixth shell smashed through the riddled hood, and the engine stopped as abruptly as if the ignition had been switched off.

The tractor stopped too. On that steep slope this was surprising—the last thing I would have expected—but there was no doubt that not only had it stopped but that it had been stopped deliberately; there was no mistaking the high-pitched screech of these worn brakes.

And then I could see the reason why. There was some violent activity taking place in the driving cabin of the tractor, and as we neared—a maddeningly slow process; there were dozens of crevasses to be jumped and as many more to be skirted—we could see what it was. Corazzini and Solly Levin were struggling furiously and, from thirty or forty yards, it seemed, incredibly enough, that Solly Levin was getting the better of it. He had flung himself completely on top of Corazzini where the latter sat behind the wheel, and was butting him savagely in the face with the top of his bald head, and Corazzini, trapped in the narrow space, could find no room to make use of his much greater strength.

Then abruptly the door on the driver's side burst open—we could see it clearly; having been lower down than the tractor when it had stopped, we were approaching it now almost head on—and the two men fell out fighting and struggling furiously. We could see now why Levin had been using his head—both hands were bound behind his back. It had been an act of desperate courage to attack Corazzini in the first place, but the old man wasn't to get the reward he deserved for his selflessness. Even as we came up to them Corazzini got his revolver clear and fired down point-blank at Solly Levin,

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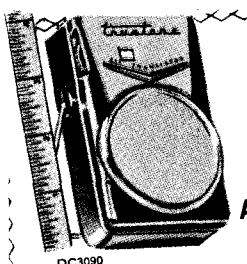
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who was lying helplessly on his back, but still gamely trying to get a leg lock on the bigger man. I was a split second too late in getting there; even as I crashed into Corazzini and sent his revolver flying away to slide down the glacier, I knew I was too late. Solly Levin was a crumpled little blood-stained figure lying on the ice even before Corazzini's gun went slithering over the edge of a crevasse. And then I felt myself being pushed to one side, and Johnny Zagero was staring down at the outspread stillness of the man at his feet. For several seconds he stood there without moving, then when he turned to Corazzini, his face was empty of all expression.

It might have been a flash of fear, of realization that he had come to the end of his road that I saw in Corazzini's eyes, but I could never swear to it, the turn of his head, the sudden headlong dash for the shelter of the ice-covered moraine rocks by the side of the glacier, ten yards away, were so swift that I could be certain of nothing. But swift as he was, Zagero was even swifter; he caught Corazzini before he had covered four yards, and they crashed to the glacier together, clawing, punching and kicking in the grim, desperate silence of men who know that the winner's prize is his life.

"Drop that gun!" I whirled round at the sound of the voice behind me, but all I could see at first was the white, strained face of Margaret Ross, the brown eyes dulled with sickness and fear. Involuntarily I brought up the rifle in my hands.

"Drop it!" Smallwood's voice was curt, deadly, his face barely visible behind Margaret's shoulder as he peered out through the canvas screen at the rear of the tractor cabin. He was completely shielded by her body—it was typical of the man's ice-cold calculation that he should have waited until our attention was distracted before making his move. "And your friend. Quickly now!"

I hesitated, glanced at Hillcrest—the only other man with a weapon—to see how he was placed, then jerked my head back again as there came a sudden "plop" from the silenced revolver and a sharp cry of pain from Margaret. She was clutching her left arm above the elbow.

"Quickly, I said! The next one goes through her shoulder." Smallwood's voice was soft with menace, his face implacable. I did not doubt that he would do exactly as he said. The clatter of Hillcrest's rifle and mine falling on the ice came in the same instant. "Now kick them over the edge of that crevasse."

We did as he said and stood there powerless to do anything except watch the savage, mauling fight on the glacier. Neither man had regained his feet since the struggle had begun, the ice was too slippery for that, and still they rolled over and over, first one on top, then the other. Both were powerful men, but Zagero was severely handicapped by the exhaustion of the terrible night's march that lay behind him, by his crippled, useless hands, by thickly swathed bandages over his hands that not only prevented him from catching or holding Corazzini but also softened the impact of every blow he struck. For all that, there was no question how the battle was going—those broken hands I'd said would never fight again were clubbing the life out of Corazzini.

Smallwood, his eyes unblinking, his face expressionless as ever, had his gun on them all the time, waiting for that second when the two men would break far enough apart to give him a clear sight of Zagero. But now Zagero was underneath nearly all the time, one arm crooked round Corazzini's neck while the other delivered a murderous series of short-arm jabs, each one drawing a grunting gasp of agony from a white-faced Corazzini. Finally, goaded into supreme effort by panic and fear, Corazzini managed to break loose and hurled himself not toward Smallwood, where safety lay, but for the shelter of the moraine rocks, where he would never know safety again. Zagero, catlike as ever, was only feet behind him, moving so fast that Smallwood's swift snap shot missed him altogether.

"Call your friend Nielsen." Smallwood must have realized how things were going behind the concealing shelter of the rocks, for his voice was suddenly savage, urgent. He spared a swift glance in Jackstraw's direction—Jackstraw, followed at some distance by two more of Hillcrest's crew, was crossing the glacier at a dead run and was now less than fifty yards away. "His rifle. In a crevasse. Quickly!"

"Jackstraw!" My voice was hoarse, cracked. "Throw your rifle away! He's got a gun on Miss Ross, and he's going to kill her." Jackstraw braked, slipped on the ice, halted and stood there for a moment irresolute; then he deliberately dropped his rifle into a nearby fissure and came slowly on to join us. At that moment Hillcrest grabbed me by the arm. "He's moving, Mason! He's alive!" He was pointing down to Levin.

I had never thought to examine Levin; it had seemed a ludicrous idea that a professional like Corazzini could have missed at such point-blank range, but now, regardless of Smallwood's reaction, I dropped to my knees on the glacier and put my face close to Levin's. Hillcrest was right. The breathing was shallow, but breathing there undoubtedly was and now I could see the thin red line that extended from the temple almost to the back of the head. I rose to my feet.

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"Creased, concussed probably, that's all." Involuntarily I glanced over my shoulder toward the rocks. "But too late now for Corazzini."

And I needed no eyes to know that this was so. The unseen battle behind the rocks had been fought out with a dumb, feral ferocity, with a silent savagery that had been far more frightening than all the most maddened oaths and shouting could ever have been. But even now, as Smallwood jumped down from the tailboard of the tractor cabin, Margaret Ross still held in front of him, and started hustling her toward the rocks, a hoarse, high-pitched scream that raised the hackles on the back of my neck froze us all, even Smallwood, to immobility. And then came a long, quavering moan of agony, cut off as abruptly as it had begun. And now there was no more screaming or moaning, no more slipping of feet on ice, no more gasping or frenzied flurries bespeaking the interchange of desperate blows; there was only silence, a silence chillingly broken by regular, rhythmic pounding blows.

Smallwood had recovered, had just reached the rocks when Zagero came out to meet him face to face. Smallwood moved to one side, his gun covering him, as Zagero came slowly toward us, his face cut and bruised, his blood-saturated, bandaged hands hanging by his sides, with two long ribbons of red-stained bandage trailing on the ice behind him.

"Finished?" I asked.

"Finished."

"Good," I said, and meant it. "Your father's still alive, Johnny. Scalp wound, that's all."

His battered face transformed, first by disbelief, then by sheer joy, Zagero fell on his knees beside Levin. I saw Smallwood line his pistol up on Zagero's back.

"Don't do it, Smallwood!" I shouted. "You'll only have four shells left."

His eyes swiveled to my face, the cold, flat eyes of a killer, then the meaning of my words struck home, his expression subtly altered, and he nodded as if I had made some reasonable suggestion. He turned to Jackstraw, the nearest man to him, and said, "Bring out my radio."

Jackstraw moved to obey, and while he was in the cabin, Zagero rose slowly to his feet. "Does look as though I was a mite premature," he murmured. He glanced toward the rocks, and there was no regret in his face, only indifference. "Half a dozen witnesses and you all saw him beatin' himself to death. . . . You're next, Smallwood."

"Corazzini was a fool," Smallwood said contemptuously. The man's cold-blooded callousness was staggering. "I can easily replace him. Just leave that radio here, Nielsen, and join your friends—while I join mine." He nodded down the glacier. "Or perhaps you hadn't noticed?"

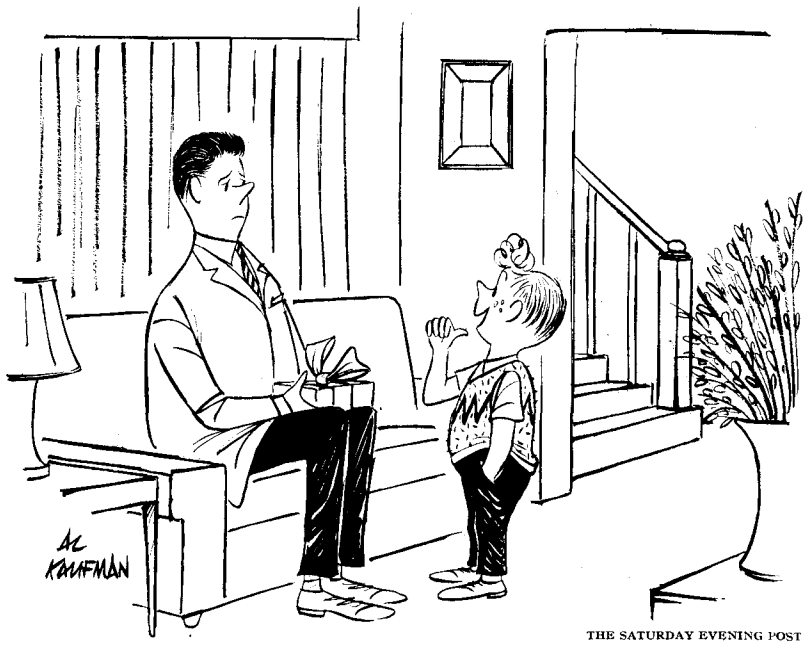
And we hadn't. But we noticed it now all right, the first of the party from the trawler climbing onto the ice at the precipitous tip of the glacier. Within seconds half a dozen of them were on the ice, running, stumbling, falling, picking themselves up again as they clawed their way up the slippery ice with all the speed they could muster.

"My—ah—reception committee." Smallwood permitted himself just the shadow of a smile. "You will remain here while Miss Ross and I make our way down to meet them. You will not move. I have the girl." Victory, complete and absolute victory was in his grasp, but his voice and his face were again devoid as ever of all shadow of expression or feeling. He stooped to pick up the portable radio, then swung round and stared up into the sky.

I had heard it too, and I knew what it was before Smallwood did, because it was a factor that had never entered into his calculations. But there was no need for me to explain; within seconds of hearing the first high-screaming whine from the south a flight of four lean, sleek, deadly Scimitar jet fighters whistled by less than four hundred feet overhead, banked almost immediately, broke formation and came back again, speed reduced, flying a tight circle over the tongue of the fjord. I don't like planes, and I hate the sound of jets, but I had never seen so welcome a sight, heard so wonderful a sound in all my life.

"Jet fighters, Smallwood," I cried exultantly. "Jet fighters from a naval carrier. We called them up by radio." He was staring at the circling planes with his thin lips drawn back wolfishly over his teeth, and I went on more softly, "They've had orders to shoot and destroy any person seen going down that glacier—any person, especially with a case or radio in his hand." It was a lie, but Smallwood wasn't to know that; the very presence of the jets above must have seemed confirmation of the truth of my words.

"They wouldn't dare," he said slowly. "They'd kill the girl too."

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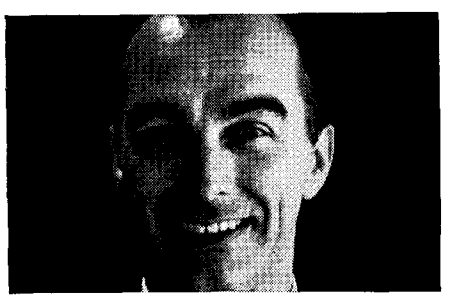

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"You fool!" I said contemptuously. "Not only doesn't human life matter a damn to either side compared to the recovery of this mechanism—you should know that better than anyone, Smallwood—but these planes have been told to watch out for and kill *two* people going down the glacier. Wrapped in these clothes, Miss Ross is indistinguishable from a man—especially from the air. They'll think it's you and Corazzini, and they'll blast you both off the glacier."

I knew Smallwood believed me, believed me absolutely; this was so exactly the way his own killer's mind would have worked in its utterly callous indifference to human life that conviction could not be stayed. But he had courage, I'll grant him that, and that first-class brain of his never stopped working.

"There's no hurry," he said comfortably. He was back on balance again. "They can circle there as long as they like, they can send out relief planes to take over, it doesn't matter. As long as I'm with you here, they won't touch me. And in just over an hour or so it will be dark again, after which I can leave. Meantime, stay close to me, gentlemen; I don't think *you* would so willingly sacrifice Miss Ross's life."

"Don't listen to him," Margaret said desperately. Her voice was almost a sob, her face twisted with pain. "Go away, *please*, all of you, go away. I know he's going to kill me in the end anyway. It may as well be now." She buried her face in her hands. "I don't care any more, I don't, I don't!"

"But I care," I said angrily. Soft words, sympathetic words were useless here. "We all care. Don't be such a little fool. Everything will be all right, you'll see."

"Spoken like a man," said Smallwood. "Only, my dear, I wouldn't pay much attention to the last part of his speech."

"Why don't you give up, Smallwood?" I asked him quietly. I had neither hope nor intention of persuading this fanatic; I was only talking for time, for I had seen something that had made my heart leap. Moving quietly out over the left-hand side of the glacier, from the selfsame spot where we had lain in ambush, was a file of about a dozen men. "Bombers have already taken off from the carrier and, believe me, they're carrying bombs. Bombs and incendiaries. And do you know why, Smallwood?"

They were dressed in khaki, this landing party from the *Wykenham*, not navy blue. Marines, almost certainly, unless they had been carrying soldiers on some combined maneuvers. They were heavily armed, and had that indefinable but unmistakable look of men who knew exactly what they were about. Their leader, I noticed, wasn't fooling around with the usual pistol a naval officer in charge of a landing party traditionally carried—he had a submachine gun under his arm. Three others had similar weapons, the rest rifles.

"Because they're going to make good and sure you're never going to get off this glacier alive, Smallwood," I went on. "At least not out of the fjord alive. Neither you nor any of your friends coming to meet you—nor any of the men waiting aboard that trawler down there."

Lord, how slowly they were coming! Why didn't one of their marksmen with a rifle shoot Smallwood there and then—at that moment the thought that a rifle bullet would have gone clear through Smallwood and killed the girl held so tightly in front of him never occurred to me. But if I could hold his attention another thirty seconds, if none of the others standing by my side betrayed by the slightest flicker of expression ——

"They're going to destroy that trawler, Smallwood," I rushed on quickly. The men advancing up from the foot of the glacier were waving their arms furiously now, shouting wildly in warning, and even at over three quarters of a mile their voices were carrying clearly. I had to try to drown their voices, to make sure that Smallwood kept his eyes fixed only on me. "They're going to blow it out of the water, it and you and that damned missile mechanism. What's the use of ——"

But it was too late. Smallwood had heard the shouts even as I had begun to speak, twisted his head to look down the valley, saw the direction of the pointing arms, glanced briefly over his shoulder, then turned to face me again, that monolithic calm shattered at last. "Who are they?" he demanded viciously. "What are they doing? Quick—or the girl gets it!"

"It's a landing party from the destroyer in the next bay," I said steadily. "This is

. . . . . .

### Sky Bull

By Herbert Merrill

It's good to see the sun
again
Pawing up the clouds, his
eye
Glaring down at earth and
men
From pastures of the April
sky.

I like to watch him grazing
over
Melting valleys of the air,
Like a young bull in the
clover,
Bidding wintertime beware.

And I'll get up before the
light
To find him, full of lusty
pride,
Charging up the hill of
night
And shouldering the stars
aside.

. . . . . .

the end, Smallwood. Maybe you'll stand trial yet."

"I'll kill the girl!" he whispered savagely.

"They'll kill you. They've been ordered to recover that mechanism at all costs. Nobody's playing any more, Smallwood. Give up your gun."

He swore, vilely, blasphemously, the first time I had ever heard such words from him, and leaped for the driving cabin of the tractor, pushing the girl in front of him while his pistol swung in a wide arc covering all of us. I understood what he was going to do, what this last desperate suicidal gamble was going to be, and hurled myself at the door of the driving cabin.

"You madman!" My voice was a scream. "You'll kill yourself, you'll kill the girl ——"

The gun coughed softly, I felt the white-hot burning pain in my upper arm and crashed backward onto the ice just as Smallwood released the brakes of the Citroën. At once the big tractor started to move, those murderous treads passing by inches from me as Jackstraw leaped forward and dragged me to safety a second before they would have run over my face. The next moment I was on my feet, running after the tractor, Jackstraw at my heels; I suppose that wound just below my shoulder must have been hurting like the devil, but the truth is that I don't recall feeling anything at all.

The tractor, with next to no adhesion left on the steepening slope of ice, accelerated with dismaying speed, soon outdistancing us. At first it seemed as if Smallwood was making some attempt to steer it, but it was obvious almost immediately that any such attempts were utterly useless—five tons of steel run amok, it was completely out of control, skidding violently first to one side and then the other, finally making a complete half-circle and sliding backward down the glacier at terrifying speed, following the slope of the ice which led from the right-hand side where we had been standing to the big nunataks thrusting up through the ice on the far left-hand corner of the dog-leg halfway down.

How it missed all the crevasses—it went straight across some narrow ones, thanks to its treads—and all the ice mounds on the way down and across the glacier I shall never know, but miss them it did, increasing speed with every second that passed, its treads screeching out a shrilly metallic cacophony as they scored their serrated way across and through the uneven ice of the glacier. But then I shall never know, either, how Jackstraw and I survived all the crazy chances we took on our mad headlong run down that glacier, unable to stop, leaping across crevasses we would never have dared attempt in our normal minds, pounding our sliding way alongside others where the slip of either foot would have been our death.

We were still two hundred yards behind the tractor when, less than fifty yards from the corner of the dog-leg, it struck an ice mound, spun round crazily several times and then smashed, tail first, with horrifying force into the biggest of the nunataks—a fifty-foot pinnacle of rock at the very corner. We were still more than a hundred yards away when we saw Smallwood, obviously dazed, half fall out of the still-upright driving cabin, radio in hand, followed by the girl. Whether she flung herself at him or just stumbled against him it was impossible to say, but both of them slipped and fell together, and the next moment had disappeared from sight against the face of the nunatak.

Still fifty yards away, already trying all we could to brake ourselves, we heard the staccato roar of cannon shells seemingly directly above us, and as I flung myself flat on the ice, not to avoid the fire but to stop myself before I, too, plunged into the crevasse by the nunatak where I knew Margaret and Smallwood must have disappeared, I caught a glimpse of two Scimitars hurtling low across the glacier, red fire streaking from their guns. For a moment, rolling over and over, I saw no more; then I had another glimpse of the lower part of the glacier, of exploding cannon shells raking a lethal barrier of fragmenting steel across the glacier's entire width and, about sixty or seventy yards lower down, the men from the trawler lying flat on their faces to escape the whistling, flying shell fragments. Even in that brief moment I had time to see a third Scimitar screaming down out of the north, exactly following the path of the two others. They were making no attempt to kill the trawlermen; obviously they were under the strictest instructions to avoid any but the most necessary bloodshed. And it wasn't necessary—if ever anything was crystal clear it was the fact that we weren't going to have any trouble at all from those trawlermen. Both men and trawler could depart now, unmolested; with the missile mechanism beyond their reach, they no longer mattered.

Ten yards ahead of Jackstraw, sick to the heart and (*Continued on Page 90*)

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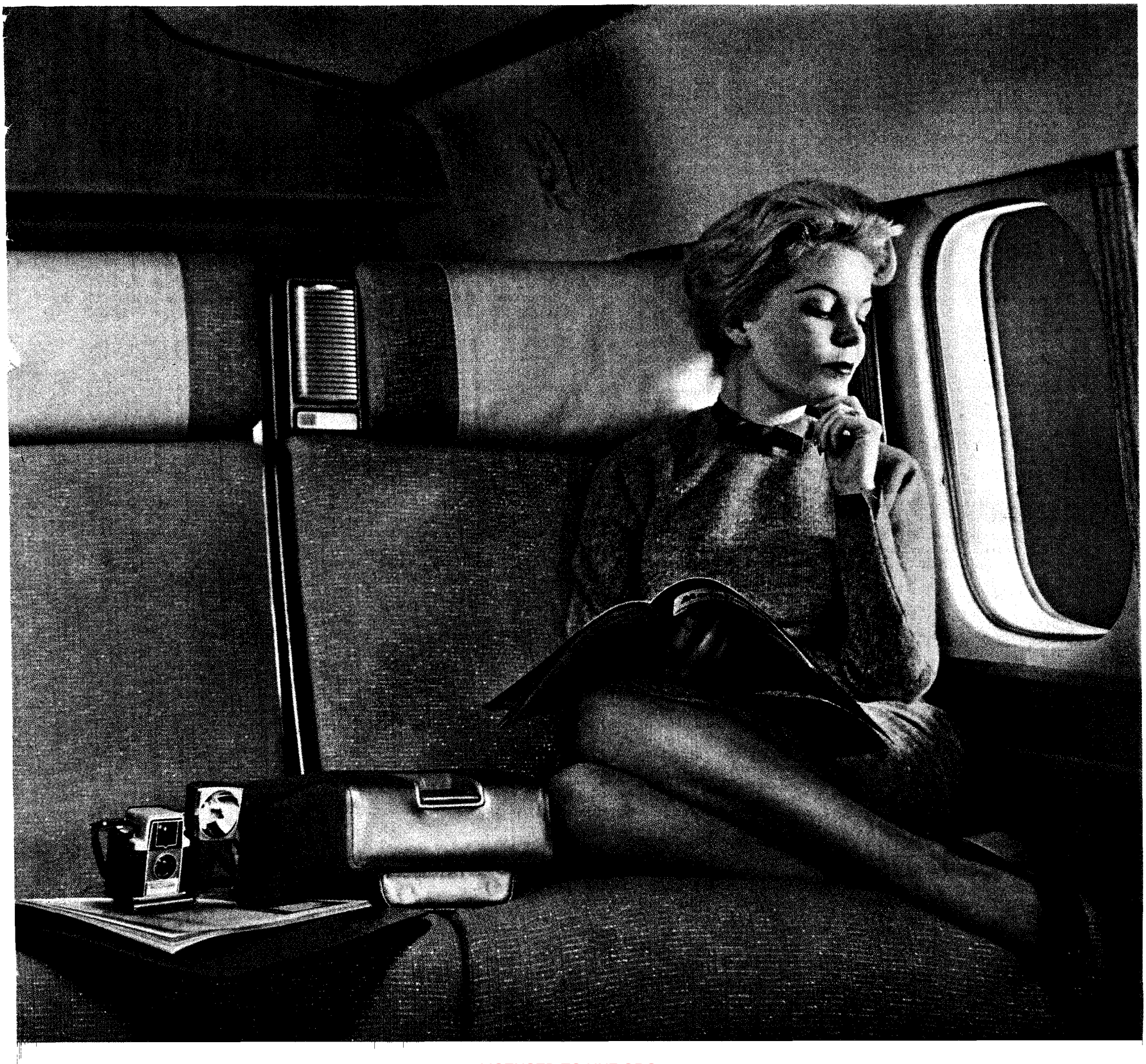

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(*Continued from Page 88*) almost mad with fear, I reached the crevasse by the nunatak—no more than a three-foot-wide gap between ice and rock—peered down over the side, and as I peered I felt faint from the wave of relief that swept over me. The crevasse, narrowing to not much more than two feet, ended about fifteen feet down in a solid shelf of rock, a ledge sculpted by thousands of years of moving, grinding ice.

Margaret and Smallwood were still on their feet, shaky, I could see, but seemingly unharmed—it had been a short drop and they could have slowed their descent by pressing against both sides of the crevasse as they fell. Smallwood, flattened lips drawn back over his teeth, was staring up at me, his revolver barrel pressed savagely against Margaret's temple.

"A rope, Mason!" he said softly. "Get me a rope. This crevasse is closing—the ice is moving!"

And it was—I knew it was. All glaciers moved, some of them, on this West Greenland coast, with astonishing speed—the great Upernavik glacier, farther north, covered over four feet every hour. As if in confirmation of his words, the ice beneath my feet groaned and shuddered and slid forward a couple of inches.

"Hurry up!" Smallwood's incomparable nerve held to the last, his voice was urgent but completely under control, his face tight-lipped but calm. "Hurry up or I'll kill her!"

"Very well," I said calmly. My mind felt preternaturally clear. I knew Margaret's life hung on a fraying thread, but I had never felt so cool, so self-possessed in my life. I unwound the rope round my shoulders. "Here it comes."

He reached up both hands to catch the falling rope, I took a short step forward and then, stiff-legged and with my hands pressed close to my sides, fell on top of him like a plummeting stone. He saw me coming, but with the tangle of the rope and the narrowness of the crevasse he had no chance to get clear. My feet caught him on the shoulder and outstretched arm, and we crashed onto the ledge together.

He was, as I have said, phenomenally strong for his size, but he had no chance then.

True, he was partially numbed by the shock of my fall, but that was more than canceled out by my weakness, by the loss of blood from my wounded upper arm. But he still had no chance. I locked my hands round that scrawny throat, ignored his kickings, his eye-gouging, the fusillade of blows rained on my unprotected head, and squeezed and knocked his head against the blue-banded striations of the side of the crevasse until I felt him go limp in my hands. And then it was time to go—the ice walls were no more than eighteen inches apart.

Aside from Smallwood, I now found myself alone on that narrowing ledge. Jackstraw had already been lowered by Hillcrest and his men, fastened a rope round Margaret and been pulled up himself after her. I could have sworn that I had fought with Smallwood for no more than ten seconds, but was told later that we had struggled like madmen for three or four minutes. It may well have been so, for I have no memory of that time; my coolness, my detachment was something altogether outside me.

My first clear recollection was hearing Jackstraw's voice, quick and urgent, as a rope snaked down over my shoulders. "Quickly, Doctor Mason! It'll close any second now."

"I'm coming. But another rope first, please." I pointed to the guided-missile mechanism lying at my feet. "We've come too long a way with this, we've suffered too much for this to leave it now."

Twenty seconds later, just as I scrambled over the edge of the crevasse, the grinding ice wall lurched another inch or two toward the rock of the nunatak, and, at the same moment, Smallwood's voice came to us again. He had propped himself up on his hands and knees and was staring up numbly, almost disbelievingly, at the narrowing walls above him.

"Throw me a rope." He could see death's hand reaching out to touch him, but the urgency in his voice was still under that iron control, his face an expressionless mask. "For God's sake, throw me a rope."

I thought of the trail of death Smallwood had left behind him, of the plane's dead captain, the three dead crew members, Colonel Harrison, Senator Brewster and Mrs. Dansby-Gregg; of how close to the brink of death he had brought Marie LeGarde and Mahler; of how often he had threatened death to the girl now trembling violently in the crook of my arm. I thought of these things—then I looked at Jackstraw, who carried a rope over his arm, and I saw reflected in his face the same implacability, the same bleak mercilessness that informed my own mind. And then Jackstraw moved toward the brink of the crevasse, lifted the tightly coiled rope high above his head, hurled it down on top of the man below and stepped back without a word.

We turned, Jackstraw and I, with Margaret Ross supported between us, and walked slowly up the glacier to meet the officer in charge of the landing party; and as we walked we could feel the glacier shiver beneath our feet as a million tons of ice lurched down toward the head of the Kangalak fjord. THE END

# Pleasure Palace in Morocco (Continued from Page 38)

hotel hidden away under a towering range of the Atlas Mountains where a stranger might expect to meet nobody but camel riders heading toward the burning sands of the Sahara.

Luxury and high prices, however, are nothing new in Marrakech. Almost from the time it was founded by the tough Berber warrior Yusuf ibn Tashfin, in 1062, the oasis city has had a reputation for building ostentatious edifices and for depleting the bank rolls of all who passed by on business or pleasure. The majestic 223-foot-high Koutoubia tower—pinkish Gueliz stones against a deep-blue sky—has been the most celebrated minaret in the Arab world since the end of the twelfth century. The two-mile-long Aguedal garden of olive trees was known as a "veritable paradise" in the desert more than 800 years ago. The tombs of the Saadian princes are regarded as the most precious example of delicate, lacelike sculptured stone ever carved, painted and gilded by Moorish craftsmen. The Bahia or "brilliant" palace was famous as the residence of the Grand Vizier Ba Ahmed and his 300 concubines in the nineteenth century and as the temporary abode of American novelist Edith Wharton when she wrote about Morocco in the twentieth century.

Luxuries come high in the desert, and the rulers of Marrakech were in the habit of plucking as much revenue as possible from camel caravans which, until half a century ago, were the only means of travel from the Atlantic coast to the desert. All who entered Marrakech en route through the mountain pass were charged a heavy fee, and it was usually paid promptly because of the lamentable frequency with which those who refused to pay were ambushed and plundered by "brigands."

The camel caravans and the brigands, except perhaps certain merchants in the native bazaar, have long since disappeared, but Marrakech has continued to grow and prosper because of its strategic geographic position. The city of almost 300,000 Moroccans and about 15,000 Europeans lies some 130 miles south of Casablanca in a wide, irrigated valley that snuggles up to the abrupt blue-brown walls of the snow-peaked Atlas Mountain range. Temperatures in the valley seldom fall below 80 degrees Fahrenheit in the daytime and 60 at night from December to March. The mountains shield the city from hot desert winds and create an invigorating, sparkling kind of atmosphere. If there is rain on more than a dozen days all winter, visitors are assured that the weather is "unusual." Most of the time the sky is bright and the temperature conducive to basking comfortably under a gray-green olive tree and looking at the mountain sky line.

Here, within the towering 800-year-old walls of the original Moorish city, the Hotel de la Mamounia is a sun-toasted haven each winter for up to 20,000 tourist refugees from the dank cold of Great Britain, France, Germany and other northern climes, including several thousand wanderers from the United States. The management of this $3,000,000 establishment collects some $300,000 each season from its vacationing patrons and adds a trifle to its revenues by keeping forty rooms open for commercial travelers during the hot summer months from June to October.

The attraction of La Mamounia for vacationers is not entirely due to the warm winter sun. The hotel itself is a kind of masterpiece in the art of combining twentieth-century western plumbing—most of the bathroom fixtures are American-made, circa 1920—with the appurtenances of sixteenth-century Arab luxury and architectural beauty. Half a dozen motion-picture producers and directors, including Alfred Hitchcock and Orson Welles, have been entranced by its charm, and the hotel or vicinity has been the background for a number of movies, including *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, *Oasis* and *Othello*. Sir Winston Churchill once described it as the most beautiful hotel in the world and proudly exhibited his own paintings of its gardens. Arab travelers have called it the garden of Allah, and a harassed businesswoman from New York remarked last spring that it was "the ultimate in relaxation."

The names of headline personages are heavily sprinkled on La Mamounia's registry, and Camille, the tall, gray Frenchman who has presided over the concierge's desk for thirty years, knows the whims and foibles of guests from many parts of the world and many social strata. David Lloyd George, the peppery little prime minister of Great Britain in World War I, was a guest at the hotel. So was the sedate, cosmopolitan Count de Paris, claimant to the throne of France. So, at one time or another, were such personalities as John Foster Dulles, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, author Sinclair Lewis, fashion designer Lucien LeLong, actors Charles Chaplin, Tyrone Power, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Charles Boyer and Michele Morgan, as well as a young man from Kansas City who strolled happily but unsteadily through the garden's reflecting pool with his shoes on at three A.M. one morning last April.

It is not, however, necessary to be either rich or famous to spend a vacation at La Mamounia, which can now be reached in comfort by airplane, railroad or bus from Casablanca. European tourists, particularly the British, whose travels were restricted because of currency regulations at home, discovered long before World War II that their money would go farther in Marrakech than at their customary holiday resorts on the French Riviera. American soldiers by the tens of thousands got a glimpse of La Mamounia while en route to or from the front by air during the war, and eventually many of them went back for a more leisurely look.

All visitors to La Mamounia get much the same treatment, which—in a word—is plush. American travelers in Arab countries are often impressed by the plethora of attendants at airports and hotels, but even seasoned tourists regard a routine reception at La Mamounia as outstanding. As the visitor, only six hours by air from chilly London or Amsterdam, enters the wide gateway to the hotel gardens, porters in brightly colored costumes debouch from the cool shade of the main doorway. An attendant in blue military uniform opens the door of the special airport bus. A *bagagiste* in tan smock and turban supervises removal of luggage by porters wearing scarlet tunics, red tarbooshes, white belts and baggy blue pants.

A concierge in blue-gray frock coat provides an escort into the hotel lobby where a receptionist in black coat and striped trousers summons a bellboy to carry the room key and set the course for the new arrival. By this time a small procession has formed—four porters for three bags and a portable typewriter is about average—and the arriving guest may get a panicky feeling that he has said the wrong thing in schoolbook French and has someway organized a safari into the African jungle instead of to the automatic elevator down a short hallway.

This plenitude of service is a basic part of Moroccan life, but the concept and operation of a hotel like La Mamounia is understandable only in the light of forty-four years of French colonial rule prior to the independence of the country in 1956. France established a protectorate over Morocco in 1912 following a long period of internal strife, and Marshal Lyautey, as resident general, undertook the pacification and colonization of the area. This proved to be a highly difficult task, but in southern Morocco Lyautey made rapid progress with the aid of a tribal chieftain, El Hadj Thami El Glaoui, who was inordinately fond of golf, luxury and the French Army. Lyautey made El Glaoui the pasha of Marrakech, and he ruled with a firm hand.

After World War I, French businessmen and visitors began to discover the possibilities of Marrakech. One of the businessmen was Jean Epinat, who had been a poor boy in Vichy, but was then building a great fortune in mining and transportation. By the early 1920's Epinat's *Compagnie Transport Moroc* was operating a profitable bus line to Marrakech in addition to the regular railroad service, and he (*Continued on Page 92*)

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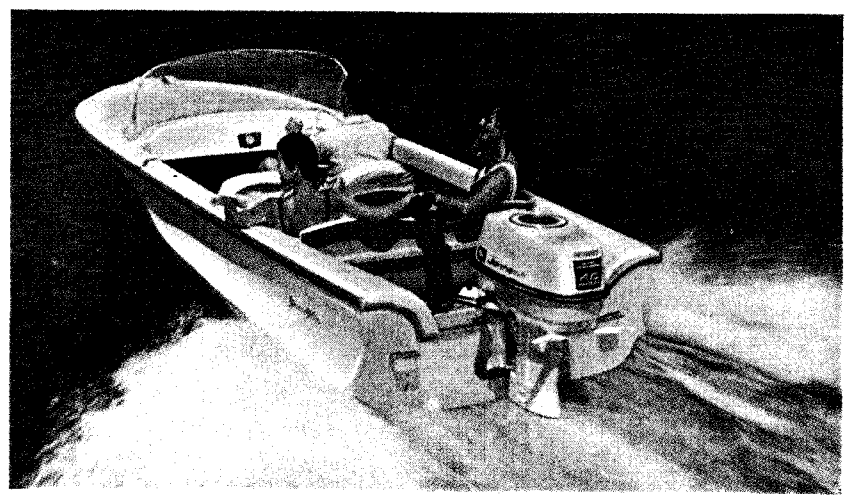

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(*Continued from Page 90*) saw the possibility of still bigger revenues from the tourist trade. The trouble was that hotel accommodations at Marrakech were inadequate and often primitive. Epinat solved this problem by arranging a deal for purchase of twelve acres of land in the famous Mamoun gardens, once the site of a palace in which the sultan lodged distinguished foreign visitors and later owned by the Mauchamps hospital.

In 1926 the Mamounia company, financed by Epinat's transportation line, built a ninety-room resort hotel with accommodations not only for tourists accustomed to luxury but for those with thin pocketbooks as well. In fact, La Mamounia still has rates as low as four dollars a day for rooms without baths, although the scale mounts steeply to twenty-five dollars for the best suites, including pleasant balconies.

The hotel, which is now owned by the Moroccan railroads, was successful almost from the beginning under the direction of Maurice Singla, a Frenchman who had been operating a twelve-room hotel in Marrakech. Once he had taken charge at La Mamounia, Singla branched out rapidly and for the next thirty years ruled skillfully over one of the most exotic resort spots favored by European society. The hotel was enlarged twice to accommodate increasing business, but the style and the accommodations of the original building had proved so satisfactory that almost no change was made in the additions. Today La Mamounia has a total of 250 rooms and suites and is crowded by some 450 guests each day during the height of the winter season.

The attractiveness of La Mamounia lies both in its interior architecture and in its lush garden setting beside the Bab Diedid, a wide gateway in the wall of the old city or medina. Like all of Marrakech, the hotel is a dusty, rosy beige building in the Moorish style, with only a faint bow to modern design. Gardens are the height of luxury in the desert, and the fifteen gardens of La Mamounia are a luxury that could be produced only by hundreds of years of care. They are built around giant, gnarled olive trees that once provided shade for pashas and potentates.

There are, too, great bushy sal trees, dark cedars of Lebanon and a thousand citrus trees whose blooms flood the air with perfume in early spring and whose tons of fruit are sold for market because hotel guests can't eat them rapidly enough.

The brightest glory of La Mamounia is the flower gardens which border gravel walks radiating out from the reflecting pool and which form long blazes of color that change with the changing season from November to May. Roses of every shade bloom in beds a dozen feet wide and 100 feet long, flanked by clumps of daisies five feet tall and banks of phlox, marigold and petunias and many other flowers of a size and brilliance unknown in America. The promenader along these paths may turn a corner and come upon a river of bright sweet peas eight feet wide and 300 feet in length. Or a blanket of purple bougainvillaea covering an ancient wall that stands fifteen feet high and stretches 1000 feet down the roadway. Borders of flaming hibiscus and poinsettia are broken by flowering cactus plants and clumps of pale geraniums that climb a dozen feet into the branches of trees.

Such gardens in the desert are possible only because of underground rivers which are fed by melting snow in the mountains and which were long ago tapped to irrigate parts of the valley. Even so the oasis water supply is limited, and the gardens of La Mamounia can be flooded only once a week by means of an intricate network of shallow ditches.

In contrast to the flamboyant colors of the gardens, the interior of the four-story hotel at first glance seems almost starkly cool and dim. But on second glance the charm of Moorish architecture becomes apparent, and details of skillfully planned decoration emerge gradually as if something new had been added every few hours. The beauty of La Mamounia is meant to be absorbed gradually rather than at high speed. For example, the bright greens and yellows of small doors flanking the main entrance are hard to miss, but only those who pause will see the five intricately carved cedarwood panels above the entranceway. The graceful brass lamps in the lobby of the original building swing from a beamed ceiling on which skilled artisans spent many months painting small, brightly colored designs. Months of tedious labor also went into the *zelliges*—a kind of mosaic that is found only in Marrakech and Fez—which extend around the lobby walls and the fountains. The small tiles for these panels are made of cooked earth, are cut by hand as the design is constructed and are put in place without cement. When thoroughly dry they become as hard as stone.

Columns of black marble, decorated with lacelike designs delicately carved from cedarwood and painted white, give La Mamounia an atmosphere of Oriental luxury, but basically the Moorish decoration is more subtle and fragile—a small door of red and turquoise placed so that it is seen only through a graceful archway, a glowing sunlit yellow wall beyond a large iron grill, a line of lamps like carved white bowls hanging from the lofty ceiling of the dining room. Or perhaps most relaxing of all in the halls and lobbies is that note of luxury in the desert—a gentle tinkle of fountains which are aglow with underwater lights and placed so that the sound of running water is almost always a pleasant undertone in the ears of guests.

Since the retirement of Singla, the task of keeping guests happy at La Mamounia has been in the hands of a young Frenchman, Charles Vairet, whose easy informality gives the deceptive impression that he has not long been away from the halls of some Ivy League college in America. Actually Vairet was born in Dijon, educated in Paris and has served at such famous hotels as the Crillon and George V in Paris and the Minzah in Tangier. He also served in the French Army in World War II, escaped from Dunkirk to England in 1940 and was then sent to Morocco for demobilization. At that time the large French population in Morocco was cut off from travel in Europe and local resort hotels were doing a booming business, so big, in fact, that La Mamounia was building a new wing to accommodate the influx of vacationers and skiers who frequented the nearby mountain slopes. Vairet promptly traveled to Marrakech and got a job at La Mamounia. In 1958 he became manager.

The wartime tourist boom was short-lived for La Mamounia. On the morning of November 8, 1942, a dozen guests—members of a German-Italian military commission in Marrakech—left the hotel hurriedly, leaped into automobiles and set off at high speed for the Spanish Moroccan frontier. Their exit was followed by news of the landing of 300,000 American and British troops in French North Africa. Two days later the first American soldiers reached Marrakech, took one look at the comforts of La Mamounia and announced that its use as a billet was essential to successful prosecution of the war against the Axis. In the following months Marrakech became an important transportation-and-communications station; a big airfield was built on the edge of the city, and La Mamounia was requisitioned as a temporary billet for officers and men.

"For the next few years," Vairet recalled recently, "we were swamped by American uniforms. Transport planes going or coming across the Atlantic landed at all hours of the day and night, and every plane meant more Americans—all of them hungry and most of them thirsty. We had to be ready to serve meals at a moment's notice and usually to provide them with a bed for a night. It was something new for Marrakech."

An American army sergeant sat at the reception desk day and night to try to maintain some kind of routine, but even under the best of circumstances the remaining war years became a kind of nightmare for the management and the staff, which had to be greatly enlarged to keep up with the pace. There were, as usual, a number of unhappy incidents, and it proved difficult to keep the hotel equipped with the customary number of brass table tops, ash trays and towels which many soldiers seemed to regard as interesting souvenirs of their visit.

"Such articles just seemed to disappear," Vairet remarked. "But we got along pretty well considering the fact that we were housing a fast-moving army."

The wear and tear on La Mamounia was considerable during this period, and sometimes it was spectacular. One evening an American officer started playing the big grand piano in the main saloon. He played well and a crowd of soldiers, carrying their glasses, gathered around him and started singing. Gradually the music became louder and the crowd became larger until the strain became too great for wood and glue, and the whole piano collapsed, spewing soldiers and glasses in a great jumble across the marble floor.

"When I heard the noise," Vairet said, "I thought the hotel boilers had blown up. Fortunately it was only another piano wrecked and nobody hurt."

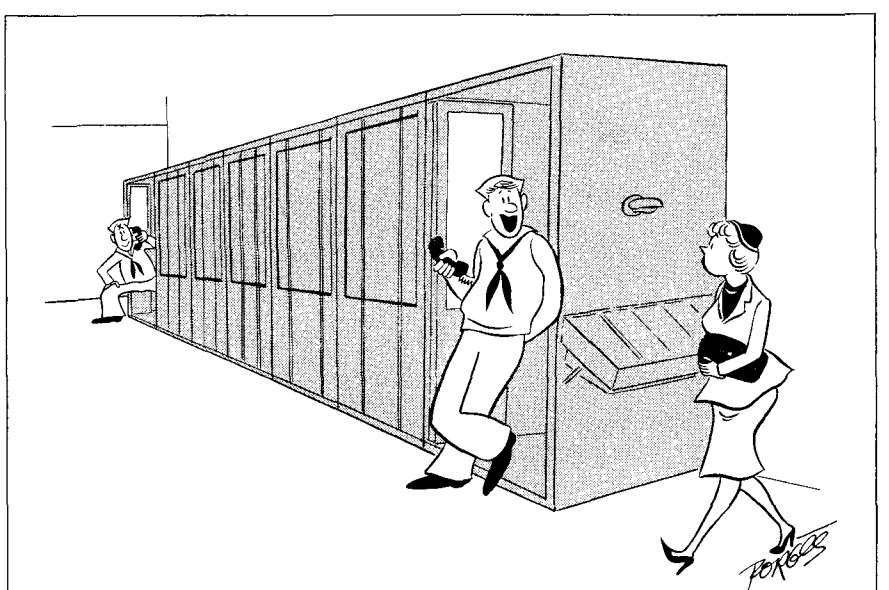
When La Mamounia was enlarged to its present size after the war, the damages of military occupation were repaired, the doors were reopened to holiday crowds and the staff was increased to about 225 persons, or at least one for every two guests when the hotel is full. About sixty of the staff are French, including a Parisian at the concierge's desk who speaks English with a distinct cockney accent as a result of several years' residence in London. The remainder of the personnel are natives, usually called *chleuh*, who live in the nearby twisting streets of the medina and come streaming into the hotel gates early each morning on bicycle or on foot. All of them, including a few Moslem women with faces hidden by veils, punch a time clock and go about their various jobs at a wage scale starting at $1.40 a day.

The day's work begins soon after dawn when the vanguard of thirty cleaners starts scrubbing every inch of the marble floors on four levels of the hotel. The garden staff of fifteen men raises all of the flowers from seed, and there is constant seasonal replanting that changes the display of blossoms every month or so. The laundry staff also gets an early start on the daily 3000 pieces that go through the big washing and drying and ironing machines in the basement. By eight o'clock the basic cleanup work is well along, and a woman in a pink veil—her robes tucked up around her knees—is using a crudely made broom to sweep fallen leaves from the reflecting pool.

The kitchen staff of thirty, directed by a former Crillon chef, Robert Cavinaud, works in relays to produce 1500 rolls, 400 pieces of pastry, 400 *croissants* and dozens of dishes that require 300 pounds of meat, 200 pounds of fish, 1000 eggs and forty chickens each day. By midmorning about 500 bottles of wine and mineral water have been moved from the deep wine cellar to the *cave du jour*, where they can be carefully checked by an attendant and quickly handed out to waiters as order slips are presented. The charcoal fires in the big kitchen stoves are lighted, a ton of ice is turned out by the freezing machine, and legs of beef, veal and mutton have been carried from the cold room by the time the guests have finished their breakfasts and scattered the crumbs for the small songbirds that frequent the hotel's sunny balconies.

By this time, too, the restaurant staff of forty men has set the tables, raised big colored umbrellas around the garden terrace and started changing from blue-striped aprons to the costumes of rank specified for their various jobs. Certa, the restaurant manager, dons a short, dark coat and gray, striped trousers to take his station at the wide steps leading down into the dining room. His captains line up in tail coats and black ties. The *chefs de range*, in white coats and black ties, take charge of various blocs of tables where they serve the dishes with a flourish and with the assistance of waiters in white coats and sparkling gold epaulets. Assistant waiters and bus boys and half a dozen wine boys wear aprons and white coats with gold buttons.

The cuisine at La Mamounia is French, with just a slight Moroccan influence. One of (*Continued on Page 95*)

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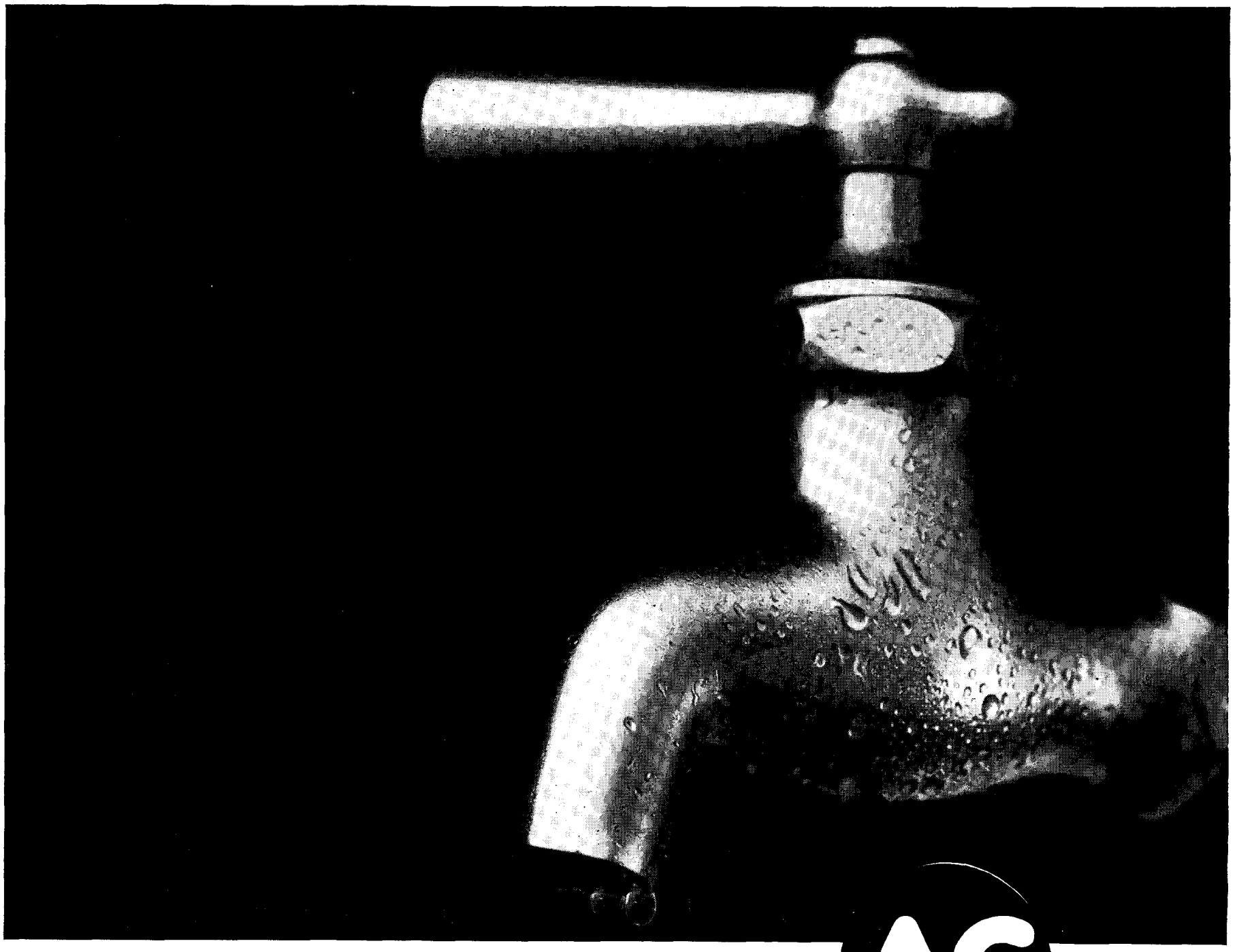

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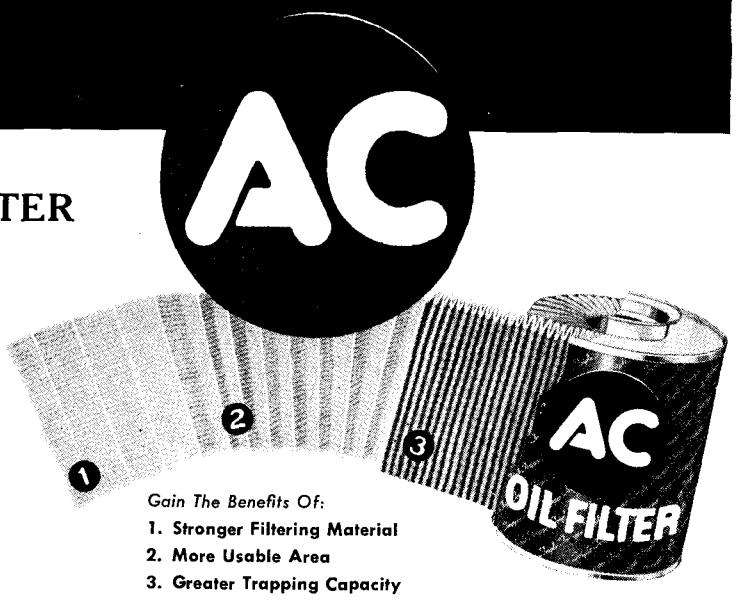


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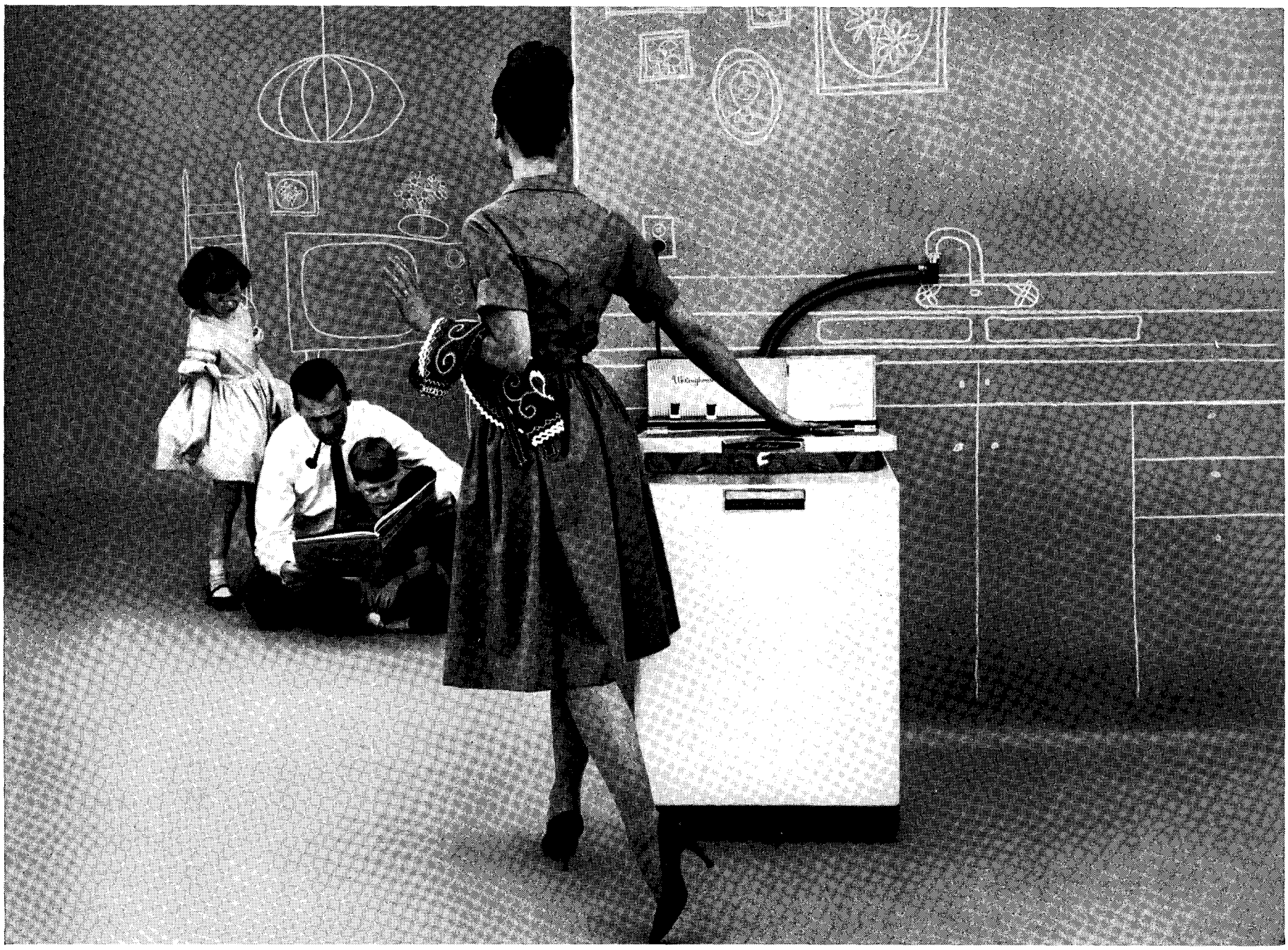

# only Westinghouse heats its own water to 140° before dishwashing begins...and the hotter the water the cleaner the dishes!

Westinghouse Built-ins heat their own water, too! Roll Out model offers 8 Choose-N-Change front panels.

**MORE REASONS WHY THE WESTINGHOUSE ROLL ABOUT DISHWASHER IS YOUR BEST BUY**

• Never a hot water problem . . . Hot Water Booster heater guarantees 140° washing and final rinsing • no need to scrape or rinse dishes, because "Power Soaking" propels torrents of water against dishes, pots, pans to remove loose soils • dishes are dried by fan-forced hot air to prevent streaking or spotting • your choice of 5 Micarta lid colors.

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S

# Westinghouse

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### NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

BERKELEY — Breuner's, Nick's Electric
CHICO — Dwight Carmack
CONCORD — Concord Electric
CRESCENT CITY — Baker & Stanton
DIXON — Tooley's Home Service
EUREKA — Dick Adams TV & Appliance, Home Furnishing's Company
FELTON — Millers Refrigeration
FORT BRAGG — Coast Hardware
FRESNO — Ray Denham Appliance, Ralph Telegan, Tobins Appliance
GARBERVILLE — Redwood Electric
HANFORD — Van's Appliance
HEALDSBERG — Herb's Furniture
LAFAYETTE — Victor's
LEMORE — De Mello's Appliance & TV
LODI — Video Service
LOLETA — Mengs Hardware
LOS BANOS — Max Rouff
MERCED — Saunder's Appliance
MOUNTAIN VIEW — Sterling Furniture
NAPA — Sampson Rossi
OAKLAND — Breuner's, Hollywood Appliance, National Furniture
OROVILLE — Dyer-Wilce
PALO ALTO — Werry Electric
PITTSBURGH — Claxton White
PORTERVILLE — Schuylers Appliance
REDDING — Jacob's Appliance
RICHMOND — Banducci

### NORTHERN CALIFORNIA (cont'd)

ROSEVILLE — Lenzi's TV & Appliance
SACRAMENTO — A-1 Appliance, Breuner's
SALINAS — Packwoods
SAN FRANCISCO — Balboa Furniture, Cherins Furniture, J & L Cleary, Lachman Brothers, Sterling Furniture, Young Brothers
SAN JOSE — Di Salvo Appliance & TV
SAN LEANDRO — Todd's Appliance
SAN LORENZO — Winstons'
SAN MATEO — Sterling
SAN RAFAEL — Rafael Floor Covering, Shields Appliance
SANGER — Sanger Appliance
SANTA ROSA — Santa Rosa Hardware
STOCKTON — Breuner's
SUNNYVALE — Matthews
TULARE — Knapp's Appliance
VALLEJO — Breuner's, Sterling
VISALIA — Perry's Hardware
WALNUT CREEK — Walnut Creek Auto Radio

### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

ALL STORES — Dorn's
ALL STORES — Fedway Department Stores

### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA (cont'd)

ALL STORES — Weatherby Stores
ARLINGTON — Cooters
ATASCADERO — San Luis Butane
BAKERSFIELD — Casa Moore Furniture & Appliance, Kern United Electronics
BRAWLEY — Willingham Radio
BURBANK — Burbank Plumbing
CALEXICO — Acuna's Appliance
CALPATRIA — Franklin's Electric
CARLSBAD — Carlsbad Appliance
CHULA VISTA — Hal Johnson Co.
COMPTON — 20th Century Appliance
COSTA MESA — Harbor Appliance Sales
COVINA — George Deutsch
CULVER CITY — Paratex
DELANO — Striplein & Eberlein
EL CENTRO — Manning Lumber
EL CAJON — Meachum's Furniture, Whitney's Department Store
GARDEN GROVE — Dodd-Trent, Inc. Appliance Center
GLENDALE — Glendale Refrigeration, Olson's Appliance, Ser-Well Furniture
HOLTVILLE — Holtville Hardware
INDIO — Cavanaugh Electric
IMPERIAL — Wagner's Appliance
LaCRESCENTA — Foster's Appliance
LEMON GROVE — C-P Appliances
LONG BEACH — Howard's Furniture
LOS ANGELES — Ayeroff Bros. Appliance

### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA (cont'd)

Brady's Appliance Co.
Braverman Bros.
California Gas Sales
Spector Appliance & TV
Tamura & Company
MIDWAY CITY — Bragg Electric Co.
MONTEREY PARK — Speedy Electric
NATIONAL CITY — Beall's Furniture, Graham's Furniture
OCEANSIDE — Shaffer & Son's Furniture
ONTARIO — Blades Appliance
PACOIMA — Jon's Modern Home Appliance
PALMDALE — Circle W Appliance Center
PASADENA — A. S. Greene, Star Furniture
L. S. Taylor
POMONA — Wright Bros. & Rice
RESEDA — Calwest Stores, Inc.
RIVERSIDE — Taylor's Appliance
SAN BERNARDINO — Good Housekeeping Shop, Harris Company
SAN FERNANDO — Lee's Furn. & Appl.
SAN DIEGO — A & B Furniture, California Electric Works, Dryer's Furniture, Heilbron Electric, Home Appliance, McMahan's Furniture, Quality Stores, Walker-Scott Co.

### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA (cont'd)

Whitney's Department Store
SAN LUIS OBISPO — Appliance Center
SANTA ANA — Consumer City, Jessee Appliances
SHERMAN OAKS — Polster Appliance
SPRING VALLEY — Service Hardware
TAFT — Calhoun Electric
TARZANA — Cy's Country Store
TEMPLE CITY — Bledsoe Appliance
VAN NUYS — Van Nuys Builders Emporium
VISTA — Vista Hardware
WHITTIER — K. D. Miller Electric

### OREGON

ASTORIA — Brookfield Co.
CORVALLIS — Lipman Wolfe
EUGENE — Rubenstein Furniture, Weisfield's, Inc.
HILLSBORO — Selfridge Furniture
KLAMATH FALLS — Kirkpatrick's Eastside Appliance
MADRAS — North Unit Hardware
McMINNVILLE — Farnham Electric
MEDFORD — Trowbridge & Flynn Electric Co.
NEWPORT — Central Hardware & Electric
OREGON CITY — Hogg Bros.
PORTLAND — Black Frost Co., Director's Furniture, Harold Kelley's, Inc.

### OREGON (cont'd)

Nelson Hardware
Newman's Radio & Electric
Roberts Bros.
Wadsworth Plumbing
ROSEBURG — Trowbridge Electric Co.
SALEM — Hogg Bros.
SPRINGFIELD — Oldfield Electric

### WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN — Harbor Hardware
AUBURN — Mike Wood Appliances & Furniture
BOTHELL — Nims Electric
BREMERTON — Charleston Hardware, Manette Radio
CAMAS — One Stop TV & Appliances
ELLENSBURG — Morris TV & Appliance
ENUMCLAW — Gunderson's Home Furnishings
EPHRATA — Ping Electric
EVERETT — The Bon Marche, Judd & Black, Thorpe's Furniture, Weber Furniture
KALAMA — Bob Springer Appliance
KENNEWICK — Home Electric & Appliance
KIRKLAND — Macdougall's
MARYSVILLE — Byer's Plumbing & Heating
MOUNT VERNON — Lien's TV & Appliance

### WASHINGTON (cont'd)

Musser's Hardware
OAK HARBOR — Lineburg Electric
OLYMPIA — Olympia Appliance Center
PULLMAN — Pullman Appliance & Music
PUYALLUP — Konsmo Appliance
RENTON — Bill Santi Furniture & Appliances
RICHLAND — Richland Bell Furniture
RIDGEFIELD — Ridgefield Feed Store
ST. JOHN — Ray's Appliance
SEATTLE — The Bon Marche (2 Stores), Bowman's Radio & Appliances, Doce's Majestic Furniture, Enloe's Trade Mart, Macdougall's (5 Stores), Mast's in Ballard, Monarch Stove Store, Poole Electric, Yansen Electric
SPOKANE — The Crescent, The Electro-Mart, V. J. Morris Company (2 locations)
TACOMA — Bunge Service, Frick & Franz Furniture & Appliance, Hartman & Busch, Paulson's, People's (2 Stores), South Tacoma Appliance
UNION GAP — Olson's TV & Appliance
WALLA WALLA — The Bon Marche, Jim Huie's TV & Appliances
WENATCHEE — Macdougall's
YAKIMA — Al Koos Appliance Sales

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(*Continued from Page 92*) Cavinaud's specialties is *couscous marocain*, a concoction served on steamed couscous—a Moroccan derivative of wheat. The recipe calls for breast of chicken, lamb, curry powder and numerous spices.

Life is seldom strenuous at La Mamounia except for ski enthusiasts who usually repair to the resort of L'Oukaimeden, near Mount Toubkal, which is the highest peak—13,665 feet—of the Atlas range. Less active sportsmen walk or take a *carroza*—an old-fashioned horse-drawn surrey—through an adjacent park to the handsome gambling casino. The hotel has a room for indoor games and a small orchestra for those who prefer music. But for most visitors the native market place, or *souk*, in the old city is the greatest attraction of Marrakech.

The *souk*, one of the most colorful and famous in the Arab world, centers around the great square known as the Djemaâ el Fna, a crowded, noisy and bustling meeting place from morning until late at night. Sir Winston Churchill once described the old city as "the Paris of the Sahara" and remarked on the fact that for centuries all the caravans from Central Africa had come there despite the regularity with which they were robbed by tribes in the mountains and swindled by merchants in the market. "They greatly valued," he pointed out, "the gay life of the city, including fortunetellers, snake charmers, masses of food and drink and, for the most part, the largest and most elaborately organized brothels in the African continent. All of these institutions were of long and ancient repute."

It would be incorrect to say that the *souk* and its teeming thousands are unchanged since the ancient days, because there are automobiles in the great square, there are electric lights on the minarets from which priests call the faithful to prayer, and there are mass-produced household gadgets for sale in some shops. But such meager signs of the modern world are swallowed up and forgotten in the riot of color and smells and noises of the market place. Scores of twisting, narrow streets and alleys, often covered by latticework and leaves through which sunlight filters in golden beams, are lined with shops in which men and women and often small children make and sell everything from crude sandals to precious anklets of pure gold. Hand-woven native rugs are one of Morocco's finest products, and the *souk* offers every variety, including the unusual Berber rugs which have fringe only on one end. The Berber women put the fringe on to show that the rug is finished, and they cannot be convinced there is any sensible reason for going back to the beginning to put fringe on the other end.

Even more colorful than the shops is the great square in which entertainers gather by the scores in late afternoon to dance or sing, to exhibit trained monkeys or perform acrobatics, to sell pink candy or peddle a peculiar Moroccan brand of hot dogs. All of the performers are male—a group of a dozen white-robed singers from a mountain village, a band of old musicians and small boy dancers from Dakar, a trio of clowns whose sharp tongues keep their audience in an uproar.

Crowds move from one group of entertainers to another, pausing to watch a country boy box a professional fighter in a cleared space on the hard pavement and then pushing on through the crowd to hear a professional storyteller declaiming his own version of the adventures of Aladdin. The sharp clatter of big, bell-like castanets, known as *gnaoua*, the calls of water boys carrying goatskin bags and draped with tinkling brass cups, the raucous patter of patent-medicine salesmen and the shrilling of Arab flutes mingle in a kind of unworldly roar across the big square throughout the evening. The Djemaâ el Fna at sunset is one of the most unusual tourist attractions in Africa, not only because it resembles a phantasmagorial three-ring circus but because of its setting against a backdrop of high peaks.

"I must be with you," Churchill said to President Roosevelt after their historic 1943 war conference at Casablanca, "when you see the sunset on the snows of the Atlas Mountains. You cannot come all the way to North Africa without seeing Marrakech."

Mr. Roosevelt was reluctant to take the time for the trip, but Churchill's eloquence prevailed, and their two-day visit was so relaxing that on the final evening both were joining a dozen friends in a song fest, and the President at one point would have attempted a solo but for some untoward interruption. The two statesmen had tea at La Mamounia, and in later years the British wartime prime minister frequently returned to the hotel for holidays.

He always followed the same regimen at the hotel. Arising late in the morning, he had an *apéritif*. He got around to luncheon and a glass of brandy shortly after one o'clock and then usually donned a white smock and big straw hat for a session of painting. He was entranced by the gardens of La Mamounia, and the management made available to him half a dozen rooms with terraces opening to different views, so that he could paint whatever flowers he chose without being surrounded by other guests. Sometimes, instead of painting, he took a picnic luncheon to the mountains. By about eight o'clock in the evening he was ready for dinner and more brandy, and by ten o'clock he had retired to his suite and ordered the waiter to bring him a big pot of cold jellied consommé.

This regimen varied only on one occasion. That was in 1947 when Churchill arrived by air to recuperate from a serious illness. His airplane was followed by a chartered plane carrying half a dozen newspaper reporters who obviously did not believe that the old statesman was going to recover. They checked into La Mamounia and promptly began offering rewards of up to $250 to any employee who would pass along the first tip if Churchill should die. The staff was under a good deal of tension for several days, but the former prime minister was tougher than the reporters believed. He was soon sitting up in the warm sun and getting back to his regular regimen, including consommé and brandy.

"He seemed quite determined," one hotel employee recalled later in a tone of awe, "that nothing was going to prevent him from having another go at painting the gardens of La Mamounia."

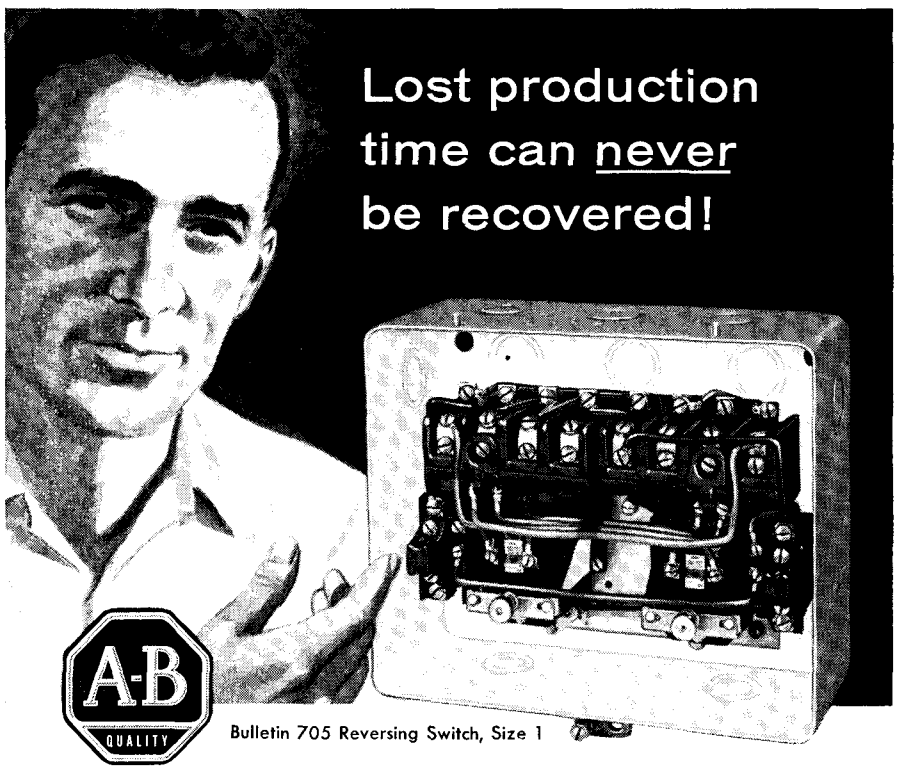
THE END

## Face Case

By Richard Wheeler

When smitten with
embarrassment,
I turn a kind of rose ——
Which makes me feel
conspicuous,
And so my redness grows.

I hate to feel my face begin
To take the slightest flush,
Because I'm all too well aware
That blushing makes me blush.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# The World's Most Durable Dictator

(Continued from Page 35)

passageway. A small erect man, silver-haired and frail, walking very slowly on the arm of a young assistant, Salazar proceeded on with equanimity and disappeared inside his office. "It was *he!*" breathed the man from the propaganda office, with an emphasis clearly audible the length of the corridor.

Two minutes later, seated in a high-backed armchair in his Spartan underheated office, Doctor Salazar received me with the tired dignified courtesy an old king might accord a young and not too important foreign emissary. In a face almost transparent in its pallor, only the black eyes seemed alive and interested; only the black eyes belied his seventy years. Everything else about him seemed faded and bloodless, from his sparse, neatly combed gray hair to his thin straight mouth to his long, loosely veined ascetic hands.

Pressing his fingers together like a priest, he talked in fluent French of Portugal's foreign policy and economic situation, his two favorite subjects, and talked about them well and to the point. But his voice was an old man's voice, faint and hesitant and with a distinct tremor. Listening to him, looking at him, I found it almost impossible to believe that he was the same age as India's wiry, energetic Nehru, only one year older than France's Charles de Gaulle and America's Dwight Eisenhower, and a full thirteen years younger than that indestructible old fox of West Germany, Chancelor Konrad Adenauer.

Yet this soft-voiced fragile old man is the world's most durable dictator. Having assumed authority over Portugal in 1929, he is this year celebrating his thirty-first year in power—though only his twenty-eighth year as premier. Moreover, despite a bad attack of pneumonia last winter and a delicate heart condition, he is showing no sign at all of ever intending to step down. Nor is anyone showing any serious sign of deposing him. There is no doubt about it: as dictators go, Salazar has stayed. How has he done it?

To answer this question we must go back to the manner of his coming to power in the first place. Unlike Mussolini, who marched on Rome with a ragtag fascist army in 1922, and Hitler, who brawled his way up to become dictator of Germany in 1933, Salazar simply walked in as quietly as he walks today. He walked in as an economic expert, called by the Portuguese Army to put Portugal's chaotic finances in order, and set the country right again economically. That he did so almost immediately, when wealthier nations were suffering from a world-wide depression, is to his credit. That he is still doing so in 1960 according to a set of rules he found valid in 1929 is of more debatable value.

In May of 1926 the Portuguese Republic was on the edge of political and financial collapse. A long series of strikes, mutinies, revolts, political crises and military *coups d'état* had toppled thirty-nine governments in sixteen years and made governing Portugal a kind of free-for-all pinball game in which, if the machine didn't break, everybody would ultimately have his turn at the controls. The republic's national debt was $93,000,000 (1,800,000,000 escudos) and its annual deficit $6,000,000. The escudo was falling fast, and so was public confidence. At this moment the army, under a bombastic World War I general named Manuel Gomez da Costa, marched on Lisbon from the north, and collapsed the republic in one of the shortest (three days), least bloody (two injured), and dullest revolutions on record.

Within two months Gen. Gomez da Costa was deposed in turn, and another general took his place, this one rather more fancifully named Antonio Oscar de Fragoso Carmona. That brought the number of fallen governments to a nice round forty. The escudo kept falling and so did public confidence, while the cost of living went to thirty times what it had been in 1914. Within two years Gen. Antonio Oscar de Fragoso Carmona's "dictatorship without a dictator" had run the annual deficit up from $6,000,000 to $32,000,000 and the total national debt of this tiny country to a whopping $134,000,000.

That was a bit too much. And so entered onto the scene, unobtrusively, a modest little professor of political economy from the University of Coimbra named Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar. Although widely known in Catholic Center Party circles for his view-with-alarm lectures on Portuguese economics, Doctor Salazar was a relative unknown in Lisbon. Legend has it that the first time he was asked to take the Ministry of Finance, back in 1926 under Gen. Gomez da Costa, the general remarked casually to one of his army pals: "The Minister of Finance is to be a certain Salazar from Coimbra. Everyone speaks well of him. Do you happen to know him?" An unkinder legend says that the reason Salazar accepted and then refused the job in 1926 and did not take it definitely until two years later was deliberately to let the situation become so critical that when he finally did step in he would have to be given dictatorial powers.

However that may be, on April 27, 1928, the methodical professor from Coimbra was sworn in as Finance Minister in the government of General Carmona. He immediately asked for—and got—the extraordinary powers he deemed necessary to accomplish his miracle.

And miracle it turned out to be. Within one year he had done the impossible: he had balanced Portugal's chronically tottering budget and even slightly reduced her enormous floating debt. He had reformed her antiquated tax structure, instituted badly needed economies in the civil service, the army and the navy, stopped the flight of gold, and held the escudo steady in world markets. He drew up blueprints for what he called the corporative state, outlined a plan for consolidating the Portuguese colonies and started governing by decree, which he has been doing ever since. He had also become the undisputed dictator of Portugal.

Thirty-one years later, as I left his office and came out of the immense Palace of São Bento into the warm, moist Atlantic night, I could not help wonder: He is still the undisputed dictator of Portugal. But is the miracle still a miracle?

In economic achievement Salazar has much to be proud of. In his three decades in power he has balanced not only the first budget but every budget, year after year. He has entirely liquidated the public debt. Better than that, he has built up reserves of over $700,000,000 in gold and convertible foreign exchange. He has made the escudo one of the hardest currencies in the world. Once considered a kind of quaint, perennially bankrupt make-believe country, allied to the British for the defense of Gibraltar and supported principally by the amount of port and Madeira wines Englishmen drank in their London clubs, Portugal under Salazar has become a sensible, tidy, pay-as-you-go nation.

All this Salazar has done through financial discipline, a financial discipline most of the other nations of the world have long since abandoned. Having apparently never heard of John Maynard Keynes—nor, one sometimes suspects, of Adam Smith either—he has done it all through careful economizing and equally careful protectionism. "Trying to run the country on the customs house," one American observer said. In speech after speech he has insisted not that Portugal expand and speed up production and increase her national wealth, but that she live within her means. As a result, Portugal today is a cheap tourists' paradise. Also as a result, Portugal in 1960, with a population of 9,000,000, has a gross national product of less than $2,000,000,000 a year and the lowest standard of living in western Europe.

Recently Salazar has taken some cautious steps toward the twentieth century. He has floated two six-year development plans, one for the years 1953–58 and the other, just announced, to build roads and bridges, construct hydroelectric dams, extend communications to the villages and build a few new industrial plants. He has pushed the exploitation of Portugal's two great African colonies of Angola and Mozambique in an effort to increase exports, which, incidentally, he taxes. Recently, too—overriding his own prejudices against the borrowing of money and the lowering of tariffs—he has signed Portugal into the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, and in November of 1959 into the European Free Trade Association (the Outer Seven) with Great Britain, the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland and Austria. Yet even here the prudent hand of Salazar pulled back. Portugal joined the tariff-eliminating pact, but insisted she could not comply with its provisions until 1980.

He has also put Portugal squarely on the side of the West in the cold war. A lifelong anti-Communist, and for that reason pro-Franco in the Spanish Civil War and a "collaborating neutral" in World War II, he signed Portugal into the Atlantic Pact at its very beginning in 1949. Today Portugal's commitment to NATO is one infantry division, to be ready for action on thirty days' notice, two jet airfields in continental Portugal at Espinho and Montijo, and a certain


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I CALL ON

## JACK LEMMON

**By Pete Martin**

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**By Ernest O. Hauser,**

**With Photographs by Eugene Kammerman**

## WE WON OUR CHILDREN FROM KHRUSHCHEV

**By Paulius Leonas**

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 50

## THE ETHICS OF PUBLIC OFFICE

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amount of harbor facilities and antisubmarine units. She also has a unilateral treaty with the United States, granting us the use of Lagens Airfield in the Azores, a jet-equipped base originally built by the British Royal Air Force in 1943–44 and now staffed by American airmen. Atlantic defense, together with Portugal's 600-year-old alliance with Britain and her Treaty of Friendship and Non-Aggression with Spain, forms the cornerstone of Salazar's foreign policy.

All of this, for anyone who can remember the rowdy political and economic irresponsibility of republican Portugal, is the Salazar miracle.

But there are young people in Portugal, young professors and engineers and businessmen, who can't remember pre-Salazarian times. They resent Salazar's dictatorship precisely because it is a dictatorship. These people cannot be dismissed as fanatics or revolutionaries. They are men the age of Richard Nixon and Sen. John Kennedy who should be moving up toward the leadership of their country, but who cannot because they are not *Salazaristas*. They will tell you that Salazar is keeping the country quiet on sops of "*Fado*, Fátima and Football"—that is to say, the Portuguese national music, national saint and national pastime. They will also tell you that Portugal is currently solvent not because of any Salazarian financial wizardry but because of tourism ($26,000,000 a year), exports from the colonies ($47,000,000 a year), shipping charges and remittances sent home by Portuguese living abroad ($187,000,000 a year).

To serious young Portuguese like these, their own country is an anachronism. And the very things that delight the tourist—the black-shawled women carrying flowers on their heads, the little donkeys with their tiny hoofs and tinkling bells, the primitive fishermen's huts and whitewashed houses in the country—are causes of acute embarrassment. "This is *Through the Looking Glass* country," a professor told me, "in which everything is upside down and backward. Except that unlike Salazar, Lewis Carroll knew how to write 'Finis' when he got to the end."

The Salazar biography reads like a job application for dictator of Portugal, and it goes far toward explaining Portugal today. Born in poverty, the only son of a farm laborer in the hard northern province of the Upper Beira, Salazar speaks publicly of "the grace of being poor." And Portugal is poor, with a per capita income of less than $220 a year, compared with $2057 in the United States. Brought up by a doting mother and four unmarried sisters (two of whom are still living), Salazar is profoundly pro-family and antifeminist. Therefore, Portuguese women are hamstrung by Salazarian laws against their getting good jobs, against their voting and against their being paid a living wage. A woman working in the fields in Salazar's own province from sunup to sundown makes exactly the price of a cup of coffee in a Lisbon hotel.

Salazar, brought up frugally, was taught to fear debt like the plague. Portugal has always paid back her Marshall Plan and other loans before they were due. Salazar spent eight years at the seminary at Viseu studying for the priesthood; since the concordat of 1940, the Roman Catholic Church has been the Church of Portugal in all but name. Deciding at last that he was not suited to the priesthood, Salazar spent four years at the University of Coimbra studying corporative law, the theories of Charles Maurras and Pope Leo XIII; Portugal today is "a unitary and corporative state." Salazar is a confirmed and lifelong bachelor. Portugal, through one World War and several postwar international flare-ups, has gone her solitary and neutral way. In an age of anticolonialism, Portugal has fought tooth and claw to hang on to every shred of her colonial empire, whether of economic value to her or not.

In sum, he has remade Portugal in his own image, until today the country is, on the surface at least, a perfect reflection of the Salazar character—sober and industrious, frugal, abstemious, melancholy and pious, and above all, well-ordered.

Lisbon today is surely the most orderly city in the world. Everything here is shipshape and neat, from the geometric little English gardens behind Moorish churches to the black-and-white mosaic sidewalks (like walking on crossword puzzles), to the square yellow trolleys that wheeze and clang up and down the hills. Street after street is lined with boxlike apartment houses, boxlike technical schools, boxlike factories, all painted the colors of fruit ices and all austere and clean and bare. The Portuguese people, too, are quiet and somber. They wait in queues patiently, whether it is for fish or for a ferryboat across the River Tagus. There is no shoving and scrambling as in France, no laughter and guitar playing amid good-natured insults as in Italy. Order is Salazar's obsession—he can use the word as many as twelve times in a single short speech—and it is the dominating impression one gets in Portugal.

What most women would like is a birth certificate with the date filled out with invisible ink.

HAL CHADWICK

Yet under this surface order lies discontent, most of it swept under the rug, to be sure, but undeniably there if you look for it. There is too much poverty in the slum quarters of the cities and in the country. At the same time there is too much wealth in the swank hotels and shops of Lisbon, in the vulgar resort area around Estoril, and in the big wine-growing *quinta* estates of the north and south. There is too large a concentration of power in the "Hundred Families," the handful of incredibly rich shipbuilders, bankers and export-importers who dominate Portugal's economic life. And there are too many beggars, half-starved barefoot children and scrawny, mutilated old men begging for handouts in the streets. Like the harsh shadows cast by this brilliant southern sun, the contrasts are too sharp. Lavish roasts and joints are served in the better restaurants, while the basic meal of the Portuguese fisherman is still a weak broth (the *caldeirada*) made by boiling together potatoes, outer cabbage leaves and the heads and tails of fish. As the students put it, "There is order in the streets, but there is disorder in our bellies."

And there is social unrest as well. Schoolteachers and professors secretly grumble against the much-vaunted Salazarian educational system, which has reduced illiteracy from 61 per cent to 40 per cent of the population and stimulated the technical training of workers, but has deliberately neglected higher learning as "ideologically dangerous." Parents and educators grouse against the Salazar Youth Movement—the quasimilitary green-shirted *Mocidade Portuguesa* which, patterned after the Hitler *Jugend*, is compulsory for all children from seven to thirteen. Workers, if you question the right ones, insist that this is the only country in Europe that has not learned to use its labor force rationally, and so suffers from both chronic unemployment and a chronic shortage of labor. Businessmen in private conversation admit that the tax system is still "an unholy mess" and criticize the extreme conservatism of Salazar's economic policies. And everyone but the most thick-skinned *Salazarista* complains of the lack of civil liberties.

The most recent elections—in June of 1958—rattled Salazar so badly that they will probably be the last elections while he is in power. The "opposition," as Salazar calls the democratic elements in this country, was hopelessly handicapped from the start—by voting laws which allow only one Portuguese in nine to vote, by having only thirty days in which to organize and campaign, by being hounded by the police and having their speakers arrested, by the government's arbitrarily disfranchizing thousands of their followers the eve of election day. And yet, even with all this, and with Salazar's police counting the vote, the opposition won 25 per cent of the votes cast. The democratic candidate for president, Gen. Umberto Delgado, a former *Salazarista* who had spent five years in Washington as Portuguese military attaché, campaigned as he had seen Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson campaign in America, with hard-hitting speeches outlining the country's economic and political problems and hammering home the theme that it was "time for a change." Ridiculed by the Salazar forces as a "big bag of wind" and vilified as a Communist front, Delgado immediately after the election took refuge in the Brazilian Embassy in Lisbon. Now in voluntary exile in Brazil, he claims that had he been given an honest count at the urns, he would have won.

Whoever won, it was Portugal that lost. For no sooner were the elections over than an outraged Salazar announced a sweeping new set of decrees. Censorship was tightened. From now on newspapers were required by law not only to omit what the government wanted omitted but to praise what the government wanted praised. The cabinet was reshuffled. Moderate Salazarites were replaced by to-the-death Salazar stalwarts. Further elections by direct suffrage were abolished. From now on voting would be "organic," which means not by the people but by members of the Salazar "movement" sitting in the National Assembly and the Corporative Chamber, which are Portugal's two impotent, purely consultative houses. An old Social Democrat told me wryly: "Now it is worse. Now we don't even have the right to vote and lose."

Stinging from the criticism that he had founded "a corporative state without corporations," Salazar now formed three corporations, in the canning, transport and fishing industries. In a ringing speech to his own party he stubbornly defended the corporative system, reiterated that "economic liberalism is dead," warned once again that "to strike is a crime in this country," and scoffed at the "descent into chaos," which he said a democratic victory would have brought. It was obvious the country was being castigated for its lack of gratitude.

But the tighter the lid, the faster the pot boils. Since the postelection clamp-down, new bubbles of unrest have appeared, even in sectors of the population that have been traditionally pro-Salazar. There is dissension in the army, between the followers of the former Minister of Defense, Col. Santos Costa, and those of the present Minister of Defense, Gen. Botelho Moniz, a politicking, eczema-plagued general who may well hold the future of Portugal in his hands. There have been petitions from the university students for

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Salazar to step down. In the spring of 1959 an armed revolt led by disgruntled young army officers resulted in the arrest of thirty-one persons.

Even the church, in the person of the bishop of Oporto, has begun to have second thoughts. In July of 1958 the bishop wrote Salazar an eight-page letter begging him to do something to alleviate the misery of the people, and then rather naïvely went off to France on vacation. He was never allowed back into Portugal. He is still waiting on the other side of the border in Spain, and his letter continues to circulate in Portugal through the underground.

With all this discontent, how does Salazar stay in power? The answer is: the army and the police.

The army, defending a country the size of Indiana, numbers approximately 65,000 men and costs the state 32 per cent of its income. It keeps pretty well out of sight in its barracks. But the police are ubiquitous. There are six different kinds of national police, and all but the judiciary police (detective squad) are staffed by army officers. Thus about half the Portuguese I talked to told me the army controlled the police, and the other half told me the police controlled the army. In addition there is the volunteer Portuguese Legion, a uniformed militia something like our National Guard, which numbers 60,000. This legion is officered by the army and has units everywhere, in all but the tiniest villages.

It is impossible to say how many policemen there are in Portugal. But it is equally impossible to walk fifty paces without bumping into one of them, usually in a gray cotton uniform with gray cap or a shiny steel helmet. By far the most powerful and most feared is the P.I.D.E., or *Policia Internacional Defesa do Estado*, which is immigration police, secret police and political police all rolled into one.

The P.I.D.E. exercises control over all foreigners living in Portugal, over all Portuguese as well and keeps political dossiers on everyone. If a Portuguese citizen wants to travel abroad, he must get permission from the P.I.D.E. to visit a specific country for a specifically stated reason. Often he doesn't get it. On internal matters the P.I.D.E. is seconded by the 10,000-man *Guarda Nacional Republicana*. Between them, these two forces make their presence very much felt in city and country. They are both under the Minister of the Interior. But in time of emergency they would come under the Minister of Defense, the redoubtable General Moniz.

In considering the phenomenon that is Salazar, one should remember that this is and has been from the beginning a military dictatorship maintaining a civilian dictator in power. If something were to happen to Salazar—death or deposition—all power would revert to the military. And in Portugal, with a navy of only 9000 men, the military means the army.

The machinery for succession is there, written into one of the strangest political documents of our time—the much-amended and much-breached constitution of 1933. In the nomenclature of that constitution Doctor Salazar is neither dictator nor president of the state. He is the prime minister and, technically speaking, has been appointed anew by each incoming president. Since each president has, since the original revolution of 1926, been a military man—at the moment it happens to be a naval officer, Rear Adm. Américo Tomás—it is easy to trace the strings of power back to the hands that pull them. Thus, if Salazar were to die or step down tomorrow, Admiral Tomás, a figurehead, would probably declare martial law and then call together the joint chiefs of staff to appoint a successor whom the army and General Moniz would accept.

Who? That's anyone's guess. Although Salazar himself is a monarchist at heart, there is very little chance for the Pretender, Don Duarte Nuno, Duke of Braganza, to put the throne back together and mount it. Nearly sixty, Don Duarte is a perfect example of a gracefully aging prince. He travels extensively, gives charming parties, is married to the sister of the Countess de Paris, and has three sons, aged sixteen, fifteen and eleven. But Portugal's last taste of monarchy was in 1910, and there is no enthusiasm for it today except among the very upper of the upper classes.

Two civilians often named in the Portuguese parlor game of "After Salazar, Who?" are Salazar's former vice prime minister, Dr. Marcelo Caetano, and Salazar's present vice prime minister, Dr. Pedro Teotonio Pereira. Now in their late fifties, both have been stanch supporters of Salazar from the beginning. But neither is very popular with the army. Caetano has a reputation for being hard to get along with. And Pereira, who was out of the country almost continuously from 1937 until last year as Portuguese ambassador to Spain, then Brazil, then the United States and lastly Great Britain, supposedly thinks more of yachting than he does of succeeding Salazar. Since the ultimate decision will rest with the army, the choice may be Defense Minister Moniz himself.

One thing is certain: Salazar himself has named no one and is grooming no one to take over after him. Sitting alone in his big chilly house with a lap rug over his knees, working over his speeches and papers as he loves to do, he seems perfectly content to carry on another thirty years. Having set foot outside Portugal only three times in his life—once to France to visit the shrine at Lourdes, twice to Spain to sign pacts with Generalissimo Franco—and having no family life and no outside interests whatsoever, he has nothing in the world but the solitary and austere role he has created for himself as dictator of Portugal.

Meanwhile Portugal goes her melancholy old-fashioned way, her workers still organized in what are essentially medieval guilds, her employers in small uneconomic cartels called *gremios*, her fishing boats still painted with the Eye of God, her public squares filled with oversized statues of the great navigators of the past. Along the wharves of Lisbon, barefooted *varinhas* balancing baskets of fish on their heads shrilly cry their wares. In the country, black-shawled old women with black umbrellas placidly ride their donkeys along the dusty roads. In the cafés the women sing of death and *saudade* (homesickness) and unrequited love. As the lady from Dubuque is supposed to have said of New York City, "Well, it's a lovely place to *visit* ——"

But lest one think that the Portuguese have lost their sense of humor, listen to one cynical story going the rounds in Lisbon. To understand it, one must remember that the hill on which Salazar has his palace is known as the *Estrela*, or Star.

According to this story, two or three Portuguese were mournfully comparing Portugal's backwardness with the prodigious satellite and lunik space exploits of the Americans and Russians. Suddenly, to cheer the others up, one of them had an idea. "But we Portuguese were ahead of them all!" he cried. "Thirty years ago we put a man on the Star. And he's still there!" THE END

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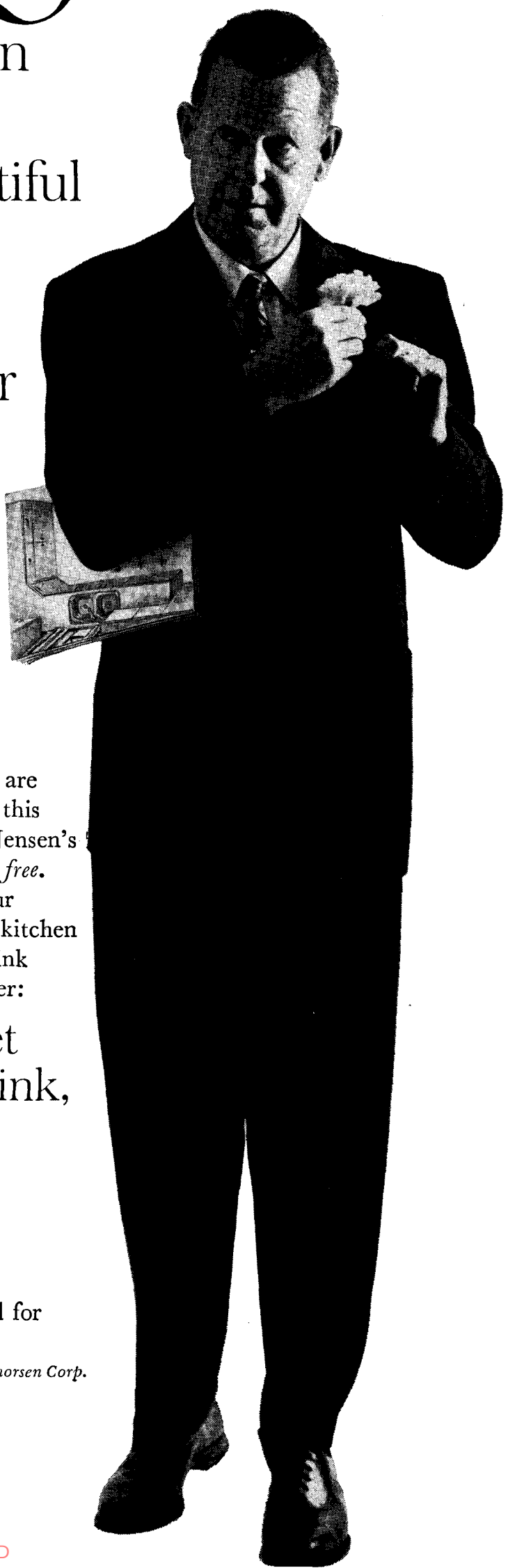

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# The Farmer's Side of the Case

(Continued from Page 37)

anyone but us. Still our neighbors kept complaining, saying such things as "If I count a fair return on my investment, I'm throwing in my labor free of charge." And at a recent meeting of the board of directors of the Kansas Dairy Association in Topeka, I stepped into a group of prominent farmers just as George Schumann of Hiawatha, Kansas, was saying, "The thing that has me worried is how we're going to stay out there on the farm with no profit."

T. Hobart McVay of Nickerson, a nationally known Holstein breeder and president of the Kansas Dairy Association, added, "It just won't figure. I've been farming all my life, and I know it can't be done with the present cost-price situation." He shook his head. "I'm sure I don't know the answer."

This discussion reflects the farmer's feeling of futility. At all meetings of farm organizations I have attended recently there is an undercurrent of despair—and there is a belief that the general public, seeing news stories about the surpluses and the farm subsidies, is not aware of the true farm situation at all.

It was after this meeting that I began to wonder just what was happening to our kind of farmer—to the operator of the modern, bigger-than-average commercial farm. I sympathize with the too-small, marginal or subsistence farmers, but after all, the problem of fitting them into the industrial age, so that they contribute more to the economy and also can improve their own lot, is primarily a sociological challenge. But what is the size of the remaining problem after this particular portion has been set off to itself?

For some answers I turned to the records of members of our state's Farm Management Association, made available to me by Kansas State University. The facts I found there proved I had not just been mumbling to myself as I scrubbed the dairy-barn walls—and I do scrub them.

The farmers in this association are above average in their area by almost any yardstick. They own larger farms, have more livestock, keep accurate records under supervision of an association management specialist and utilize the technical advice the state agricultural college has to offer.

What did I find?

Let me explain that the management association figures farm returns this way: First, operating expenses are deducted from gross receipts of the farm. From this "profit" is deducted a fair investment return of 6 per cent on net working capital and 4 per cent on net fixed capital. Then the value of any unpaid family labor—such as mine—is subtracted. What is left—if anything—is the farm operator's "wages," his return for his own labor and management of his farm enterprise.

In our own Southeastern Kansas, association farms had averaged only $805 per year in labor-and-management income during the past six years. Or put another way, the average farm earned a total of only $4834 in wages for its operator for the whole six years. In fact, the farmers had received even less pay than their hired men—and hired farm labor is at the absolute bottom of the industrial wage scale.

However, our particular part of the state has poorer soil than many other areas. So I looked at the records for the state as a whole. I found that the 1958 returns for association farms had been the best in eleven years, owing to bumper crop weather that coincided with a peak in the price cycle of cattle and hogs. And that year the labor-and-management earnings per farmer in the association were $4120—nothing more than any skilled laborer earns.

But 1958 was the *only* year in eleven which Kansas association members drew such fancy wages. In 1955, the poorest year, the net labor *loss* per farm for all association members in the state was $938. Everybody worked all year, received no pay, and went into debt besides. From these figures it was easy to see that many other "good" farmers were in the same boat as the Congers.

The fact is that the farmer has been getting a shockingly low return for his labor and skill. Wages lost in industrial strikes are microscopic as compared to the loss which farmers have suffered in the last decade. And I mean the commercial farmer, such as those in our association—the man who runs an agricultural enterprise with a capital investment of $54,800 per worker, about three times as large as the average industrial investment per worker.

The usual farm-income figures, low as they are, don't accurately reflect the situation because they are computed as "net income" above production expenses and include the financial returns from investments in land and equipment that the farm family may have accumulated over a lifetime of frugality—or may even represent the saving of several generations. The net income per farm also includes the labor of the entire family in producing such income. To this is added the value of whatever food the family may have raised for its own use, the rental value of the farm home—often an old farmhouse that is far from being "modern" by urban standards of today. On top of this is put any off-the-farm income that some member of the family may have earned. All this is lumped into a thing called the "real income" of the farm family, a figure that is used to disguise the disgraceful disparity of the actual wages earned by farmers for producing the nation's food.

The farm-income figures also include any Government subsidies the farmer may have received. I am quite aware that many city people believe that farmers are getting richly paid by the Government for not growing crops, or in artificially supported prices for their farm products. I'm not going to argue that price supports don't cost the Government a lot of money or that Government storage of surplus crops is not expensive—but I do know these things aren't making farmers prosperous. For the record, such Government programs have little effect on the income of our Triple C Farms. We have no land in the soil bank; we need it for our cows. Our milk price is not subsidized. During the war years, when wheat was greatly needed, we usually raised 150 acres of this crop; since then our allotted acreage of wheat has been cut to sixty-one acres. Wheat produced on that land is eligible for a Government loan—last year it ran $1.98 per bushel. In any case, income from wheat amounts to less than 9 per cent of our gross receipts; our major enterprise is dairying.

We also received soil-conservation payments last year amounting to $282.30 for the establishment of "soil-saving crops," in this case a permanent pasture. Part of the payment, $143, went directly to a dealer in payment for the necessary fertilizer, and the balance, $139.30, came to us to help pay for preparing the land and seeding the pasture. These soil-conservation payments are supposed to encourage the conservation—in fact, the improvement—of the nation's limited soil resources for the benefit of future generations when, say the population experts, we won't be troubled by surplus crops, but rather will need all the good land we can find.

That is the total of the Congers' "subsidy."

The most gigantic subsidy in the United States is not the Federal agricultural price-support program, but the unpaid or underpaid labor that farmers and their families contribute to the production of cheap food for the American people. Even in 1955, that year of crop failure when members of the Kansas Farm Management Association earned less than nothing, the average member produced $9000 worth of food, or so valued when sold at the farm price level. At the supermarket this per-man output of meat, milk, eggs and bread cost housewives around $24,300.

We farmers don't want sympathy, but we would like better understanding of what we are up against. We don't like to be accused of being greedy or of being tax-eating parasites. We don't like to have our "real income" misrepresented for political purposes. We know that an urban worker may also have income from investments, may enjoy certain fringe benefits, may live in his own home without paying rent, may raise food in his garden, and members of his family may have other jobs—all without being considered part of his wages. And then, if he is a steelworker, he also gets gross hourly earnings that are 85 per cent higher than they were in 1950.

On the battleground of inflation farmers have been hit hard on all sides. The tractor we bought in 1950 for $2200 must now be replaced at $3800, but the milk that brings in our income has dropped 27 per cent in price. Thus we are helping to pay the bill for the wage-price spiral on one front and are absorbing a part of the consumer's grocery bill on the other.

Now I know that groceries *seem* higher to the housewife, but that's because the housewife doesn't just buy flour and beans and potatoes these days; she buys more semiprocessed foods, such as cake mixes and packaged frozen vegetables that are ready for the pot or oven. The manufacturer is doing more of the housewife's kitchen work for her, and he's charging her for that extra service. Also people are eating more of the expensive foods—more fresh fruits, more meats (and more expensive cuts) than ever before. The truth is that food was never cheaper. People in the United States buy their food with the fewest hours of labor ever required in the history of mankind. Month after month the financial pages report increases in the cost of housing, medical expenses, transportation and all the goods and service—except food. Food prices hold steady or go lower.

It is impossible to figure exactly how much the nation's farmers have sacrificed to inflation. For example, I wonder what Triple C Farms milk would cost the consumer if it had increased in the same proportion as other living costs—forty cents a quart? Fifty cents? I do know that some (*Continued on Page 102*)

## You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Mary died leaving a will authorizing her husband, John, to live in her home "as long as he is alone." If he violated the requirement that he remain "alone," the property was to go to Mary's mother. The mother, a bitter enemy of her son-in-law for years, immediately feuded with him.

"You keep pets and you have visitors," she charged. "That's not 'living alone.' Therefore the house should be handed over to me."

"Ridiculous," John replied. "Mary never intended me to live like a hermit. She only meant that I shouldn't remarry. She never liked me even to look at another woman."

If you were the judge, would you award the house to the mother-in-law?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The mother-in-law lost. The court said that Mary's words, "'as long as he is alone,' can be more reasonably interpreted as referring to remarriage than to complete solitude." *Based upon a 1958 California case.*

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(*Continued from Page 100*) economists have estimated that farmers have been shortchanged about $70,000,000,000 which they would have earned had their products risen in price at the same rate as other commodities. There is evidence that the farm family has been absorbing about 25 per cent of the nation's grocery bill.

Perhaps it is just our hard luck—and the hard luck of millions of other farmers—to be in this business during a time of inflation, and also in a time when a great technological revolution is sweeping many of those farmers from the land. There are some people who believe the solution is obvious. They say, "If the nincompoops can't make a go of farming, why don't they get a job in town like everybody else?" And thousands of farm families are solving their individual problem in just that way. They are leaving the land.

Carl and I don't see it that way. We can't. We've invested too much of our lives in this land of ours. Rather than let go, we've been trying to grow. Five years ago, when we needed additional space for our expanding herd, we bought a neighboring eighty-acre farm. It had been the subsistence home of an old couple and came on the market when the husband, a carpenter and painter, passed away. The only crop on the worn-out land was some drought-stunted sorghum.

Carl promptly applied a complete soil-conservation plan to our new land. He bulldozed out old hedges and brush, built terraces and dug ponds. He spread lime and fertilizer. He plowed up the weedy pastures and seeded them to brome grass and alfalfa. Within six months that old farm was under a luxuriant cover of soil-building grasses and legumes.

Statistics recorded one less farm and farmer, but farm production didn't decline. It increased. An inefficient unit had been absorbed into a larger, more efficient one. And so, while people have been leaving agriculture at the rate of 1,000,000 a year for the last sixteen years—an exodus that is amazing by any standards—the productive capacity of our farms has been expanding rapidly.

But there is a tragic catch to this process. While we were expanding our dairy herd, improving the output per cow and building up our pastures, so were all our neighbors. Our concerted efforts flooded the local market with a record flow of milk last fall—and the price of milk slipped lower and lower. Collectively we destroy ourselves by individual actions we are forced to follow.

Carl and I will have to stay on our farm and ride out the storm. All our resources—education, experience, finances—have been committed to farming. We have had a busy, happy life on our farm. Our children grew up here and helped with the farm work and were 4-H members.

Still with us is our daughter, Carleen, a sixteen-year-old. But gone from home are our two sons—as soon as they came of age, we encouraged them not to stay on the farm but to leave and make their start in the business world without losing time. This they have done. Our son Gordon, twenty-five, is with a construction firm in Kansas City, and David, twenty-one, is a distributor for a bread company. Practically all their classmates have left the country. Very few of the once-hopeful veterans who took on-the-farm training after the war now remain in agriculture. They have been forced to find other ways of making a living after losing ten youthful years in a lost cause. As in so many rural areas, our neighborhood rapidly is becoming a place of old and middle-aged people.

In any case, making a change is not easy. A neighbor of ours, Maurice Wray, forty-four years old and farming 210 acres, says, "What would I do in the city? I'd just be unskilled labor." Yet as a farmer he utilizes a whole range of highly developed mechanical and scientific skills—in addition to duties of management and the responsibility of handling his investment in a high-risk enterprise.

As I write this I think back to a winter evening . . . everyone else in the family has gone to a meeting. I retire early to my favorite cold-weather pastime, reading in bed with the heat pad turned on. My book is about the difficulties of flight into outer space, but I don't get farther than the first asteroid when there is a crunching of snow outside my window—a sound that may be made by a cow walking close to the house.

I get up and turn on the yard light. It's a cow, all right—the whole herd is out, all over the yard and scattering down the road. It's up to me and to old Queen, our dog, to round them up.

This calls for long underwear, jeans, overshoes, winter wraps. Outside, the crisp air is exhilarating as I set out with Queen trotting along beside me. The stars glittering coldly on the snow reflect enough light to pick out black-and-white cows wandering everywhere. Queen enters the game enthusiastically, barking around the pond, beyond the shelter belt, behind the granary. Rounding up the first few dozen cows is great sport, but finding and chasing all the stragglers begins to be hard work. Even Queen loses her enthusiasm.

My overshoes are beginning to feel heavy as I plod patiently on. There is time for thinking, and my mind is in a resentful turmoil over the latest city-newspaper editorial which denounced the pampered farmers and righteously demanded that agriculture return to a free economy where prices are determined only by supply and demand. Farmers should stand on their own feet and compete on an efficiency basis, the same as other industries!

Indeed, I think, why shouldn't farmers adopt the methods of other economic groups? Perhaps we should start with a 27½ per cent *soil*-depletion allowance for income-tax purposes, the same as the depletion allowance granted the oil industry. However, I must admit that income-tax relief would be a hollow mockery to the millions of farmers who aren't making enough income to pay taxes.

How about enabling legislation that would extend to farmers the same rights of collective bargaining, without anti-trust penalties, such as labor enjoys? Or, if we can't have monopoly, how about a fairly well-developed oligopoly—a combination that might act to curtail production and maintain prices? This might even up the odds, as it is oligopoly with which farmers must bargain.

And then there's the strike weapon. How about a 116-day farm strike? Farmers make up 12 per cent of the population and receive only 5 per cent of the total gross national product, so a booming economy shouldn't suffer much from this little loss. In fact, the nation could survive on all those surpluses we're always complaining about. Of course, a diet of bread and corn-meal mush might get tiresome—without even cheese or meat to make sandwiches after the first week. But look what we'd save on storage costs.

Of course, if farmers struck for a few months, about 40 per cent of the nation's labor force would have to be laid off—all those engaged in processing and marketing food and those who sell services and supplies to agriculture. Things might get slightly dull, too, for the steel, petroleum and transportation industries with one of their major customers out of business.

On the other hand, the wall-to-wall-carpet industry and the central-heating and air-conditioning companies would scarcely feel the pinch at all—except indirectly—since they do only a trickle of farm business anyway.

If we get really hungry, we could appeal for foreign aid, or reverse lend-lease. Maybe some of our friends of the free and twilight world would send CARE packages. Even *powdered* milk would improve all this mush. But what would other nations have to spare? We could import plenty of wheat, which we already have—indeed we would be having it three times a day. Or there's coffee, although most people soon would be in a mood to drink something stronger. But meat, milk, eggs—the high-protein foods; the sinews of muscle, health and the very essence of the life cell itself—protein is a very scarce world commodity. We could import only the merest fraction of the amount needed to relieve our distress. There is no other land on the face of this earth or several other planets that can pour forth the wealth of food produced by our own Midwestern farm states.

It's hard to imagine just what phrases the financial page would use to describe a farm strike after months of referring to steel as the "most basic industry." Comfortably overfed as we now are, it's easy to forget that for countless aeons of time mankind devoted his entire time and energy to the acquisition of just enough food for survival. Only recently has man been able to produce enough surplus food to enable him to develop his intellect and finally think of such things as steel.

But now the cows are relatively docile after their first wild ecstasy of running free. I round up the stragglers alone. Queen is tired and just politely refuses to help. The sharp air feels like pure oxygen, and my head spins.

How about the immutable old law of supply and demand? Has anyone ever considered whether or not the nation would like to have its food supply reduced to the precarious scarcity that would be necessary to raise prices to a fair level in the market place? If the country wants a comfortable margin of food over and above our immediate daily needs, who should pay for this insurance? Should farmers be expected to carry the entire premium in the form of depressed prices?

While a farmer does not want to become a ward of the Government, there are some suggested remedies that give him the uncomfortable suspicion that he is being told, "This operation is going to be painful, and you may not survive. But it surely will cure what ails you."

Just exactly how "free" is the free economy to which agriculture is supposed to be returned? In a period of recession which is supposed to bring about adjustments, people refuse to buy, yet prices do not drop; there is unemployment, yet wages do not decline. Other parts of our economy seem to have developed some gimmicks that rather effectively prevent a "free" economy from adjusting itself at their expense.

Agriculture already is one of the most competitive of all enterprises. All different foods compete for the limited space in the human stomach. Geographical areas are pitted against one another for a share of the market. Efficiency of production is a relentless pressure within the industry, ruthlessly grinding the less fortunate into the necessity of accepting failure. And then the industry as a whole competes against all other economic groups for a fair share of the nation's income.

Perhaps we should return the rest of the economy to the competitive status of agriculture!

The last cow walks into the lot at her own deliberate, dignified rate. I shut the gate. Back in the warm house, I am tired. The intoxicating spell of the night air fades, and fantasy is dispelled by glaring light. I return to the practical.

When the nation's farmers totaled their records for 1959, they found that their income had declined 15 per cent from the year before. All predictions now are for a further downhill slide in 1960. Not a single economist forecasts any significant improvement in the farm-income situation in the years ahead. There is every evidence that the farmer has the technical ability to expand production even faster than the population increases for quite a few years to come. The farm surpluses will be with us for a long time.

And there is no sound, unified program to meet this situation. The voice of the farmer is weak and faltering because the several national farm organizations which are supposed to speak for him are deadlocked in uncompromising disagreement on possible solutions. They have taken fixed positions and continue to defend them, come what may, while the situation steadily worsens.

How then, if we are losing money, do we—Carl and Mary Conger—manage to hang on? We have done it, thus far, by the very inflationary force which threatens to destroy us. Inflation operates in strange ways, and while it has put our income in a cost-price squeeze, it has caused a rise in land values. Also, the desperate need to grow larger, for efficiency's sake, has caused farmers themselves to bid up the price of land. Thus our farm, like most others, is worth more each year—on paper—and we borrow against that increased value to meet our losses. We know this is a dangerous process, one that is under way in much of agriculture, one that could engulf us all unless the decline in farm income can be halted.

Meanwhile we tighten our belts. We put off reshingling the roof yet another year. And we don't really need a new refrigerator—the old one has run for seventeen years without stopping. We hang on, knowing that for farmers everywhere there will be more debts, a gradual loss of their equity in their land and a widespread fear that someday, unless something is done, the scales will tip too far, and family farms such as ours will be a thing of the past. THE END

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Lines of Crease Resistants

By Philene Hammer

My blouses all are wash-
and-wear;
And so's my crush-proof
hat;
And as for skirts, you can't
tell where
My sitter-downer sat.

So now it's time someone
invents
A special recipe
Of miracle ingredients
For wrinkle-proofing *me*.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

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# The Captain's Lady (Continued from Page 33)

room with lofty windows. Heavy shadows draped all he could see. He believed that rows of beds reached all down the room from where he was. Here and there a tall screen stood about a cot and made shadows like upended boxes standing together. Far outside in the hall through a black doorway a candle made a pinpoint of distance that frightened him because it was so infinitely far away and so still. He turned to her.

"What is this?" he whispered.

"This is the Armory Square Hospital."

He was determined to sound intelligent, though it cost him a pain in his head.

"Where is it?" he asked.

"In Washington."

"Who are you?"

"Miss Dryden."

"But how did I get here?"

She was quietly withdrawing her attentions from his needs, hoping to bring him gradually to sleep.

"A hospital train brought you to Washington. You were assigned to my ward. You have been here a week."

"A week!" He shut his eyes in disgust. A week, and nobody had told him about it! She watched him. In a moment he slept. It was deep, easy sleep, and she gave her folded towel a little pat of satisfaction, as if to say, *There, now. The worst is over.* She turned the coal-oil lamp a trifle so that its improvised mask, made of a brown Government envelope, would cast its pale golden glow on the foot rather than the head of the cot, and leave the captain in quiet, yet not in such total darkness that he would be fearful on awakening.

It was time for her to go home. The night orderly had come to his place at the duty desk in the hallway. She had had a full day, and she had stayed longer than usual because she had heard the surgeon say that he suspected that they would know, one way or the other, about Captain Prescott before another day came around. She was glad to have stayed. When before her eyes a few minutes ago he had come from war to peace, awakening in safety from the fevered dreams which had held him in torture for that whole week, she had been unable to repress a feeling of triumph in her breast. To see the look on his face change from blind anguish to ineffable relief—this was a moment she believed she could never forget. Jessica sighed deeply and left the ward to go home. The atmosphere of the place went with her always, in her plans for the next day, and her feeling for the patients.

She was one of the volunteer helpers who came to work with the army's professional nurses and doctors. The hospital was understaffed and crowded. The food was abominable. In performing little services the volunteers—Jessica herself—became expert in meeting and even anticipating the wants of the patients. They would read them their mail and take letters by dictation to be sent home to families and sweethearts. They learned what little dishes of food might taste good to the men in their assigned sections, and these they would bring in the late afternoon, when the patients were most likely to be feverish and disconsolate. Most of the volunteer workers were women. Some of them were young, and of these a number came from what Washington regarded as its first families. Miss Jessica Dryden was one such young woman.

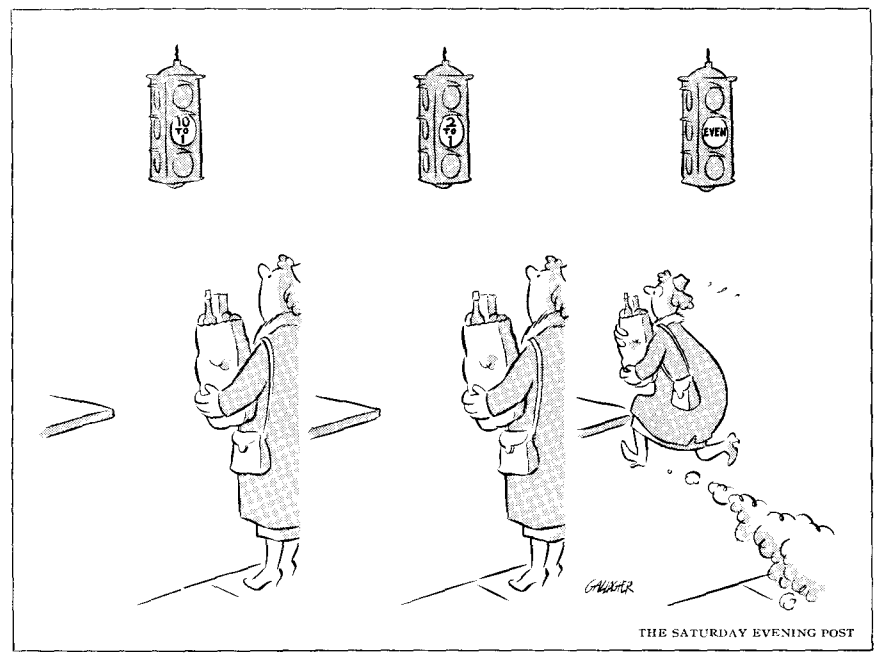
She thought much about the meager information on the card which hung at the foot of the captain's cot.

Prescott, Hiram Hyde, Capt. Cav. b. Batavia, New York, 14 Mar. 1840. Unm. Parents: dec'd; notify: sister, Miss Eliza P., Batavia, N.Y.

She translated these impersonal items. He was twenty-three—so young to be a captain; he must be a famous soldier. If she read correctly, he was unmarried. His parents were dead, and in case of necessity his sister was to be informed. Batavia, New York, must be a small community. Prescott was a fine-sounding name. Did they live in a great, square, board house with tall, shuttered windows and a glass lookout and a wide lawn, set in a grove of dark hickory and sycamore trees? To look at him, unshaven for so many days and so ill, she thought he might be anything up to forty years old, and a poor farmer.

But why on earth did she think of all this? She laughed at herself, as her mother had taught her to do years ago in her willful childhood.

When she returned to Armory Square the next afternoon, she went in the usual order down the row of her assigned patients. She kept herself by will from glancing ahead to the captain's cot. The other men were precisely as important to her as he was. It was more than an hour before she came to him. Then she put her hands to her cheeks and laughed in astonishment. (*Continued on Page 105*)



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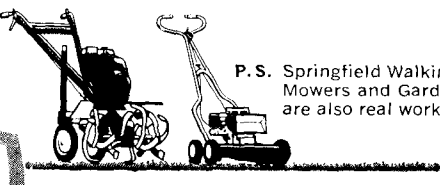

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(*Continued from Page 103*) "Well?" he said weakly, but with a smile.

He had been shaved. His mustache was still rich and full, but it was trimmed, and his cheeks and chin were clear. He was pale but for spots of color over his cheekbones. His eyes were brown, as she now saw for the first time.

"You are better!" she cried.

"I am almost well." But this was nonsense, and they both knew it.

"Captain, is there any particular thing you would like for me to bring you, if I can find it?"

He was too weak to think. It had been a great exertion to be shaved by an orderly. He preferred now to look and enjoy the sight of her. She was rather tall, very slim, and held herself almost like a soldier. Her hair was a dark gold, and her eyes were clear gray. There was something tawny in her looks—she was not beautiful in an ordinary way, but if she reminded him of anything unlikely, it was of the way a young lioness looked, though you had to add human charm and individuality to such a comparison before it could be right. She was the most composed young woman he had ever seen. Her question remained unanswered. He scowled to recall it.

"If I think of anything, I will ask," he said. His voice was husky with weakness, but he tried to give it resonance, and she noticed this. It touched her.

She glanced down the long, high room where the ranks of beds contained so many poor histories, so much unspoken fear, so much flickering hope. It troubled her still to breathe the fetid exhalations of sick breath in the air. But she angrily told herself that she had to be here only six hours a day. What about those men who were trapped here day and night in their infirmity? She knew enough about the nighttime hours, when pale, wide rings of light from half a dozen oil lamps revealed themselves on the dingy white ceiling and the narrow windows let in only glimpses of sky and perhaps now and then of a star. In the corner of the ward stood a rank of folding screens made of shirred muslin held by wooden frames. They waited to be unfolded around a cot where death might come. Jessica never caught them in her glance without feeling an impact at her breast.

Captain Prescott followed her glance and said, "I guess all of us in here think about those, and wonder if we'll get them."

"Hush, captain," she said with humorous asperity.

"They won't tell me what my chances are. I think they don't know."

"The surgeon tells me you are progressing now."

"Did you ask him?"

"Of course."

He looked at her like a tired child, full of wonder at something he could not understand, but which gave him a sense of well-being and peace. He closed his eyes to keep the feeling, and, thinking he was going to sleep, she was about to tiptoe away when he looked at her again and said, "Where do you live?"

"Here in Washington."

"Are you a nurse?"

"Not actually, just a helper."

"You are not married. Who is your father?"

She went a trifle taller at his insistence, then thought that if he wanted to know so much and was so direct about it, she might as well humor him. "My father is Associate Supreme Court Justice Dryden."

"I once thought of going into the law."

"But you didn't?"

"No. I went into the Army when this war came along."

She thought of him. He was like so many thousands—so many hundreds of thousands—of young men whose aims in life had been turned away by the shots fired on Fort Sumter two years ago. With a breath she made herself come to duty, for if she stayed to talk, she would tire him. "Have you not yet thought of what I could bring?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I wanted you to ask me again."

"Now, captain. Why?"

"It would show you were interested."

"Interested? I am interested in helping everyone who ——" but she was sorry at once, for his deep brown eyes were flooded with pain. In his condition, all feelings and reactions were exaggerated, and could not be hidden. She added, "But since you have never before asked me for anything, I wondered, of course, more about you than I did about the others this morning."

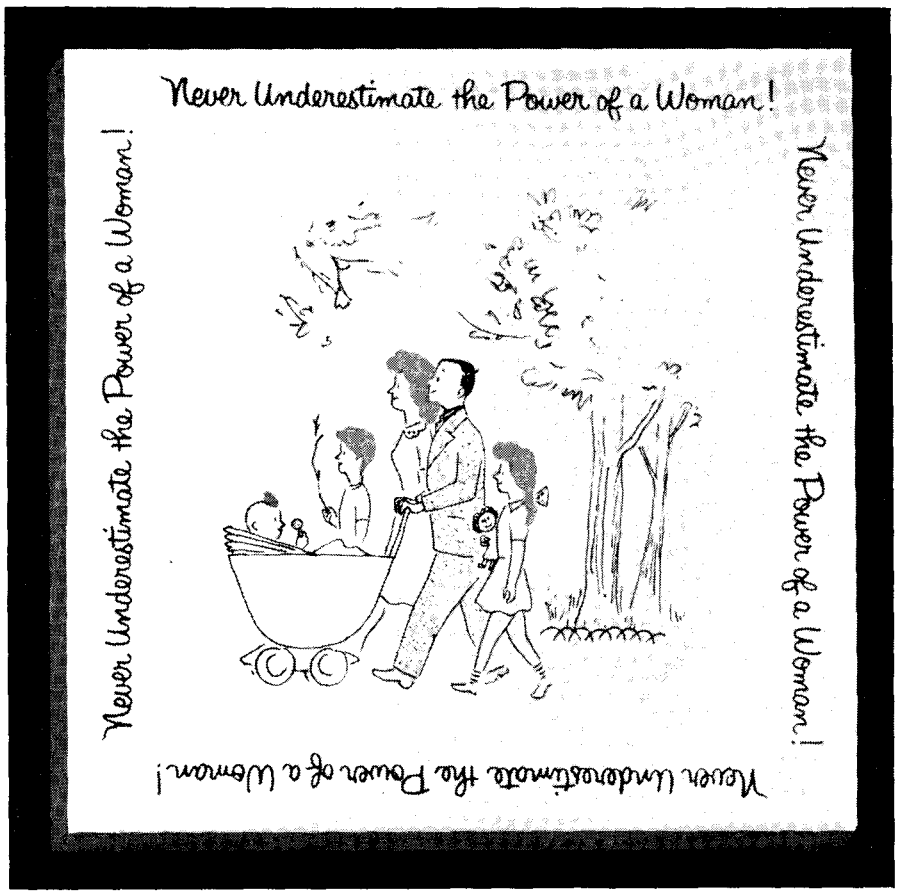
"You did?" His eagerness was so transparent that it made her smile.

"Yes, I did. Now what is it you want?"

"Well, the thing I missed most of all during my Army days"—he spoke as if they were over forever—"was the daily *New York Tribune*. So if you could find me a copy now and then, I would like very much to see it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now don't misunderstand. It isn't music to do anything by."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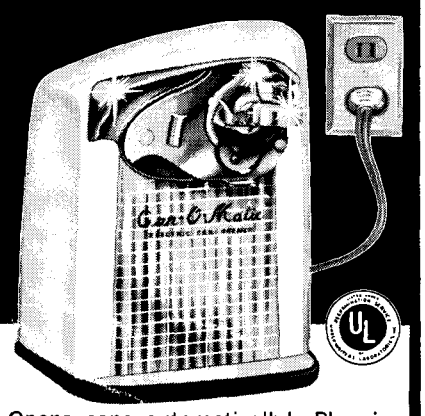

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"But how can you read it if you are not sitting up just yet?"

He smiled at her with some power of beguilement far beyond his strength to sustain, and said, "If I cannot, perhaps you will read the paper to me."

Jessica lifted her chin. It was time to look superb and administer a snub. She said, "Newspapers are frightfully scarce in wartime here in Washington, but I'll see what I can find," and left him.

At home that evening she said to Justice Dryden, "PaPA, what do you do with your *New York Tribune* every day when you have done with it?"

The justice slowly wagged his great head toward her and glared. If she reminded someone of a handsome lioness, her father would be the king lion himself.

"Why?" he asked accusingly.

Isabel Dryden, his wife, sighed comically at her mending. How well she knew those two—the father always challenging and resentful of the daughter's separate life, the daughter always trying the farthest limit she dared in order to escape him, and yet keeping between them the family's strongest bond. Mrs. Dryden never worried about what might happen in the event of her own death; but if one of those two ever lost the other—she sighed again.

"Answer your father," she said to Jessica.

"One of my wounded officers at Armory Square," said Jessica, "wants to see the paper. I am looking for copies to bring him."

The justice at once felt in himself a division between compassionate duty and jealous love. His wife saw this plainly in his face. She knew which impulse he would obey. The visible model of duty, he yet yielded to jealousy.

"You must obtain copies elsewhere," he said. "Mine I find useful in official ways. The back numbers are filed in my office by Miss Cleary."

"Yes, PaPA," said Jessica, and laughed at him for scowling at her with such painful inquisitiveness. It was a nuisance, but she would have to go back to Armory Square the next day with empty hands.

As soon as she arrived at the hospital in the following afternoon, she found something else to give her more concern. Captain Prescott was gone. Another man, bandaged across the eyes and emaciated to the bone, lay in his place, motionless and silent.

Or was this he? She felt something tumble deep in her breast. She tiptoed to the foot of the cot to read the name on the card affixed there. The name was not Prescott. She turned. Where was he? She went to the corridor, where at his littered table the day orderly was leafing through his much-thumbed record sheets. "Where is Captain Prescott?" she asked.

The orderly—he was a weary, unkempt and ill-spoken young man—replied, "Who is Captain Prescott?"

She told him he should know, and described the location of Captain Prescott's cot. The orderly frowned at being bothered with so little a matter as some sick man's identity, and scratched about at his papers.

"This one," he said, indicating a large, black *X* on a diagram of the cots in the ward, "is Prescott." Her heart sank. The *X* looked like an erasure of a whole being. "I moved him. You'll find him in the far corner underneath the stovepipe."

She was so relieved that she neither reproved him for his bad manners nor thanked him for his news. She hurried to the stovepipe corner. There she found Captain Prescott. He was trying to lean up on his elbows and watching her come toward him. She had not yet changed into her working smock. Just above her eyes she wore a small, round black hat with a feather. Her wide-hooped dress was of dark green broadcloth with a long coat to match, both braided in black silk. She carried a sealskin muff to which violets were pinned. The captain all but called out to guide her as she came.

"What are you doing here!" she demanded, while at the same instant he exclaimed, "I was afraid you would never find me!"

They both laughed, and she asked, "Do you like this new location?"

"No—no. It is dark and has no air."

"Why were you moved?"

"I don't know."

"I shall see about this," she declared, and returned to the duty desk in the hall. There she asked that Captain Prescott

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

## For a Bereaved Child

By Bonnie May Malody

Go to the ridge he loved,
my son,
And look for your father
there.
Stay till the stars climb one
by one
Up their celestial stair.
The deer will venture
timidly
From wooded paths as they
Long used to do at dusk
when he
Brought gifts of corn and
hay.
Look well and listen. He
will teach
You beauty from your grief.
The cry of whippoorwills,
the screech
Of owls, the first full
leaf ——
All these are things that he
has known.
If you would be as wise,
Climb to the ridge he
loved, alone,
And look with your
father's eyes.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

be moved to a more agreeable location in the ward. The orderly stared at her in slack-mouthed amazement. "Well?" asked Jessica, with her eyes blazing and power exuding from her whole attitude. She was her father's daughter. The orderly rose and walked into the ward. She followed him until they stood beside the captain.

"You making complaints?" asked the orderly. There was menace in his tone. It brought a surge of vitality to Prescott, who replied, "I said I preferred the other place to this corner. If that is a complaint, I am complaining. You will address me as sir."

"You think you're the only sick man around here?—*Sir*," added the orderly with heavy sarcasm. Jessica intervened. She saw the danger of further antagonizing the orderly. She glanced about the ward. Below one of the tall windows she saw a clear space on the floor.

"Orderly," she said with charm, for she was also her mother's daughter, "why couldn't you *give orders* for the captain to be moved over there by that window?"

The orderly enjoyed her idea that he might *give orders*. Out of self-respect he was obliged to raise an objection, but in the end, taken by the ways of this young lady who made herself up to him, he agreed, though with a certain gloomy relish all his own.

"The man who was over there, by the window, he died last night. I was just fixing to set a new man there. But being's you ask for it, Miss Jessica, the captain here might just's well have it till *he* dies."

Jessica blazed out, "He will not die!"

It was like a trumpet call, affirming for anyone to hear what the caller believed and wanted. The orderly shrugged. Jessica blushed deeply and dared not look at Captain Prescott, who lay grinning with pleasure over his champion. Jessica pointed to two soldiers who were mopping the aisle between cots. The orderly summoned them, and, under his orders, they carried Captain Prescott, cot and all, to the open space near the central window on the far side of the ward.

"Now I'll have to change my diagram," said the orderly in a mixture of importance and resentment, and moved away. Jessica glanced after him.

"Poor wretched creature," she said. "You see what dealing with so much suffering does to some people."

"Nonsense," said the captain fondly, "you are too charitable. He's just a lout."

"I could not bring the *Tribune*," she said, "but I'll keep looking for it."

"Yes."

She thought it best to leave him and change into her working dress and visit her other charges. When it was time for her to go home, he was sleeping. She tiptoed past his place, and she thought how touching it was and how—how odd, that when someone slept he seemed as far away as possible from everyone else, and yet in a strange, even a sweet way, in certain cases, he was most intimately present.

Going home that evening, she took with her an impression which had a strange energy in her mind. Why, out of all the dozens or hundreds of wounded soldiers whom she had attended for over a year, should he take possession of her interest?

He was not remarkable to look at. She had met and excused herself from the company of dozens of better-looking, more impressive young men. It could not be that her sensitivity to the sad conditions of the hospital made her pity him until she thought about him more than she wanted to—after all, there were other young men suffering the same conditions, and to them she gave hardly a thought once she had done her best for them. But she had openly taken up the cause of Captain Prescott and now, in consequence, and uncomfortably, he had become a part of her.

At dinner that evening she felt cross and tired, rather as though she were coming down with something—a cold or grippe. Her mother said, "Your work at the hospital is plainly tiring to you, my pet. You must go to bed early."

She kissed her father and mother, and went upstairs with a heavy heart. A family silence attended her until she had turned the last stair landing going up; then the voices of her parents, though not their words, followed her until she was in her room with the door closed.

"She does take it so conscientiously," said Mrs. Dryden.

"I don't like it and I never have, as you know," said the justice.

"She merely does what ever so many other girls are doing, judge. I admire her spirit."

"I make no comment upon her spirit. It is quite something else, and I believe you know what I allude to."

Mrs. Dryden left her work and her chair, and went and put her hands on his cheeks. (*Continued on Page 108*)

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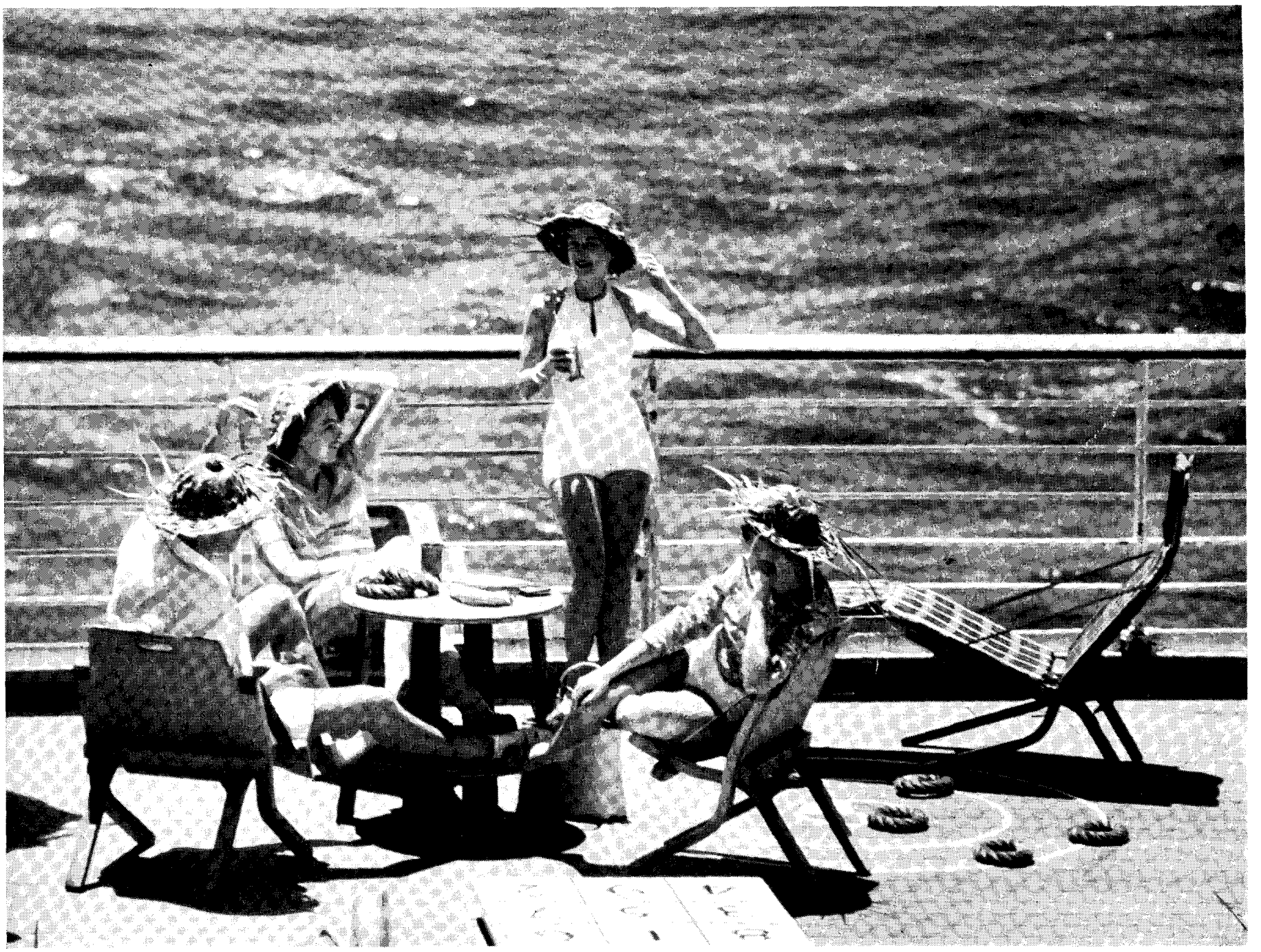

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(*Continued from Page 106*) "I know," she said, "all those men. But, my dear, don't fret yourself so. Men are everywhere. If Jessie were interested in anyone, we would be the first to know."

"No! She would not be afraid to tell you. But me? I would be the last."

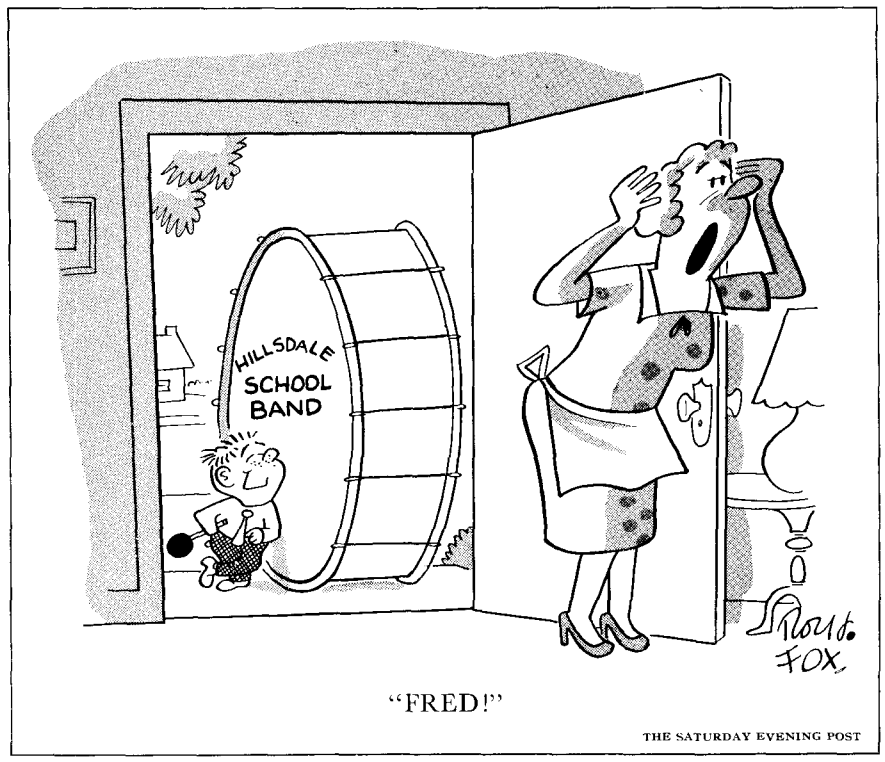
"She loves you. She could not bear to hurt you, knowing how you feel."

"Ah. Ah." The justice's voice shuddered deep in his breast, and his wife saw, as only she was privileged to see, the vulnerable, weak man inside the formidable person of the jurist.

Jessica sat in the dark, looking out of her window through the bare branches of trees. A few gas street lamps were burning. She could see across the square to the portico of the White House, where a dim glow showed through the fanlight. She heard carriages and horses go breaking the frozen ruts of the muddy streets. She could not put Captain Prescott out of her head. He had seized her imagination. She saw his bright color and his calm, deep, dark eyes that looked at her from a world of experience which, because it was his, she wanted to know in every detail. He was still weak, but his voice had a curious burry richness to it. Something about the way he made the words he spoke—some cleanness of their formation by his teeth, tongue and breath—gave her an extra sense of what he said and what he meant. Nobody else spoke just that way. When had she ever before noticed or remembered how someone spoke the common speech?

She was angry at her heaviness of heart, for she must believe that he saw her only as another volunteer female worker just like all the others who passed down the wards. All her good sense told her to stop being a fool. He should mean no more to her than she meant to him.

But where could she find the *New York Tribune?* If he was starved for the editorials of that tedious old Mr. Greeley, she would go to any lengths to provide them.




"FRED!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When had all this started? Shaking her head, she reviewed the helpless course of developments. For a whole week, while he had lain unconscious and near death, she had come day after day to watch by him. Would she ever know the color of his eyes? The grain of his personality? She knew his voice, but only in its anguish, for she heard him cry out wordlessly, and then one day she saw him struggle to rise, and she held him against herself and heard him call in fevered urgency, "Captain! Captain! Look out! Look out!" And then with the speed and force of a blow, his delirium gave way to consciousness, however weak, and she saw that look on his face of hungry peace when he realized that he was awake and safe. That must have been the moment, she said to herself, of the beginning.

She was in love. How would she ever manage matters? For nobody must know it, not her mother, certainly not her father, least of all Captain Prescott. She had no sleep that night. What she did not know was that he did not sleep either, and for the same reason. But his feelings instead of bringing him sorrow brought him a restorative kind of happiness.

He lay awake most of the night looking at the long shadows cast by the low-turned coal-oil lamps in the ward, and he felt a promise of strength flow lightly into him. It was a balm for his wounds and a pledge for his future. His heart turned around for pity of the fellows lying all about him. What did they have to cling to? He was lucky. She was coming back tomorrow. She would come back every day or two for a long time. His chest wound was the slow kind, they said. He wouldn't be out of there for weeks.

The next day, just as Jessica was preparing to go to the hospital, her father's Negro coachman returned to the house with a bundle. "Mr. Justice Dryden's compliments, Miss Jessica," he said, pulling off his rosetted top hat and handing her a roll of newspapers.

She saw at once what they were—the most recent issues of the *New York Tribune*. She wanted to laugh and cry. The extremity of her feelings showed her again how her emotion had gone out of proportion to its prospects. How like her father this was, to proclaim openly only his harsh traits, and then, relenting, to reveal indirectly his kindness, which arose from his desire to please her. Her excitement was great at now being able to gratify Captain Prescott. In it, she all too soon forgot the little sacrifice of her father, and the grudging self-government it stood for.

For days, then, she read aloud from the *New York Tribune*, while Captain Prescott watched her rather more than heard her. The newspaper copies, she explained, were obtained only in "frightful difficulty" by the "most breathless exertions" (Jessica spoke the language of her sister debutantes). He nodded gladly. She thanked heaven that she had to read

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aloud. It permitted her to be impersonal. The opened pages of the newspaper were her refuge in his presence. But not forever.

One day she found the captain feverish and flat on his back.

"It is nothing," he said, in a husky, weak tone. The surgeon had found a little secondary infection flaring up at the edge of his healing breast wound. The surgeon said he'd been looking for it to happen, as so often seemed to happen from bayonet and saber cuts, and cautioned him to be quiet, and promised to be back in two days for another look.

"Two days!" she exclaimed angrily. The news threw her into a panic which she could not entirely conceal. "Don't you think you need a special nurse?" she asked.

He laughed and answered, "Where in Washington is there such a thing?"

"Well, then, if there is no other way, I would come and remain on duty and nurse you. We cannot tolerate the inefficiency around here!"

Her remark about inefficiency was meant to save her from sounding too personal; but her words were like a confession.

The captain gazed at her, smiling and calm. He winked away a stinging in his eyes. He knew what he knew even if she might not. But he believed she knew, too, now, and, calling her for the first time by her first name, he reached out and took her hand and drew her down to sit beside him on the edge of his narrow cot.

She made to take away her hand, but he would not let it go, and, rolling his head on his hot pillow, he grappled for her gaze with his, until she turned to look into his eyes, and then her own eyes filled with tears.

"Why will you cry?" he asked in a whisper.

"I do not want you to grow worse, with infection and fever, but to get well."

"Why do you want me to get well?"

"I want all of my patients to get well."

At that he whispered a clouded laugh, and knew that she was evading the truth which was so dear and so troubling between them. Not meaning to be clever in pressing his advantage, but only acting with the genius of the moment, he said that he loved her, and that he had loved her from the very first day when he had awakened to see her there and had begun to feel better.

To Jessica this was almost enough to make her faint, for through these weeks she had lost herself more deeply every day in what she was certain was an unseemly and hopeless infatuation.

Now Hiram lifted her hand slowly to his lips. He asked her his question with his eyes, now himself unable to say anything, and, mute and trembling, she nodded her head.

In one moment she was delivered from her shaming anguish into the reward of her life.

She stayed with him till long after the usual visiting hours. She held his hand as he fell asleep. The tall window faced west beyond his cot and, as the night deepened in it from top to bottom, the evening star came out and hung faithful, pure and heartening, like a promise, in the immeasurable distance. The pulsations of its light were like the words of a prayer. Jessica said a prayer.

She found herself praying often in the next days that her will might be done without hurting anyone. By this she referred in her heart to her father. Her marriage? If anyone was to be in charge of that, and determine whom she must marry and when, it was powerfully understood in the family that it must be her father. He would be prudent, for her sake, and weigh all factors, and require heavy promises of the future before he would consent to release her. She begged Hiram to give her his secret promise, and wait until the war was over, and then they would be able to make their own plans more sensibly.

"Wait!" he exclaimed. "I am going to marry you as soon as I am discharged from the sick list!"

He had no doubt that he would recover wholly from his wounds. He would return to duty with troops. "I want you to come home to when the war is all done."

"Yes, oh, yes," she said. All he said was wonderful, but just the same, they must look at the world, the real world, through which they would have to realize their desires. It was not a promising view.

Captain Prescott had neither a fortune nor even a position of employment to which he might return after the war. He would like to live on his family farm at Batavia, New York, but this belonged to his two older sisters, who resided there as maiden ladies. Further, he could not see Jessica there for the rest of his life, unless he had a lot of money to bring it back from its run-down condition, and he had no money. He supposed he might return to Albany, where he had gone to school, and there establish a polite riding academy. Perhaps—an excellent amateur rider himself—he might breed race horses for private owners. He didn't know. "All I know is, I will manage something when the time comes."

She embraced him and shut her heart against the judgments that she knew would be made against him, and said, "You will, you will, I know you will."

If he was confident about his share of the future, she must be equally so, or

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pretend to be, about her share. The immediate form for her confidence to take was to bring Hiram together with her family under conditions which must not, at first, suggest anything more than kindliness to a convalescing soldier.

When he was well enough to venture forth on little expeditions, she walked with him. Their first promenade took them to the foot of Sixth Street to see the wharf where military supplies were docked. It was a busy place. Hiram was absorbed in watching this phase of the Army's work.

Was it possible? He loved the Army. On another walk they saw a regiment in the streets, just arrived by troop train from the north. The soldiers were halted, and they lounged in ranks. Hiram's eyes kindled when he saw them. The company formations stretched as far up the street as they could see. Hiram exclaimed, "By Jiminy! That's a fine bunch of troops. I could make something of these boys. Look at the little biddy fellow there—the yellow-haired one. I could keep him from scaring off. I could make a soldier out of him."

When he could, Hiram would ask men in uniform how the war went, and partake of their experience as they told it.

"Do you want to go back?" she asked.

"I do and I don't. You understand. The more of us that work at it, the sooner it'll all be done with."

She saw that it was the only work in his life of which he had had long and deep experience. He must have been a boy when he went to war. He was a man and an officer now, and he was at home in the frame of the Army.

One Sunday they walked through the square in front of the White House. She pointed to a house across the way. "That is our house."

"You live there?" He stared.

"Yes. We are going to call there, as you put it, one day soon."

He was abashed at the grandeur of her place in Washington—living across the square from the White House. He flushed darkly. "I suppose you've been in the White House?" he said.

"I have. As a matter of fact, Mr. Buchanan gave me my coming-out party there. He appointed my father to the court, you see."

"Do you know the Lincolns?"

"I have met them. *Him*, I mean. He spoke to me. She did not."

"Well," he said, tightening her arm under his as they walked, "someday we'll go to the White House together, because of who *I* am, at that time."

*Oh*, she prayed silently, *don't let anything happen to make him ever feel less confident and strong than he does now, no matter what happens!*

On the following Sunday afternoon after Jessica's carefully prepared occasion, he came to call at her father's house.

Lycurgus Dryden and his wife Isabel received him courteously. Dealing with an unknown young man, their sense of caste was quieted by their patriotism, and here was a wounded officer to whom it was their duty to be kind. Mrs. Dryden felt no exaggerated qualms offhand about the aquaintance between her daughter and Captain Prescott, but Justice Dryden knew at once that from his point of view his daughter was in peril.

They sat in the front parlor and consumed hot chocolate and *petits fours*. The conversation proceeded then without assistance from the justice, who sat massively silent in his great tufted armchair and gazed above their heads at the view, through the looped lace curtains that hung before Lafayette Square. Mrs. Dryden did her best. "My daughter has told us so much about you. How remarkable for you to make such a remarkable recovery!"

"I am lucky, ma'am."

"He's brave," said Jessica.

"I'm lucky to have had the kind of care I received."

"Yes, we are proud of our girls who work in the hospitals. It is such heartbreaking work, at times. Do you expect to return to duty, captain?"

"Yes, the surgeon thinks he will discharge me as fit pretty soon."

"Ah—well—I don't know what to wish for you. If I had sons and they were in the fighting—no, I would have to wish that they go back and fight if they wanted to. I suppose I would want them to want to. And yet. . . . Captain, may I give you some more chocolate?"

He declined with thanks, and said he must be going. The justice rose and bowed gravely, but said nothing. Mrs. Dryden shook hands and begged him to come back any time, until his orders should take him away from town. Jessica saw him to the door.

After he had gone, she watched him walking with his slight limp, and knew where in the family her trouble lay. It was more serious than she had even thought it would be, and it forced her to an imperative solution.

The fact that she resolved upon her course without hesitating was proof of the strongest of all the bonds between her and Hiram. This was his complete absence of doubt about his power over her and the gentleness of the way he used it. In fact, it was more true to say that he never used it at all, simply because its mere existence was known to them both. He never had to use it because Jessica acknowledged, in her every attitude, humor and response, that it was a welcome power.

A day or so later Mrs. Dryden said to Jessica, "Would you like to invite your little captain for a meal?"

"Oh, MaMA. You know what PaPA would be like. I cannot expose anybody to that. I don't want to make PaPA unhappy."

"Has he reason to be unhappy about this, my pet?"

"Yes, MaMA." Jessica went to her mother and put her face on her breast.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dryden, "I thought it might be so on the captain's part. But not really on yours. Has he asked you?"

"Yes."

"What did you say?"

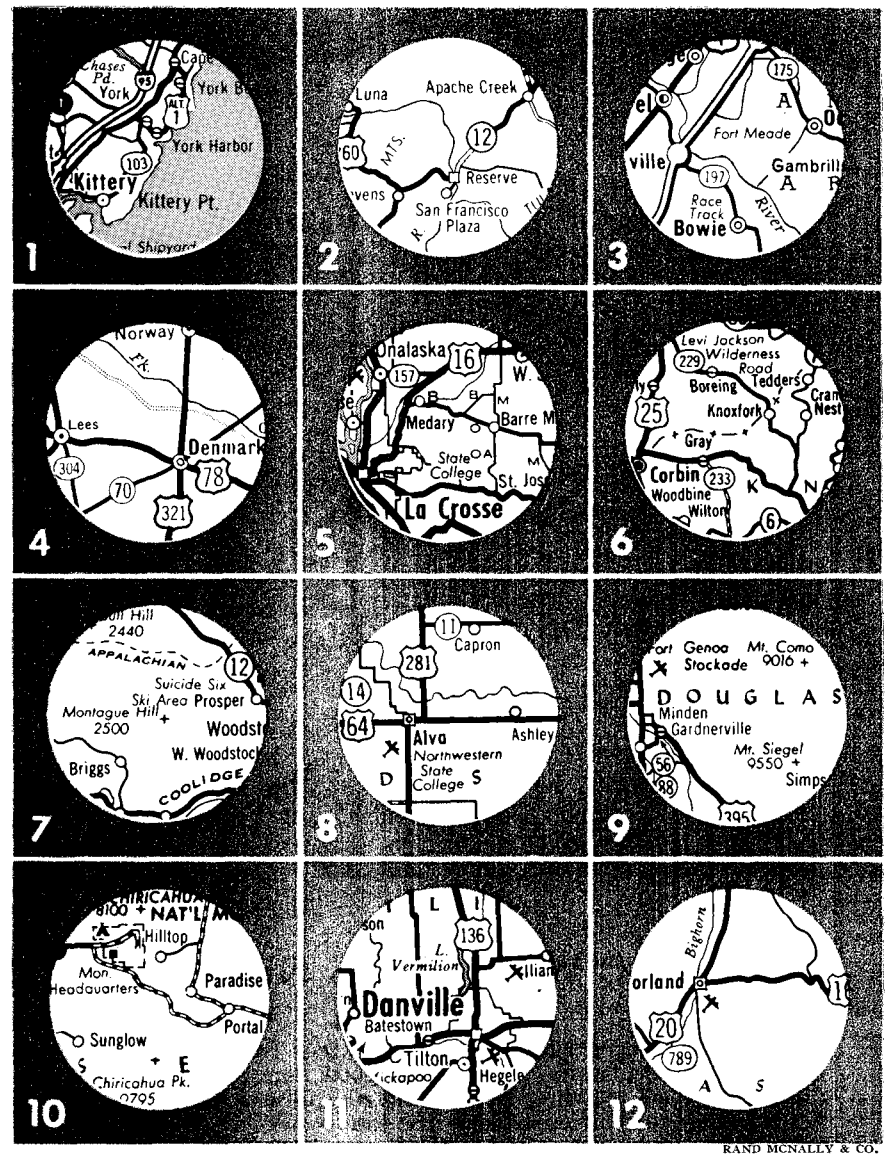
"I want to marry him."

"But who is he, darling?"

"He is the dearest in the world, whom I love."

"Yes, yes, of course, of course," said Mrs. Dryden in almost a nursery singsong of fondness and memory, "but you know what your father will have to know."

"Oh, MaMA, how can we do this without hurting anybody?"

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## Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Harley P. Cook**

*(Answers on Page 113)*

Isabel pressed her child to her heart. "God knows. Isn't it dreadful? You do know, my pet, nothing should even be thought about it until he talks with your father. Ask him to call on Sunday."

If Jessica longed for her mother to embrace her with a rush of happiness mixed with compunction for the stages of life that must come to her when wed, she was disappointed. But presently she came to be thankful for her mother's grim determination to have the issue faced without delay.

On the following Sunday, while Jessica prayed for a miracle, Mr. Justice Dryden received Captain Prescott for the purpose now tacitly admitted in the family. In his library at the rear of his house the justice said with impassive courtesy, "Sit here, captain. Join me in a cigar. You have something about which you wish to speak to me."

Hiram could never remember afterward just what he had said, but somehow he managed to state his proposal. The justice left it unanswered while he asked a number of questions in a dispassionate tone.

"Your health, sir: Is there promise of your complete recovery from your wound?"

"Yes, sir, so I am told by the surgeon."

"Your wound: Has it in any way threatened your capacity to sire a family?"

"No, sir."

The justice was enacting the gestures of his professional style. His great head was immovable. As on the bench, he looked neither stern nor indulgent, but only grave. His collar and cuffs, starched stiff, dazzled Hiram. His black satin neckcloth was rumpled in careless magnificence. His right hand, holding a lighted cigar, would have trembled but for the fact that his other hand held it steady. After a pause he asked his next question in his deep, growling, liquid voice. "What are your personal financial resources?"

Hiram let go a long breath and confessed that only an inheritance, at an unpredictable time, of part of a New York state farm might be his.

"Then," said the justice, "no doubt you have employment in the civilian world, or a business, to which you will return on being mustered out?"

"No, sir. But I am confident that I will make my way in business."

"All young men are confident. But not all are successful. You have never received training for any of the more learned professions?"

"No, sir. But I am young, and I once thought of law, too ——"

Justice Dryden dropped his gaze to his growing cigar ash. It was a restrained but skeptical gesture. Before raising his expressionless gaze again he asked, "What do you know? In general, what?"

Hiram felt like a schoolboy whose mind empties when directly examined. It was, therefore, with nothing of the heroic in his tone that he replied, "Well, I reckon, nothing but war, sir. Battle. Working to get men to do what they're told. I guess that's pretty much of life. And death. I know death, for I've seen enough of it. And then, duty. I know that too. And I suppose that's all I know, sir."

The modesty of this, and the size of the matters it spoke of, from the mouth of a man so young, who had known only these matters between boyhood and its end, endangered Justice Dryden's position. He was moved against his principles. What a son this captain would have made. Moving to recover himself, the justice said, "In what business do you seriously think you might make your way, as you put it?" *(Continued on Page 112)*

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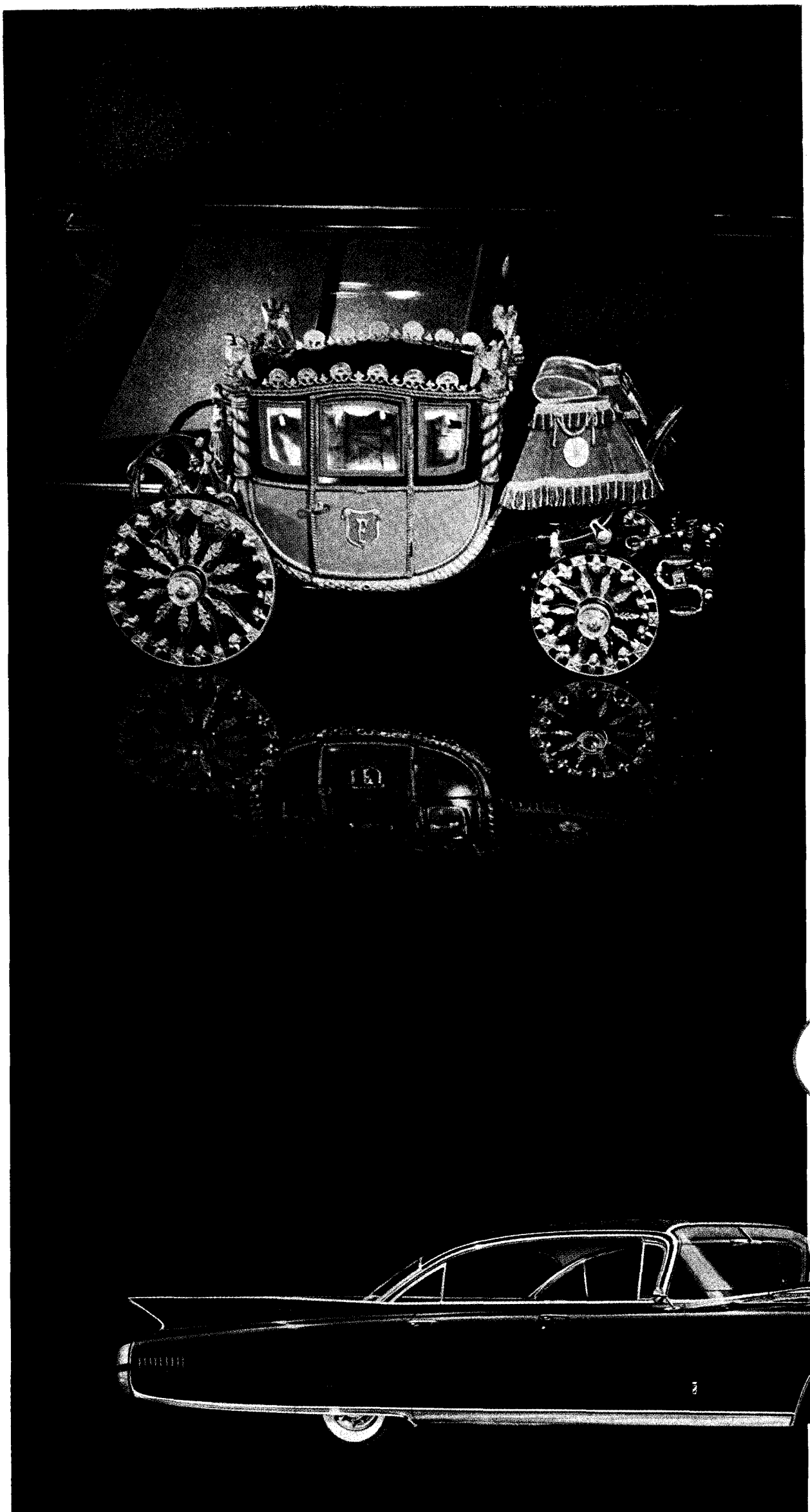

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(*Continued from Page 110*) "I had considered opening a riding stable and horse-training establishment in Albany. I am a cavalryman."

Now the justice looked at Hiram fully. "My daughter?" he said quietly. "You propose to make her a livery-stablekeeper's wife? She who keeps her own carriage and pair, though now for wartime economy they are laid up? Sir."

Frightened and offended, Hiram showed spirit, though in another instant he feared it must cost him dearly. "Whatever work I am going to do, I shall do honorably and without undue pride, Mr. Justice."

This brought a deep flare of light to the old man's eye for a second. Then he asked the question which he had held in the back of his mind since the beginning of the interview. "Captain Prescott, do you read the *New York Tribune?*"

The captain brightened, for he was sure that in saying yes to this he was about to gain the justice's respect as a well-informed, alert citizen. "Oh, yes, sir. Even in the hospital every day I can get it."

Mr. Justice Dryden felt a hot lick of fatality about his heart. So this was the man. Jessica had been taking him the *New York Tribune* for nearly two months now. His first instinct had been right. The affair was serious. It had lasted many weeks. The young people no doubt were certain of having their way. He, the father, had his duty, no matter what else it might truly be called, and he would do it. He stood.

"Captain Prescott, I am obliged to say that I find unsatisfactory your replies to my inquiries. I consider any further communication between you and Miss Dryden to be ill-advised, and I must ask you with all courtesy to desist from paying her further attentions, now, or at any future time."

Nobody could look into the justice's heart and see there the fear that came to him with the idea of losing Jessica, his only child, his image, his other nature.

The father's position resulted in what he most hoped to prevent.

On the following day Hiram Prescott received his discharge from the hospital. With it he received, also, orders to return to his regiment. He had five days' grace before he must leave Washington.

That evening Jessica said she would read aloud to her father and mother. The justice selected one of his favorite passages from *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* by Edward Gibbon. He lay back in his grand chair and smoked and listened in deep contentment. His wife worked away with her needle and thread. Her thoughts flew faster than her fingers, but she must never speak them, even to herself, or she must say them aloud to her husband, and this, for her child's sake, she could not do. Moreover, what if she were wrong in what she was thinking? Nobody had ever given her exclusive right to the truth. But she sighed.

Jessica read slowly and clearly. Now and then her father would call for her to repeat a sentence—one which he particularly enjoyed for its symmetry and for its merciless judgment upon the corruptions of the empire. When had man ever had a daughter so obedient and so gifted? Jessica gave her father great happiness that evening. When it was time to go to bed, she kissed him. If he had looked at her, he would have seen her eyes filled with unaccustomed feeling. He hugged her and let her go. She had never loved him more than then, saying good-by to him without his knowing it.

Jessica's greatest advantage in these hours was the certainty in her family that she would, of course, do nothing for which her father had not granted permission. In the freedom of movement which she enjoyed under this blind assumption, she had her way.

On the next day, with a prayer at her heart that she would be forgiven by heaven and earth for what she must do, Jessica Dryden eloped with Captain Prescott. It was what she had always intended to do if denied a proper wedding under the loving protection of her parents, her friends and her church.

They went before a justice of the peace who kept an office in a shack on the Port Tobacco road and were married in a ceremony which lasted less than a minute, and which shamed her. Hiram felt her trembling and knew she was shaken by something in addition to the squalid formalities of the occasion. She must repose herself wholly in him. He would quiet her fears, whatever they might be.

The bride and groom took a room at Willard's Hotel, and left the world, and found it.

Earlier in the day she had written a letter to her father and mother telling

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them of her inescapable decision, and promising to write again to ask their views. She was sorry to be disobedient, and had no wish to be forever cut off from her family. Would they not remember their own days of courtship, and understand hers, and by their consent, let her return to be married in the church? She could not hope for an early answer.

The newly married couple took the city into their love during Hiram's last days. They walked everywhere, only not daring to come too near to the Capitol, where Justice Dryden maintained his chambers and where inadvertently they might encounter him. They strolled past an auction where a red flag stood outside on a staff and where a Negro walked up and down ringing a big bell to call a crowd. "Bless the captain and his lady," he cried. "Come in, come in."

They did not enter the auction, but they rejoiced to hear the blessing. They bought hothouse strawberries for fifteen cents a quart, "with the hulls on," and ate them as they strolled. They hid when they thought someone approached whom she might know. One morning they saw coming along Pennsylvania Avenue a cavalry escort followed by a mud-spattered open barouche with its top laid back. In it rode President Lincoln, alone. He was making some marks with a pencil on a fold of paper held atop his high knee. He and his equipage looked seedy, common and poor. Hiram saluted his commander-in-chief, and Jessica lifted her hand in its lavender mitt, and the President looked up just then, saw them, and gravely removed his scuffed top hat to bow to them. As his horses drew him by, something about the young pair arrested his gaze, and he turned to see them as long as he comfortably could. He smiled and nodded, smiled and nodded.

"I think he knows we are just married," said Jessica.

"How do you suppose he would know?" asked Hiram, drinking fondly of her shining look.

On the fifth day Hiram was to leave by railroad for the West, where his regiment had been shifted to the campaign in Tennessee. Jessica went with him to the station. They wandered for almost a mile along the tracks looking for his troop train. As they searched, he said, "I have made up my mind, Jess."

"Yes, Hiram. To what?"

"To what I'm going to do after the war."

"Oh?"

"I'm going to apply for a regular commission and stay in the Army. We're going to make a career of it. I don't know why I didn't think of it when I was talking to your father."

She halted and faced toward him. "My darling, it will be exactly the life for us. I will be a perfect Army wife, and you are already a great officer."

"I don't know about great officer, but we'll be doing honorable work, and with luck I will become somebody, and our children will have position. We'll be poor; but I already know how to be poor, and you can learn."

She laughed in delight at the terms of his ambition not only for himself but also for her. As for their children—she begged of her heart that she would have their first child as soon as possible. The war still carried dreadful risks. If she must lose him, she would still have him in his child. She accused herself for what seemed thoughts disloyal to his life—that she should even consent to imagine him gone forever. But her good sense was equal to her love, and she was as she was.

Searching along the tracks of the busy railroad yard, they were happy beyond utterance, and ready to choke on grief. But in honor of the soldiers all about, they remained brisk and impassive. When the time came, they said farewell to each other in a civil fashion, and each blessed the other for showing little emotion in a moment of extremity. His by nature, hers by breeding, this was their manner, then and forever.

Jessica went home, and she smiled to realize that by this she meant the room at Willard's Hotel. But she could not afford to remain there, for she must begin at once to use cleverly the money her husband had left with her. Soon she found a room in a boardinghouse on Ninth Street for seven dollars a month. She wrote to her parents again, telling them where she was. She hoped her answer would come soon, but it did not, and she did not sit and wait for it.

It was her opinion that more than ever now, as an officer's wife, she must proceed with her war work. Not quite able

Answers to

**Where Do You Think You Are?**

(Page 110)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Me. | 2. N.M. | 3. Md. |
| 4. S.C. | 5. Wisc. | 6. Ky. |
| 7. Vt. | 8. Okla. | 9. Nev. |
| 10. Ariz. | 11. Ill. | 12. Wyo. |


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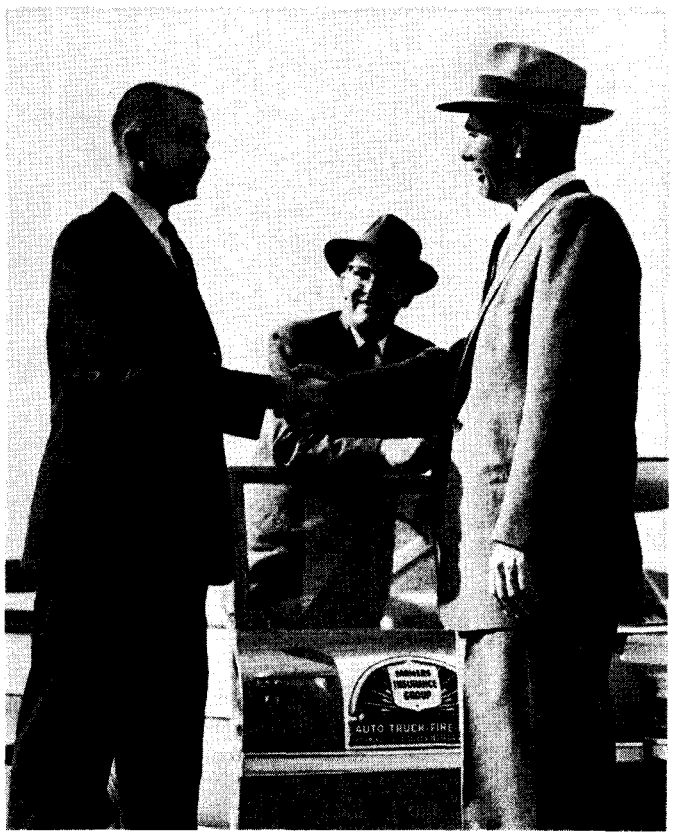


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to understand why, she did not want to return to the Armory Square Hospital where she had found her love. Instead she went to the Anacostia Hospital and again entered upon the duties of a volunteer visitor. When some fellow whom she had brought to smile and speak with her little mercies ended by dying in lonely agony or pure resignation, she seemed less able than before to bear it. There were about forty military hospitals in Washington. She thought about the inhabitants of them all. She overworked in her own, and one day a doctor cautioned her.

"You must not continue too steady and too long in the air and influences of the hospitals." He looked more closely at her. "Are you married?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you think you ought to see someone about your condition?"

"I suppose so. I have wondered."

"There is sometimes a sort of look, or more, even an air—if it is true, then you should be even more careful about doing too much here."

In answer to this advice she reduced her hours at the hospital, and instead took long, slow walks during which she now and then ventured near to the Capitol. She hoped to encounter her father. Nobody's pride—meaning his—would be outraged if accident should throw together a father estranged from his daughter. She longed to see him. She felt sure he hungered for her, despite his silence and the silence he must have imposed on her mother. But she did not meet him. Work on the unfinished Capitol seemed to progress very slowly; indeed, in wartime it was practically at a standstill. She used to tell herself that today she must wander over to see if any progress had been made on the dome since her last inspection, and if in the act she should chance to see a tall, heavy, beloved presence on the steps of the Capitol, who knew what might happen?

In the course of those days she went to see the physician who attended her family and had known her all her life. He confirmed the intuitive diagnosis of the Army doctor. He was astonished to hear that she had been married, though to be sure he had not seen her parents for many weeks.

"Would you tell my mother for me?" she asked.

"She does not know? Mothers always know."

"I'd love to tell her, but they do not want to see me."

Since her family had not acknowledged her last letter, she could not bring herself to write to them again.

"Leave it to me," said the doctor.

Late that very afternoon her mother came to see her in the Ninth Street rooming house.

Isabel Dryden was grieved, but, too, she was stirred by the passionate independence of her child—and now she was touched to the heart by the news which the doctor had brought. She embraced Jessica, weeping very briefly, and then sat down and said, "Oh, my poor, darling, grown-up, little pet. Tell me all your feelings—physical feelings, I mean. The doctor hadn't time. All he said was he was sure."

They talked for half an hour about the sensations, duties, woes and joys of childbearing. Mrs. Dryden was deeply interested, and she was also able to give her daughter much good advice. It was some little time before they mentioned Justice Dryden, and then Isabel said, "Your father does not know that I came here."

"He is angry, then, MaMA?"

A look of misery passed across Isabel's eyes. For a strange instant she looked like her husband, or so Jessica thought.

"Jessica, my dear, he has never in his life been so shaken by anything."

Jessica's lips were dry and pale. She asked, "Will he ever see me again, do you think?"

Mrs. Dryden thought for a moment, and Jessica knew she was estimating just what degree of heartening deceit must now be invoked. This frightened her really. Presently Mrs. Dryden said, "I think he may, eventually. But I think—yes, I do certainly think, even after today's news—I think you should not risk coming home just yet."

The two women understood each other. It increased both their heartaches.

"I must tell you, though," said Jessica, to change the subject and fling out a line to hope, "that Hiram does too have prospects. He will remain in the Army as an officer."

"Oh?" Mrs. Dryden swiftly evaluated this news and liked it. "Your grandfather Mercier was a colonel in the Revolution. One of General Washington's Frenchmen. How will you like the Army?"

"I am made for it."

Her mother laughed, like maturity laughing fondly at youth. She bit her lip thoughtfully and said, "In time this may make a difference to your father."

Jessica flushed. Her heart was sore, and she wanted no concessions based on external advantages. But she was so happy to see her mother that she repressed scornful words that wanted saying, and for another quarter of an hour Mrs. Dryden dwelled delicately, but with realism, on the state of marriage, thankful, if Jessica must be lost to the family, that she was so sure in her happiness and so proud of her choice.

Jessica, again alone, agreed that her mother's advice to let time heal her father's feeling was probable good advice. Yet if she could not be where Hiram was, she hungered to be home again in Lafayette Square. There was where she wanted to bring her child into the world. There was where, if she could, she would wait out the war with her infant son—she was positive that Hiram would have a son—and it would be that infant son, she was sure, who would forge a living link between his father and his grandfather. It was a tender and powerful daydream, and she awoke from it many times to the realization that it broke apart each time on the rock of her father's hardness. At this her own pride would stiffen out of loyalty to Hiram, and she would say, "No, I will remain alone."

But in a few days her own loneliness made her think more and more of her father's, and one afternoon, when a thin snow was falling and the sky over the Potomac showed pearly drifts of light that changed with the thickening of the air, she went expressly to find her father when the day's sitting of the Supreme Court was ended. Her heart was beating fast and hard.

At the Capitol, soldiers of the 8th Massachusetts Regiment, who were barracked in the Capitol rotunda, were now, in spite of the snowstorm, drilling on the north grounds. Jessica walked part way up the steps of the building, which matched the drifting flakes—gray-white—in her vision. She stood outside and watched the gas lamps come on in the dusk through the falling snow.

She felt a pang for the sorrows to which men and women sometimes clung out of pride, and she prayed for anyone who fed on bitterness.

In the deep of twilight her father at last emerged from the building. She went to his side.

He lifted his hat and bowed to her as if she were a stranger whom he had once seen somewhere, and began to walk alone down the white steps toward his carriage. But she came to walk along beside him.

Halfway down the long, shallow sweep of steps he paused, as though some shuddering power had stayed him from without. He began to shake. He reached for her hand and crushed it until she could exclaim, hurt. His massive head was trembling. She began to weep for the pain she had caused him and still brought to him.

In a moment he mastered himself, and continued to march down the steps. But he kept her hand, and when they came to the street, he took the handle of the carriage door from the coachman, and handed her in, saying nothing to her, but only a word to the coachman, "Home."

## Foreclosure Man (Continued from Page 40)

Simmons snorted. "Fair, hell! That isn't what I heard. Hornsby pulled a boner and he hates to admit it. You'll find out when you get in deeper. Well, match you for the check?"

James King won. It was his sole bright spot in a dismal day.

He worked two hours that afternoon before he reduced the Maspreth figures to a presentable form. Maspreth Motors owed the bank one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. For security there were only the buildings, the water turbines, the name, the machinery and the rights to a new world-beating gadget that was not yet on the market. Four years ago Maspreth had come up with plans for a combination chain saw, lawn mower, trimmer and paint sprayer that promised large sales to suburban home owners, but it was not yet perfected. Probably it never would be.

He picked up a report form and wrote, "There is no real reason why we do not move in on this company. All it has is an indefinite potential."

Then he sat for another half hour and looked through the walls of his office and saw the little town in the hills. He saw the mill dam and the grass-banked river by the tall-stacked factory. He looked at the town and saw that it was good, and he hated to sign his name to its death warrant.

Then he saw something else. He saw himself at seventeen, in 1938, proudly guiding a Maspreth Special Six to a home on a quiet street, steering it with one hand because the other arm was busy holding a honey-blond high-school junior beside him—Susan Kendall! He hadn't thought of Susan Kendall since 1947, when he'd heard that she'd married someone in Chicago. Or had it been the memory of Susan Kendall that had kept him single and purposeful and alone?

He shook that off; but it was because he remembered Susan Kendall and because he remembered that old Maspreth Special Six and because he suddenly knew that those years with the two of them had been his last true happiness that he took his pencil again and wrote another line on his report.

"I recommend that we hold off for another six months and see if, in that time, their new machine makes their prospects look better."

That was the best he could do, the closest he could come to turning back the clock. As he clipped the papers together he wondered how he had come to leave all the old things behind. He knew that he would never find the answer because the answer was buried in a host of his past needs and wants and indefinable desires. He knew it was too late to change. The years had passed, and the water had flowed, and his need for Susan and Schonowie had given way long ago to his need for security and success.

He knew all this, but he was still not surprised that his sleep that night was troubled and broken.

The next morning he was savagely underlining the facts that showed the flaws in a company over in Jersey when the intercom buzzed and Hornsby himself summoned him.

"I have your report on Maspreth Motors, King," he said. "It is comprehensive and it is completely puzzling. Why the conflict?"

"Well, sir, I suppose I couldn't make up my mind to toss Maspreth to the wolves. You see, Schonowie is my home town. I hate to think of that factory going under. I used to think of Maspreth as being something special. Did you ever see one of their cars?"

"They haven't made cars for over thirty years."

"No, sir, but they used to. I had one of them. It was quite old when I got it; but the fenders were solid, and the paint was good. I paid seventy-five dollars for it. It had a sleeve-valve motor. It purred."

He checked himself. Mr. Hornsby was smiling. He realized that he had been sounding maudlin. "All I mean, Mr. Hornsby, is that I suppose that's why the report was puzzling. I'm biased. I know that isn't a banker's attitude ——"

"Of course it's a banker's attitude."

"Sir?"

"Who told you that bankers were supposed to be bloodless?" He didn't wait for an answer. He smiled and went on. "It happens that I'm prejudiced about this one myself. I'm the man who got talked into the deal in the first place—not because I was sentimental, but because it looked good. I don't know what went wrong. I had Harris down there, but all he brought back were sour-looking facts. What about you? How would you like to go down there and take a good look?"

"I'm not a field man, Mr. Hornsby."

"No? Are you glued to that desk? You're not married, are you, King? Live alone? Someplace like the Essex Arms?"

"It is the Essex Arms."

"Then why in tunket aren't you a field man if I want you to be? Nobody's waiting dinner for you. You leave for Schonowie today."

"Yes, sir."

"I don't know how you get there. Probably on a horse. When you look at that company see if there's any logical reason to follow your suggestion about another six months. Take a week. I'm supposed to be reporting to the committee, but I can hold them off that long—lack of time, lack of typists, other business. See Meeker. He'll give you funds to draw on. Now get out of here; I have a coffee meeting."

Simmons was out somewhere. James King laid the (*Continued on Page 117*)

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(*Continued from Page 114*) Jersey portfolio on his desk and wrote, "Called out of town for a week," on the memo pad and went home to pack.

Schonowie was a hard town to get to. James had to hire a drive-yourself car in Albany. He was amused to find that the only thing available was a new convertible.

He spent the night in Albany and arrived at Schonowie in the early midmorning. All the way down the valley, over and around the ridges, the September sun and the holiday feeling of the car worked on his tenseness until he found himself almost in a holiday mood.

He found that the landmarks of Schonowie had not changed. The leisurely attitude of the town hadn't changed, either. The shoppers on the streets were indolent; the gas-station attendant didn't rush.

Then he found something else that was still the same. Susan Kendall was sitting in the office of Maspreth Motors.

If he hadn't known she was thirty-seven, he would have guessed her to be six or eight years younger. Her face still had a scrubbed look, and she didn't have the air of cool efficiency that distinguished receptionists at his bank. She had a big smile instead. At first he thought she didn't recognize him.

"There was a man just here from that bank," she said as he gave her his card.

He played it straight. "I know," he said. "I'm another man."

Then she held out her hand. "Jimmy King," she said. "It's been a long time."

"A long time," he agreed.

"Kenneth was saying just the other night——"

"Your brother Kenneth? Is he here? I thought he was with Allied Electric."

"He was. He's with Maspreth now. He's fifteen per cent owner. That means he owes fifteen per cent of the notes. He likes it better, though. He said . . ."

It was two hours before he thought about anything but home-town news. By twelve o'clock he was ready to start on the company books, but then it was time for lunch. They hung a sign on the door, a refreshing change from the bank, where there were relief clerks for the relief clerks, and they went up street to the diner. They seemed to hurry, but it was two-thirty before they got back.

He assuaged his conscience by telling himself that he was learning intimate details about the company. He was. He was learning other things too.

He learned that the company was presently manufacturing all the parts to the combination tool except the chain saw, which still had bugs. He learned that Susan had been working there for three years.

She had returned home to take care of her mother in a last illness and she had stayed home long enough to realize that Chicago's high pay for secretaries could not compete with Schonowie's milder social life and placid ways. The rumor of her marriage had been false, although she admitted that she had been three times on the verge.

"The last one was the nicest," she said, "but he would never have fitted in Schonowie. He was big town. I used to take three hours getting dressed when he took me to dinner."

James King wondered how long she had taken that morning. He couldn't see that there was any room for improvement. He told her so.

"I should protest about that," she said, "but I won't. I suspect it's true. I feel good all the time, so I suppose I look good. That's Schonowie, Jimmy. Don't you remember how all the middle-aged women looked rosy-cheeked and young?"

"No, I don't," he said, "but I remember something else. That dance dress of yours. Wasn't it aquamarine?"

"Dance dress? Aquamarine?" She looked closely at him then, and there was perhaps a little mist in her eyes. "Jimmy," she said, "Jimmy, you old —— Not the dress, Jimmy—just the sash. The dress was pink. You sent me talisman roses. How did you remember that?"

"I remember a lot of things," said James King, "even if I don't understand them."

She changed the focus. "Tell me about you," she said.

James avoided the subject of himself. "You tell me some more about Maspreth instead," he said. "I'm supposed to weigh the facts."

She told him about Maspreth. The company was controlled by five young engineers, three of them home-town boys, who had pooled their money and credit to buy out the last Maspreth six years ago. They were doing the best they could.

He sat there while she talked, but he wasn't listening. He looked at her blue eyes and at her retained youth, and he wondered what it was that he had had and had lost. He was thirty-nine years old and he had solid success just ahead of him, but he would have given up all this certainty right then for the haze of his unknown future when he was taking Susan home from the junior prom in his seventy-five-dollar Maspreth Special Six.

> It has been suggested that love is universal, but the Russians apparently vetoed that too.
>
> LILO M. KIDD

Another thought came to him then. He didn't have to live like a recluse at the Essex Arms. He could afford a home in the suburbs. He had passed the hurdles of economizing and nightly overtime. There was no real need for him to stay in the rut into which he had gradually fallen.

He looked at Susan's hair and at her tanned arms and at her big smile, and he missed about fifteen sentences about the condition and the hopes of Maspreth Motors. He told himself that this didn't matter.

He tried to snap out of it that afternoon. He started to dig into Maspreth. He took a guided tour of the plant. He saw a rousing spirit in Maspreth's employees and saw that they all admired the trim smartness of Susan, but he couldn't see any signs of pending profit. There were a lot of things he didn't like. He couldn't find any supervisors, for instance. He learned that they were all on the test range, pooling their brains on the chain-saw attachment. It looked like a do-or-die operation, and solid companies don't thusly put all their eggs into one basket.

As he looked further he saw that Maspreth didn't have many baskets. Their generators were strictly small-output, farm-supply stuff. The gross sale of them wouldn't carry ten men. The company was still making replacement parts for pumps, but this didn't look like big business either.

The main effort was obviously on the production of the mower, trimmer and sprayer parts for the combination tool, and there was a great backlog of these parts—useless until the chain saw was perfected.

"That isn't good business, you know," he said to Susan. "They shouldn't be making all those parts. They should suspend production until the whole thing's ready to go."

"If they did that, these men wouldn't have anything to work on," she answered.

"Well, my gosh," he said, "they'd just have to ——"

"They can't afford to lay off, Jimmy. That's the one thing Maspreth's always stood for—steady work. These men depend on Maspreth. The company's just got to keep them working."

"Even if the company goes bankrupt?"

"Maspreth's been in trouble before, Jimmy. When they were making cars and the market kept falling off and falling off, they thought they'd go bankrupt then too; but they got the generator business going, and it kept them alive. This new tool will save the company now."

James King wasn't so sure. He started back toward the office and then he saw the strangest thing of the afternoon. Making an island in the main lane of traffic through the plant was a big glass case, and in the case was a Maspreth Special Six. It was shiny and polished, and the glass of the case was washed.

"Monument to past glories?" he said to Susan.

"I don't know," she said. "I can't explain it. It means something to these men. They polish it during lunch hour every once in a while. It's been there since nineteen twenty-two."

"The same year as mine," he said. He found himself feeling a little glow as he peered through the glass at the gleaming old car.

"I don't know either," he said, "and I know darn well the bank wouldn't know. Let's get me back to work."

He was reluctantly digging into the assets and the open accounts when he and Susan were joined by two of the company engineers. One of them was Kenneth Kendall. He looked grim. The other was Arnold Houghton, who grabbed James King by the hand while they had a brief high-school reunion.

Then there was a silence, and he had to tell them the reason for his visit. He was apprehensive while he did it, for the atmosphere at Maspreth Motors had got so close to old home week that his pronouncement was a little like a young millionaire's sending his mother to the county farm.

"Look, Jim," said Kenneth. "If your boss is just trying to find a reason to carry us for another year or so, we've got plenty of reasons. We didn't do too badly this afternoon. In fact, we did well enough so that we're going to run another test tomorrow morning with a new clutch. We'll whip this thing. All we need is time. Tell them that."

He hesitated before answering. He looked at Susan Kendall and thought how nice she would look at a party of the bank office staff. Then he corrected himself, because he realized that she looked nicer right where she was. The trouble was that it didn't look as though she were going to get to stay there long—neither were these friendly, hard-working men. He spoke then, bluntly.

"I'm going to stay here for at least four or five days," he said, "and it looks to me as though that were all the time you had. If I tell them when I get back that you're all set to go on your new product, I think they'll go along. If not, Mr. Hornsby can't save you without risking his job; I can't save you no matter how much I risk, and I doubt if you can save yourselves."

They accepted that. If they thought that an old classmate should be able to get them more leeway time than four or five days, they didn't tell him so. They invited him to dinner.

James King was glum through the meal. He was a little brighter later in the evening


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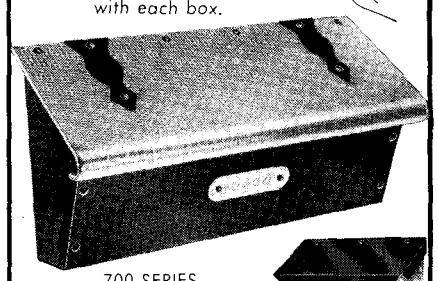

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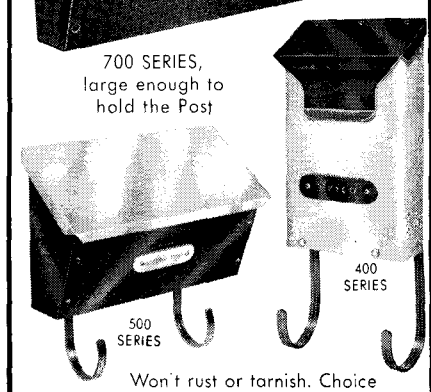


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when he took Susan out riding to see the old places in the quiet valley. The convertible helped. They drove with the top down and watched the stars on the rushing Tannerkill.

She was still living in the old family house. As James turned into the tree-lined street, it seemed to him as though he dropped years from his shoulders; but when he took her hand as he let her out, he knew the years were still there. A sport dress doesn't turn into a pink gown for the wishing, and neither of them was eighteen years old any more.

The next two days in Schonowie went by with the cool pace of fall days in a small town. He had gone through the Maspreth books so often that there was no further need to stay cooped up in the office. Susan let her work go too. She said if the saw succeeded she could get someone in to help her; and if it didn't, there wasn't any use in worrying anyway.

This philosophy was another thing that James King found difficult to reconcile with his last fourteen years among harder but less matter-of-fact people. He put it aside to be studied later. He didn't have time right then. He was busy enjoying the clean clear days in the colorful valley. He was busy reliving his youth.

With Susan he picnicked and drove the hills. They visited the fair at the county seat and they went to a local auction. James went to the cemetery to plant fresh flowers on his parents' graves. He dug deep into the loam and he set purple chrysanthemums that would last until the deepest of valley frosts. When he had finished, Susan took him by the hand and held it for a moment.

"Jim," she said, "I know I'm being bold. That's my Chicago training, I suppose. But why don't you stay here and help the men in that factory. They need someone like you. There isn't a one of them who's really a businessman. They don't know cost control or proper inventory procedure or tax structure. I can't help them much. I'm a good secretary, but I don't know the things they need help with. Aren't you ready to come home?"

He took her other hand so that he held them both. "Yes, I am, Susan," he said, "but it's too late. There isn't really any home to come to. You know that. These boys aren't going to be able to keep going. Businesses like this don't have a place any more. But look at it another way. Wouldn't you like to go and live near New York? I'm talking about getting married, Susan—you know that, don't you? Susan, we're not youngsters any more, but I think we could make it go."

She didn't answer for a minute. Then she shook her head. "No," she said. "I found out I wasn't Chicago and I wouldn't be New York either. This is my town."

"Your town isn't going to be here much longer, Susan."

"Then I'll stay as long as it is. You better take me back to the factory, Jimmy. If you really think it's falling apart, then I'd better be there to pick up the pieces."

This was the afternoon of the third day. They found Kenneth Kendall in the office, and with him were Arnold Houghton and a younger man who looked as though he were fresh out of engineering school. All three looked haggard, but they were still hopeful. The new clutch hadn't worked. They sat at different desks and discussed compositions and plastics, and they doodled on office stationery.

"I figure we've got time for one more good whack at it," said Kenneth. He turned to speak to James directly. "What we're up against, Jim, is the varying speeds of the various tools. We get a wear ——"

That was when the telephone rang, and the telegram came in from Mr. Hornsby. It was for James King. "Report back at once. Will explain. No longer any need to check Maspreth Motors. Board decided yesterday to foreclose."

James put through a call to Mr. Hornsby, got a connection and got the full story. Mr. Hornsby hadn't been able to postpone a decision. Simmons' copy of the damning report of Maspreth's problems, summarized by James King on his last day at the office, had been included in a group of papers sent to the corporations committee. It had convinced them of Maspreth's failure.

"Simmons came in and apologized to me," said Mr. Hornsby dryly. "He said the report got in with some other papers by mistake. Someday I'll take an hour off and get enough on Simmons to hang him. Anyway, you'd better come home."

The Maspreth office was full of engineers by the time James King hung up. He explained. His stomach churned. He knew he would never make a field man. He knew his place was at a desk, working with cold figures—not in the midst of a bunch of disappointed people. He found himself hating Simmons, not only for letting these people suffer for his personal ambitions, but also for fixing it so that he, James King, would be in their midst when the disappointment came. He had been reconciled to their failure, but he had never thought that he would be the breaker of the bad news.

It was worse when they were nice people, when they didn't storm at him or seem to blame him personally for their plight. To hold them in this mood, he threw them the whole story of Simmons' treachery to Hornsby and thus also to them.

They didn't look surprised. "That's the sort of thing I came back here to get away from," said Arnold Houghton. "I sure hate to go back in it again."

"I suppose it's impossible for you to meet your current note?" James said.

Kenneth Kendall laughed. "Twenty thousand dollars?" he said. "We haven't got a thousand between us."

"I've got twenty thousand dollars," said James King. He said it automatically and he didn't know why he said it. For a moment he almost panicked and ran.

Then he saw Susan smile and he knew why he said it. It was because he was willing to back her wishes to the last dollar he owned. And then he smiled too, because he knew that this offer had been the key to his whole thinking about Susan. He loved her. He loved her to the point where he was not only willing to forgo success but even to buy his way into becoming a part of a failure.

But nobody else smiled. The rest of them shook their heads. "No," said Kenneth. "There isn't any need for you to lose your shirt, just because the rest of us are going to. Besides, twenty thousand isn't enough. We've got another ten thousand due in thirty days."

"I can raise ten thousand. I think I can anyway."

"But, Jim," spoke up Arnold Houghton, "that isn't the point, is it? If they're closing in on us, they're going to want every payment as soon as it comes due; and even if we get into production, on the saw, we aren't going to take in money that fast. We can't. It'll take six months before we see any real money."

James King looked at Susan again. Her smile was almost gone, but she was still hopeful.

"Can you get that saw on the line in thirty days?" he asked harshly, like an executive who had taken charge.

"Yes," said Kenneth, "but ——"

"No 'buts.' I'm going to buy you thirty days. After that thirty days, I'm going to sweat and scream and come up with something to keep off the wolves. Are you going to let me in?"

There was no question. He drove them from the office and picked up the telephone. "New York City," he said, "Mr. Raymond Hornsby, Jefferson National Bank. I'll hold on."

Susan sat beside him while he bought the thirty days.

In the week that followed, it seemed as though a factory which had been humming before was twice as active and twice as consecrated. James had little office work to do. His main problem was to decide what to do when the thirty days were up. He was realist enough to know there was no easy solution. He searched in his mind and he searched in the eyes of Susan Kendall and he searched in the shops that housed the devoted employees of Maspreth Motors.

He searched, but he did not find. He found understanding, though, and he found comradeship. The men knew that he was the one who had at least temporarily saved their jobs. They let him know they knew. They took him as a friend, even to the extent of letting him sit grandly in the Maspreth Special Six when they opened the big glass case to do their weekly polishing one lunch hour.

"Like to hear it run?" asked the foreman.

"Gosh, yes. Will it?"

"Sure. We run it once, twice, maybe three times a year. I'll tell you what. We'll get it out and water the radiator, and you take it for a little ride this afternoon."

"I wouldn't want to do that."

"Why not? You won't hurt it. We ran it all over town last Fourth of July parade. Go ahead. Hey, Ben, get the ramp. Mr. King's going to do the town."

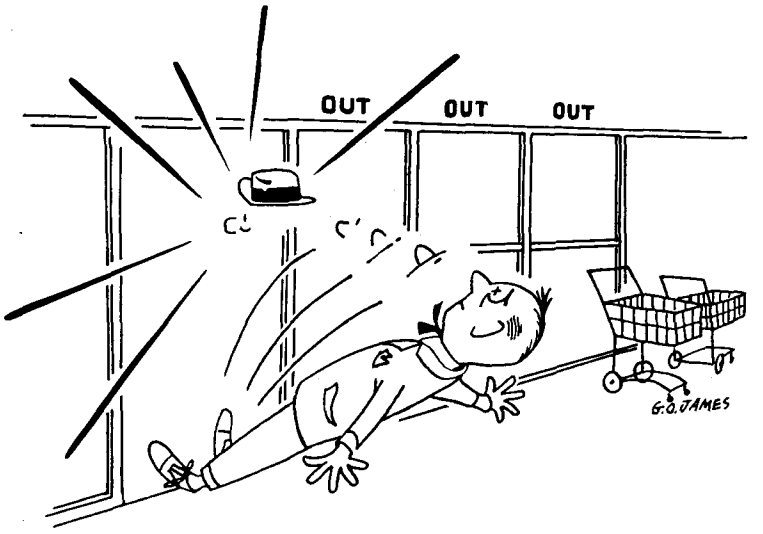
They eased it from the case. They put water in the radiator and checked the oil. They poured some gasoline into the tank and brought an old battery from some hiding place. The Maspreth fired at once, and the foreman throttled it down and climbed from the seat. "Take it away," he said.

James took it away. He sat on the smooth leather and he handled the crafted wooden steering wheel like the beautiful thing it was. He drove proudly up the company street to the office and honked the horn. Susan came running out to join him in his glory.

As he passed slowly through town, he found he had more friends than any man had a right to have. Merchants leaned from their doorways and waved. Small boys ran alongside and cheered. The policeman, parked at the intersection to watch for speeders, left his car to wave the Maspreth out onto the main highway.

He drove along the riverbank, exulting in the throb of the old engine. The top was down, and the wind whipped past, sending Susan's hair out behind in an amber cloud. He thought he had never been so happy.

He swung around in a farmer's driveway about five miles up the valley and headed back (*Continued on Page 120*)




## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The supermarket had three doors marked OUT. Next to them appeared to be an unmarked exit. Oscar started to stride through there and walked smack into a glass wall. For his battered face he sued the store.

"It was a trap," Oscar asserted. "They were negligent in not marking it. It looked like a door; it was next to a door, and the glass was so clear that you couldn't tell it from pure air."

"Do we have to put up signs, BEWARE OF THE GLASS?" the store's lawyer countered. "Every new store front today is more glass than brick. If a grown man doesn't know better than to walk into a pane of glass, he should blame his eyesight, not us."

If you were the judge, would you make the store pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

In this instance the store had to pay. The court said it was responsible because it placed a clear glass wall—with a pane so invisible as to deceive even persons with perfect vision—in a position where it looked like an open door.

*Based upon a 1958 Pennsylvania decision.*

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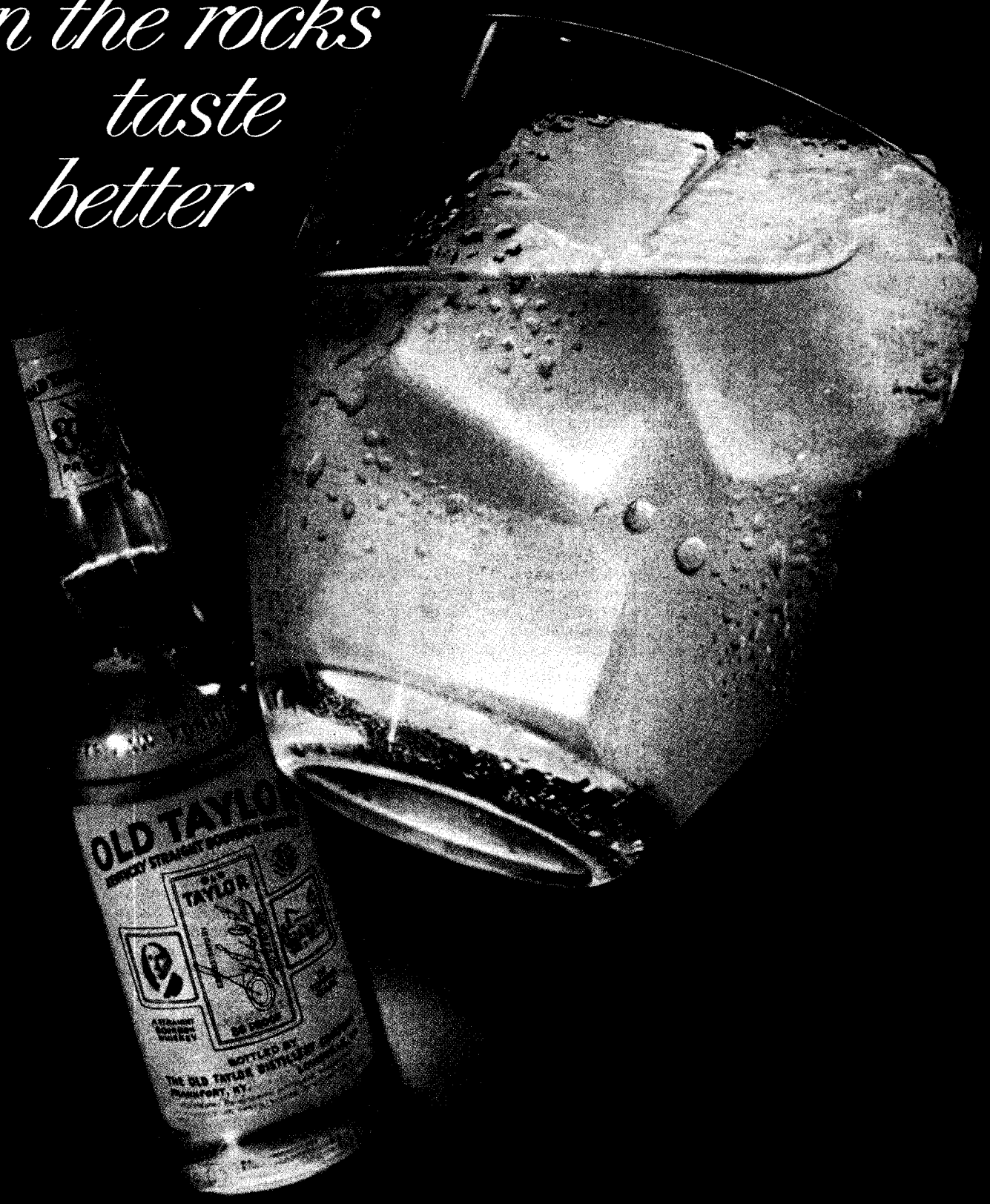


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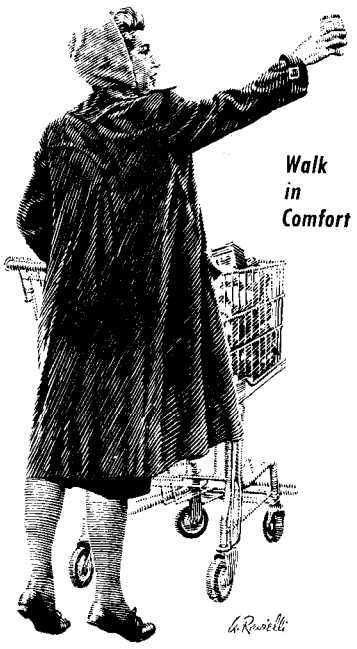


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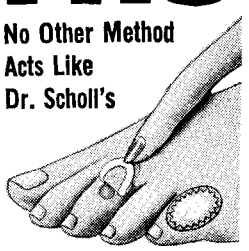

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(*Continued from Page 118*) to town. As he neared the policeman's car again, he noted a strange growling noise from behind the car, but he was so absorbed in the passion of his progress that he did not let it bother him until it was a full-fledged grind. Then, horrified, he stopped.

The Maspreth came back to the factory pulled backward behind the tow truck from the Crossroads Garage. The big foreman clucked in sympathy, crawled under the car and reported his findings.

"Someone drained all the oil out of the transmission and the rear end," he said. "The plugs are gone. That figures. The gears are probably all burred in one or the other, maybe both. Don't worry about it."

"Don't worry? When I've ruined this car that you've kept for nearly forty years?"

"Heck, you haven't ruined anything. We've got more rear ends and transmissions than you can shake a stick at. We'll have you out in it again by this time tomorrow. A couple of the boys will stay down tonight and change over. We can put in a whole new assembly if we want—drive shaft, wheels and all."

"You've got spare parts?"

The foreman laughed. "Spare parts? We've got spare cars. We've got a whole building full of pieces of these things."

Something clicked in James King's mind. "Wait a minute," he said. "Give it to me slowly. How many pieces for how many cars?"

"I don't know. Come and see."

The foreman led the way to a barnlike building adjacent to the generator-assembly shop. Inside was an accumulation that made James gasp. He grabbed Susan by the arm and headed her for the office.

"Have you got the inventory sheets where you can get at them easily," he asked her. "I'd like to see the whole batch."

She brought them, wondering, and he fumbled furiously. Then he straightened up and laughed. He grabbed her again, but this time it was to hold her close.

"Susan," he said, "I've found it. We've got it made. Susan, do you still want me to stay here and make it run?" He didn't wait for an answer. He kissed her hard. "Get the brass of this outfit in here, will you?" he said. "I think they'd like to hear this right away. And, while I'm talking to them. . . ." He gave her instructions.

A few minutes later, seated at a table with Kenneth Kendall, Arnold Houghton and the others, he read slowly from an old list in front of him.

"Two hundred and seventy-five frame assemblies, one hundred and thirty-eight closed bodies, one hundred and fifteen open bodies, one hundred and ninety-two assembled motors, nine hundred and five wheels, seats, steering assemblies, universals. Do you know what you boys have in stock?"

They shook their heads. "I'm not sure either. Susan's calling. I'll know in a minute. But I have to ask you this. Are you still going to need a finance man in your organization if it turns out that you've got finances enough to keep you going without any trouble until you get your saw in shape? I don't want to come in here under false pretenses. You might not need me any more at all."

"What are you talking about?" said Arnold Houghton. "We still have only your know-how between us and foreclosure."

"Maybe not," said James.

Susan came in and laid a slip on the table. He picked it up, and a big smile came over his face.

"Fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars," he said. "That's what you can get for a Maspreth Special Six. If you can make a hundred cars, you've got a backlog of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars right in that stock-shed. That's what I mean, Arnold. You don't really need me any more at all."

"Jim," said Kenneth Kendall. "We still don't know what you're talking about. What have we got a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of? Old car parts?"

"Not old—antique. There's quite a difference, Ken. Susan's just called the biggest dealer in antique cars in New York City. He gave her this price. What else did he say, Susan?"

"He said old cars made of parts that had been in storage would be just as authentic as old cars that had been in storage complete. He said he'd be glad to handle just as many as you could make. He wants to be your distributor."

There was a momentary bedlam around the table. There was backslapping and handshaking. James King stood up. He tossed the inventory sheets to Arnold Houghton. Arnold Houghton tossed them back.

"Jim," he said, "you're a genius. There's just one trouble with you. You've been away too long. Do you really think we'd let you leave us now? Just try and get out of town—even for a weekend."

His eyes sparkled a little as he watched Susan reach out and take hold of James King's hand. "Well," he amended, "maybe for three or four days. Maybe for just long enough for a honeymoon."

## Why Dana Buxton Smiled

(Continued from Page 45)

and it had a chic French look. Her first words after she woke up in the operating room had been delivered with a teasing grin. The doctors had forgotten to remove an auxiliary breathing hose in her mouth, used for anesthesia. She kidded them about their forgetfulness, obviously delighted at their embarrassment. Now in the recovery room her deep brown mahogany eyes followed the professionals around her bed with curiosity and intelligence. But more compelling than her delight in the world around her and the enthusiasm for living obvious on her perky all-American-girl kind of face, was that glorious, overwhelming grin.

For years Dana had lived stoically with the brutal truth that, although she had survived polio, she would die without a spinal-fusion operation. She needed surgery to halt the march of scoliosis, a severe curvature of the spine which was collapsing her torso. Yet she was—in one cruel, final word—inoperable.

Now the three crucial stages of the four-part operation were completed. They were a success. Death had not come near the operating room. Her future had grown long and was filled with possibilities.

Dana's story has very special importance to all who, like her, are the "victims" of modern medicine. They are the individuals who have been stricken with a supposedly incurable disease or fatal accident and have survived. A radical operation, miracle drugs, a new technique or piece of equipment used by a team of highly skilled professionals have fought a dramatic, heroic battle with death and defeated it.

Then, too often, the medical team moves on to new challenges, other spectacular engagements, leaving the patient to live a half life. That person, although an exciting statistic in a medical journal, may be a desperately dreary individual existing on a back ward of a chronic-disease hospital or in a dining room awkwardly converted to an invalid's room. Alone, dependent, barren of hope, such a person has time, so much time, to ask over and over again the bitter question—"Saved? For what?"

Dana became a victim of twentieth-century medicine in September, 1954, when polio struck her family in Pensacola, Florida. Her sister, stricken first, was barely affected. Their mother died. Dana was not expected to live; but despite a tardy diagnosis, Dana's life was saved by an iron lung, expert medical care and a determined will to live.

She was only eight years old when, after three weeks in an iron lung, she was taken out for a few moments. Many polio patients are difficult to wean from the security of the "tank," which breathes for them. When Dana was taken out, the attendant said, "Call me when you're tired, and I'll put you back in." Calmly and confidently Dana answered, "I'm not going to have to go back in." No one believed her, but she was right.

After their mother died, Dana and her sister were adopted by their maternal grandmother, Mrs. Addie Lehman. And while Dana learned what she could do for herself at the National Foundation's center in Warm Springs, Georgia, Mrs. Lehman received lessons in how to exercise and help her.

Dana was a successful polio recovery. She could breathe without equipment, although she was left with only 19 per cent of normal breathing capacity. She could cough, talk and eat. Her legs were virtually undamaged, and she could walk slowly, limited mostly by her ability to breathe. Laughing and cutting her eyes around coquettishly, she describes her slinky walk as "sexy." Her arms and hands were seriously damaged, but she had some movement in her wrists and elbows with which she could learn to feed herself and to type.

Two years after her attack of polio she was even able to defeat another sudden illness. Living in Maryland, she caught a near fatal case of pneumonia. She had a tracheotomy, an incision cut into her windpipe so that a machine could do her breathing until she was well. New drugs and expert care kept her alive. The crisis was met.

Through it all neither her intelligence nor her spirit was damaged. She was a girl who laughed more than smiled and took an uninhibited delight in what went on around her. If Dana had been able to go to school, she would have been one of those effervescent teen-agers who is on the student council and the prom committee, gets *A*'s and joyfully leads the way in class pranks, dashing from dates to books to activities in a coltish frenzy. Even as a prisoner of her home, she continued to study, read, listen to records and watch television, talk to everyone who came near, and to spend hours thinking and dreaming. Each day she exercised her potentialities and turned her back on self-pity. This was not easy, for having twice defeated sudden killers, she knew that death was stalking her with quiet, frightening certainty.

She was growing toward adulthood, yet Dana lived each day with the terrible knowledge (*Continued on Page 123*)

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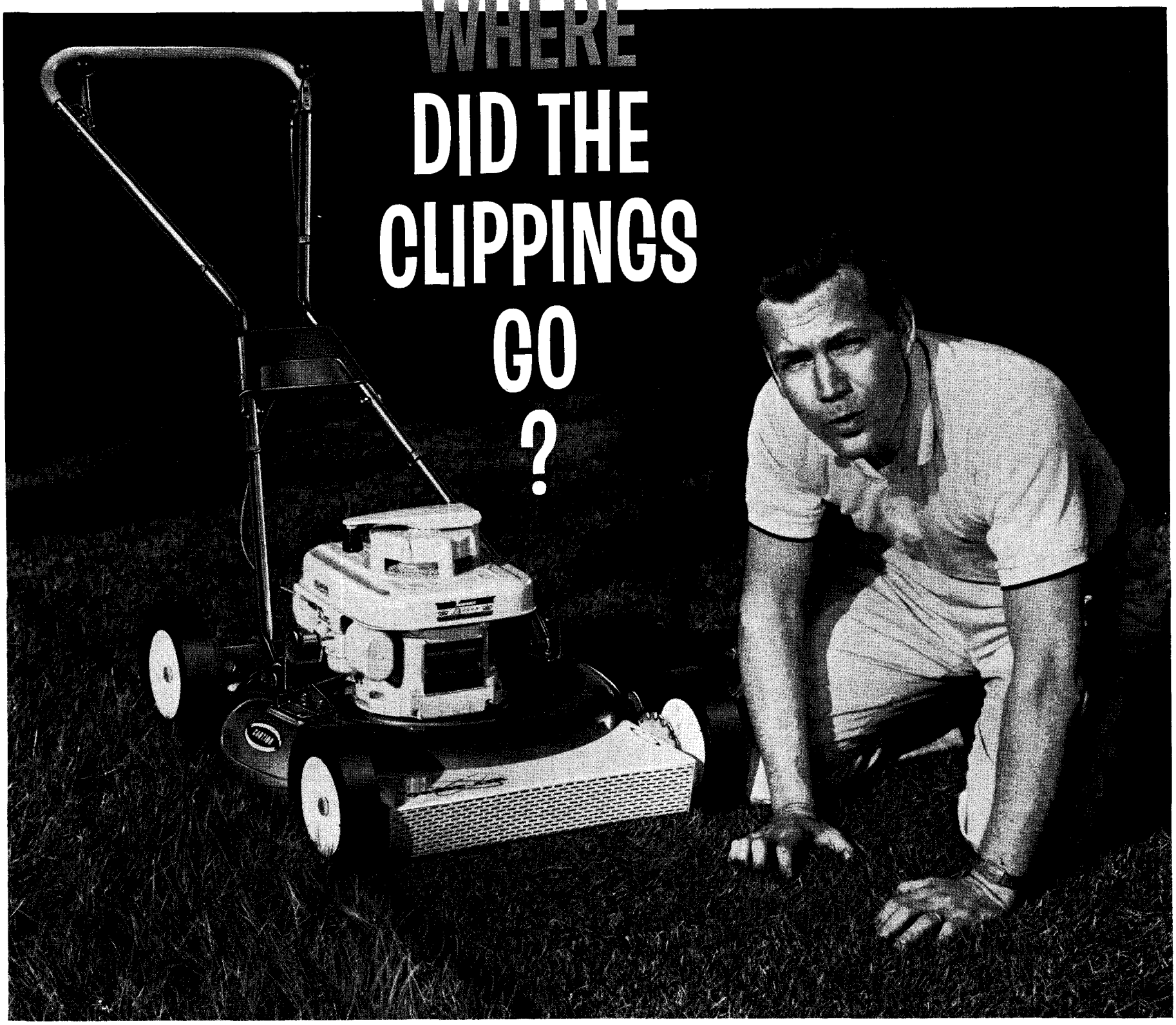
# WHERE DID THE CLIPPINGS GO ?



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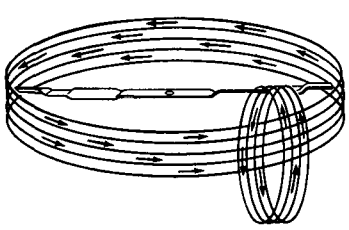

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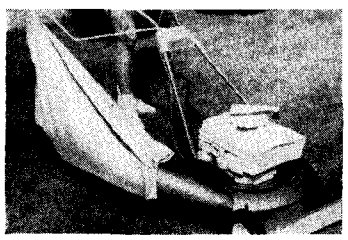

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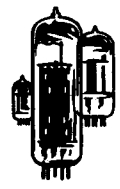

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(*Continued from Page 120*) that the very process of growth was taking her life. Like so many youngsters who have muscular, nervous or bone diseases, congenital deformities or spine injuries, Dana had scoliosis in such an extreme form that the curving of her spine was killing her. The spine is a marvelous series of building blocks which is held erect by buttresses of muscle which support each side with even, counterbalancing pressure. Polio had damaged the nerves in Dana's back so that the muscles supporting her spine exerted uneven tension, wrenching it into a cruel S. As her heart, lungs, stomach, kidneys and other organs grew larger, her torso grew shorter because of her twisted, collapsing spine.

The prognosis was sure—it was death. The cause would be listed as heart failure, kidney malfunction, lung congestion, circulation complications or something else. The real cause would be the scoliosis which had forced the organs into a position in which they could not do their job.

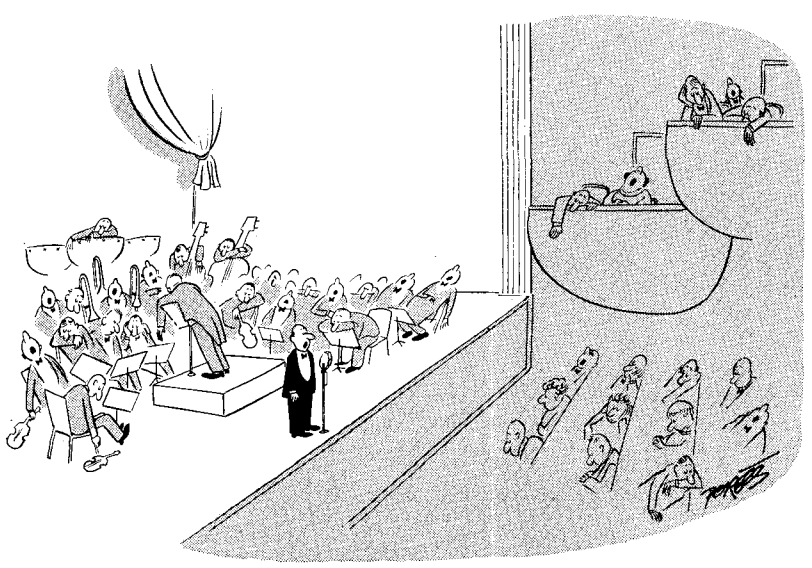
With the cunning of the child who spends weeks, then months, in hospitals, Dana knew the score. She discovered at Warm Springs that her folder had the terse sentence, "Dana cannot tolerate a spinal fusion even if it is definitely indicated," and that her grandmother was told, "Your granddaughter has to have a spinal fusion, and it is impossible for her to have it."

The techniques developed in Los Angeles for operating on respiratory cases had not yet been documented with enough cases to satisfy the standards of publication in medical literature, and it was still common medical knowledge that severe respiratory patients could not survive surgery. In fact, most surgeons still think that such patients, ravaged by disease, cannot take the loss of blood, the large quantities of anesthesia, the beating any body must undergo during an operation. And if the patient does happen to survive an hour or two or three in the operating room, death would most certainly come shortly afterward. Respiratory postoperative complications still kill many normal people, especially when they have radical spine or chest surgery. Obviously Dana didn't have a chance—better to close the door on hope. In that spirit one Eastern medical authority who had never heard of what was being done at the hospital in California told the grandmother bluntly, "I don't think you could get an ethical surgeon in the United States to operate on her."

Mrs. Lehman had to live with the facts as she had been told them. There would be no operation. She moved to San Diego, California, because she had relatives there, and it was a climate that would free Dana from the colds that were plaguing her in Maryland. Dana studied at home and reached the ninth grade as a *B* student. On state-wide tests she was revealed to be at the intellectual level of a high-school senior. She learned to like Tchaikovsky and Elvis Presley, laughed at Ann Sothern on television and gasped at the feats of James Garner. She wrote schoolwork and letters on the rebuilt electric typewriter given her by IBM and read, continually read, books on science. Her grandmother saw her break down only once. One afternoon she watched her sister skipping out to join a group of children running around the yard with wild abandon. When her sister shut the door, Dana wept.

That was before she met Dr. Vernon Nickel, the husky, forty-one-year-old orthopedist who was doing what most surgeons thought impossible. He was at the Respiratory and Rehabilitation Center in Rancho Los Amigos Hospital, a Los Angeles County hospital. There are sixteen such centers spotted around the country by the National Foundation, which provide emergency care for new polio victims; their establishment, however, arose out of a greater need. As the foundation fought polio, it discovered equipment and techniques which could save more seriously involved victims. Each year many lived who would have died the year before, and each year there were polio victims left with cruel involvements. Instead of the polio victims we are used to seeing wearing leg braces or in wheel chairs, there has grown up a whole generation of quadriplegics whose arms and legs are both involved. There are polio victims who can't raise their heads off their chests, many who have virtually no ability to breathe without assistance.

The Salk vaccine could prevent much polio, but it could do nothing for those who already had it, or those who would not be vaccinated. In addition to providing care for polio victims and other seriously handicapped patients, such as quadriplegics, from accidents, the centers were designed to lead the way in research so that the horribly crippled victims of polio would get the best possible chance at a worth-while life. This is not only a social responsibility but also an economic necessity. Minimum care for a polio patient with an arm-leg-and-chest involvement in (*Continued on Page 125*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You have been listening to Brahms' Lullaby."

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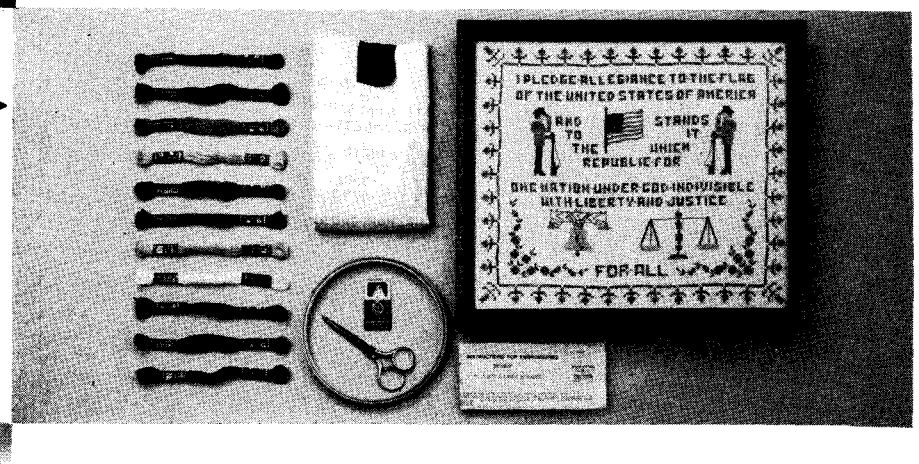
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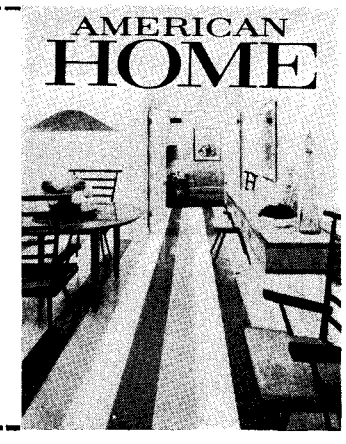


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(*Continued from Page 123*) a public hospital runs at least fifty dollars a day. Who can afford an $18,000 hospital bill—plus extras—year after year? And with modern care and miracle drugs, a quadriplegic can have a life expectancy of forty years. or more. I talked to one young quadriplegic whose father had been charged $225 a day for the boy's care in a private hospital. The father was well-to-do, but he had to send his son to a county hospital. Something had to be done to get these people home.

One of the leaders in this campaign has been Doctor Nickel, a brilliant, imaginative orthopedic surgeon who never expected to be involved in such work. In his training he had, of course, seen some terribly crippled patients on the back wards of chronic-disease hospitals, but he had quite frankly never planned to work with the "hopeless old crocks." He was sympathetic, but he was geared by personality to charge in, use his skills to the utmost and then move on to the next problem. He was impatient, bored with routine, eager for new challenges. He did not have the temperament for the slow, partial rehabilitation of "hopeless" patients.

It was only after the repeated urging of a classmate that he even visited Rancho. Dr. John Affeldt, now medical director of the entire hospital, was then chief physician in the respiratory center. The county hospital was undergoing a medical reorganization, and he felt it needed somebody as vigorous, impatient and unconventional as Nickel on the staff. He urged him to take a part-time appointment as chief of surgical services and head orthopedic surgeon. Affeldt argued that it was "Nick's responsibility—and it was also a great opportunity to do some unusual orthopedic work. Affeldt kept making that pitch, but it didn't strike a spark.

After years of training, Nickel, then thirty-four years old, was establishing an exciting and profitable practice—he was an associate professor at the College of Medical Evangelists, he was on the staff of a number of hospitals and he was taking an increasingly active part in the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons. His life was full. It was unfortunate, he apologized, but he just didn't feel that he had time for patients whose future was clearly hopeless, who were condemned to institutional life.

Then, at a dinner party he met a woman—attractive, charming and quite thoroughly normal—who had been a polio patient at Rancho and had escaped from an iron lung. "It really shook me," Nickel remembers. "To me, like so many people, the 'tank' is a symbol of hopelessness, a jail from which there is no escape. But I watched her all evening and realized that you could escape."

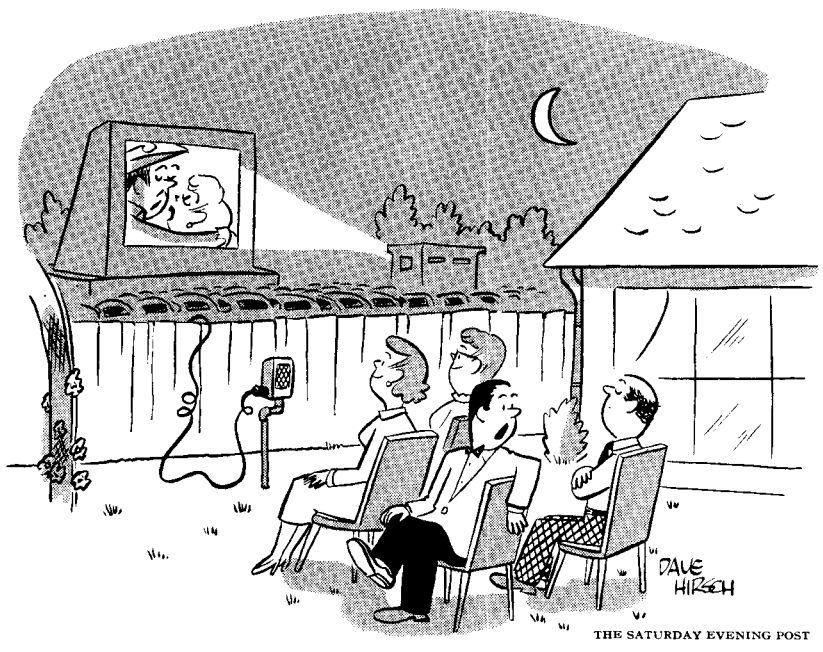
He took the appointment at Rancho Los Amigos and today he doesn't blink at the fact that life can still be mighty dismal for some of his patients. When asked, "Wouldn't some of them be better off dead?" he answers bluntly, "Come on. I'll show you which plugs to pull on the respirators." Then, once he has shocked you into realizing the problem—nobody is really going to shut off the respirator and let the patient suffocate, so what are we to do?—he talks with affectionate enthusiasm of Karen McKibben, who may become a brilliant physicist; Hollis Nelson, who wants to study law; Dorcas Clark, who is taking care of her two children. They aren't human wrecks, but delightful individuals who can make important contributions to society if they are given the chance.

"If we are going to keep these people alive," Nickel says with passionate sincerity, "then the medical profession must see that they do more than breathe. It's up to us to make sure they have a worth-while life."

He had plenty of opportunity to see what he could do. Rancho has more polio victims with severe arm-and-hand involvements than any other center, and in addition they have many quadriplegics from diving accidents. Five years earlier these young men with broken necks would have died. Now they were kept alive, vigorous young athletes condemned to a life of bed care.

Nickel has the ability to see to the heart of a problem and he soon realized that the quadriplegic lacked a basic human skill—the pinch. Without that ability, a person cannot turn a page, pick up a pen or a fork, put on lipstick or light a cigarette—cannot, in fact, perform the most simple tasks of self-care.

With the assistance of a full-time orthopedic surgeon at Rancho—skillful, brisk and kind Dr. Jacquelin Perry, he extended to extremely crippled patients a series of operations in which tendons could be transplanted in the hand so that it could pinch. Since many patients did not have the muscle power to operate the pinch, he nudged the father of a patient who is a severely afflicted polio victim, physicist Dr. Joseph McKibben of Los Alamos, New Mexico, into inventing a sample artificial muscle.

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Still, there was one problem that haunted him on his rounds through the hospital. Nickel saw boys and girls slowly dying of conditions which could be corrected or controlled by routine surgery. The most critical one was scoliosis. A spinal-fusion operation could halt this curvature of the spine. In the most advanced cases it could mean a life saved; in the less involved it could even mean rescue from the life of a hunchback. But the patients he saw were inoperable because they had only a fraction of normal breathing capacity.

At first Nickel went along with medical tradition; he did not challenge the fact that they could not be operated on. They were inoperable—well, that's that. Let's see what else we can do for them. But there was little else that could be done. The same cases would come up for evaluation month after month. They had to have operations, and Nickel's surgeon's hands itched to do the job. Then the final sentence—they could not survive such an operation.

On his rounds, in medical meetings, during coffee breaks with staff members, Nickel began to ask questions. Why couldn't respiratory patients be given just enough anesthesia to put them under? Why couldn't that delicate balance be kept throughout the operation? It would be tricky, but there was no medical reason why it couldn't be done. But there was another reason an operation was impossible. Seriously involved respiratory patients are so emaciated they can't stand a normal loss of blood. True, Nickel argued, but why couldn't blood be replaced at a rapid rate during the operation? It could be.

Then he came to the most critical point. When a normal person is operated on, his breathing is affected—anesthetics and painkilling drugs inhibit breathing. This is not very important in a person with 100 per cent breathing capacity, but it can be fatal in a polio patient. In a chest or spine operation, pain in the area around the lungs makes it difficult for the patient to breathe. It hurts, so he doesn't try hard, and the polio patient doesn't have the margin of safety that saves a normal life.

The more Nickel thought about it, however, and the more he discussed it with other physicians at Rancho, the more he became convinced that the problem could be solved. The anesthetist actually controls the breathing of nonrespiratory patients during most operations; he could do the same thing for a respiratory patient. What about postoperative? The answer was obvious. The patient could be hooked up to a breathing machine. Since Rancho has the largest number of respiratory patients of any National Foundation center in the country, it had the equipment and experience to care for patients who need artificial help to breathe.

With a combination of ruthlessness and caution, Nickel picked a patient and decided to operate. The young man he chose was John Spain. He had only 45 per cent of normal breathing capacity, but he desperately needed an abdominal transplant in which fascia, the gristle that holds muscles together, is crisscrossed over his stomach so that his diaphragm and internal organs could be supported when he sat up. Without the operation, he was doomed to waste his life away on a county-hospital bed. With it he could go home and be part of his family again. That operation took place five years ago, and few people thought it would be a success. As a matter of fact, it was ridiculously easy.

Now Nickel wonders why they operated on so few patients in the beginning. Of course, they had to be careful—it was against all medical advice. In retrospect, however, the operations were far more successful than they ever hoped. Anna Portenstein, who had only 18 per cent of normal breathing ability, had a neck and spine fusion and was able to go home to her family in San Diego. Esther Wright, with only 2 per cent breathing capacity, was operated on and went home. In spite of her continuing need for respiratory equipment, she is no longer institutionalized.

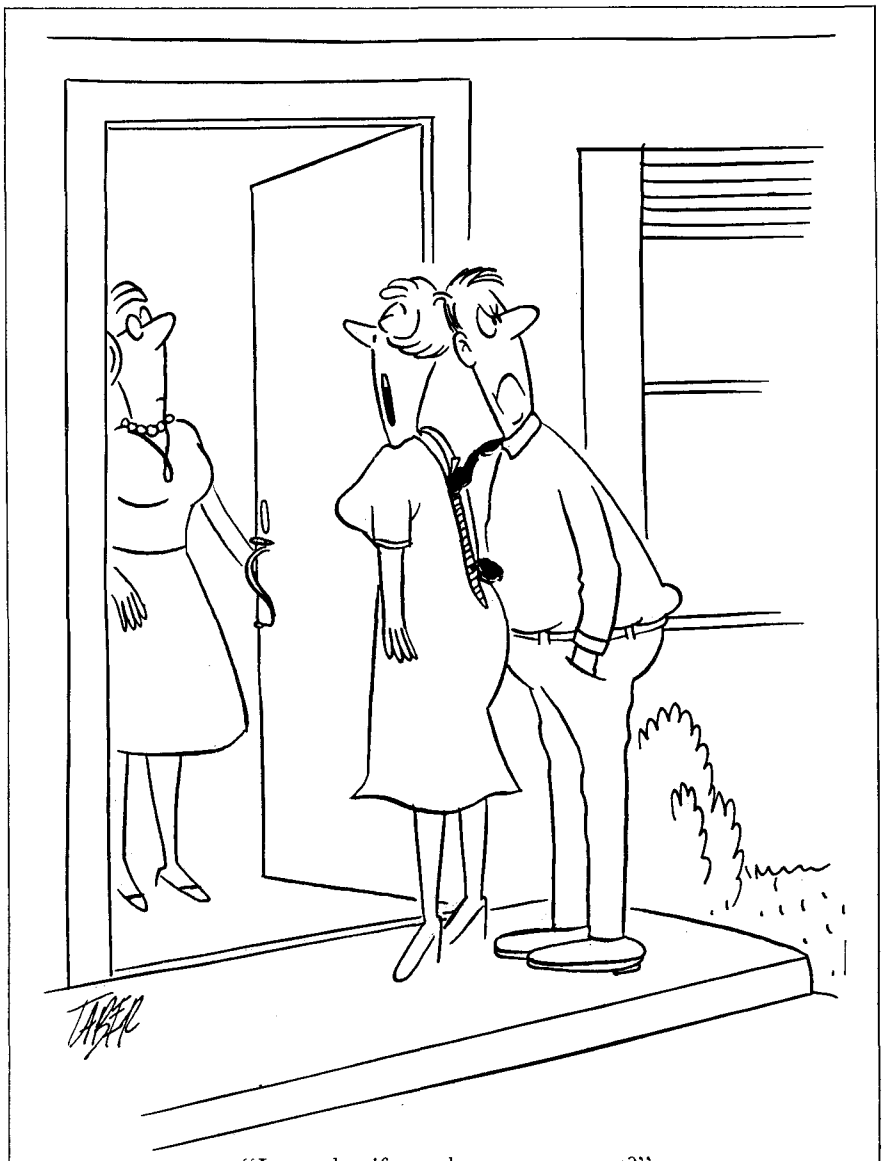
Nickel taught his associates the operating techniques, and there were hundreds of successful cases before a single fatality—and that came during a preoperative tracheotomy. Slowly Nickel began to realize there was even a bonus for respiratory patients; they were doing better during the critical postoperative period than his normal patients. The reason was simple—drugs and pains could not inhibit the machines that were doing the breathing for respiratory patients. They were getting full, regular breathing and they did not develop the chest congestions that are so often fatal after operations. The implications of this are obvious. If there are trained teams of nurses and attendants who know how to care for patients using respiratory equipment, it may be helpful someday to put normal patients on such devices for radical heart, lung, chest or spine surgery. It may even have vital use in the accident operating room.

Nickel's results began attracting attention around the country. Dr. John H. Moe of the University of Minnesota, one of the nation's most respected orthopedic surgeons, said, "Nickel's cases would ordinarily be considered impossible operating risks." Dr. Hugh Smith of Memphis, Tennessee, president of the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons, added, "Nick's picking up where other people quit." Nickel himself was able to announce simply, "We will operate on anyone without regard to his respiratory status."

This was true when Dana first came in to Rancho for a routine checkup, but she didn't know it. All she knew was that after the examination they said the same thing they had everywhere else—she had to have a spinal fusion. It took her a while to realize, however, that they were really talking about performing the operation, explaining to her that she'd have to give up her mobility, wear a halo screwed into her skull, and an uncomfortable body cast for the better part of a year, have another tracheotomy, undergo a series of four operations. She had no trouble making up her mind. It would be a small price to pay for a future.

Yet there was another price that had to be paid. Hospital care for respiratory patients is dreadfully expensive. The National Foundation agreed to underwrite the operations. It was no small expense. In all, the foundation will have spent considerably more than $10,000 on this one girl since she was stricken, but foundation officials thought the result would be worth it. They had saved Dana's life; now they could make it a worth-while one.

On September first, Dana went into the operating room for the first time. The halo was screwed into her skull, her body placed in a cast and the metal scaffolding custom-built around her so that her spine and neck would be in traction during the whole period of surgery and healing. Since she was in the operating room anyway, they did a tendon transplant on her right hand so that she could have a pinch and use that hand much more efficiently.



"I wonder if you have a moment?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On September twenty-first she underwent the tracheotomy. Many patients fight this. Few people have ever wanted to breathe on their own any more than Dana, but she understood the necessity for having a machine plugged into her windpipe. Instead of fighting it, she relaxed and went to sleep. As one doctor said, "She's very sophisticated." A young resident added, "She plays it real cool."

Nine days later Dana was wheeled into the operating room for the first half of the spinal fusion. Doctor Nickel was not even there. Surgery on respiratory patients has become routine at Rancho. Dana would be operated on by Dr. Jacquelin Perry. Carefully watching the amount of anesthetic, the loss of blood, and any conditions which might mean trouble for this girl who did not have the healthy human's margin of safety, Doctor Perry opened up her lower back and performed a conventional spinal fusion, chipping away the "hooks" at the rear of the back bones so that hundreds of inch-long splinters lay across the joints. It was as if the spine had hundreds of fractures which would heal as a broken arm heals. The bone splinters and the blood clots would slowly form into fibrous tissue, then bone. This fusion was reinforced with a bone transplant from the back of the pelvis. With the spine held rigidly in position by the cast and halo, the backbone would heal into a rigid bone. The operation was a success, and a month later she went back for another long operation. This time her upper spine was fused, and the wires attached to stainless-steel buttons sewn onto her spine. This was when Dana filled the postoperative recovery room with her smile.

In December she went home. She is still in her cast and halo, but she went out Christmas Eve on her gurney, a stretcher with wheels, which runs on a track in the back of the station wagon, and her grandmother drove her around to see the lights. At home she is continuing to study and to read.

Thanks to her hand operation she was able to study art at Rancho, and now she is doing water colors. She goes back to Rancho for regular checkups, and in the spring she will return to have the wires removed and a bone transplanted to reinforce that part of the spine. By the end of the year her spine will have fused, if all goes well, and she will be taken out of her halo and cast.

Dana will always have to mobilize all her resources to stretch toward the life most of us lead using only a tiny portion of our physical abilities. She will have to exercise her lungs three times a day with an inhalator to maintain 19 per cent of normal breathing capacity. She will always have to move slowly, plan the work that is within her particular limitations, conserve her strength, make a special battle against disease. Her life won't be easy, but now it can be worth while.

With a spine-fusion operation, her future grows long, and her horizon does not stop at the sickroom door. She plans to start going to school this year, and with the marks she has already made at home, college is a reasonable goal. Dana is interested in science and she thinks she may have a career there, perhaps doing research with a computer. Certainly, with proper planning, she should be able to support herself. But Dana isn't satisfied with that; she talks about a husband, even having children of her own.

A doctor might not advise her to have children, but one physician who has observed her battle for meaningful survival grinned when I asked if Dana could bear children. "You know," he said, "she just might, now that her spine is fused. Patients like Dana write a new definition of the word 'impossible.'" THE END

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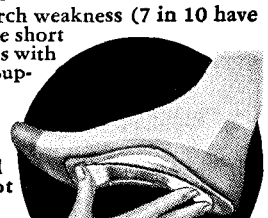

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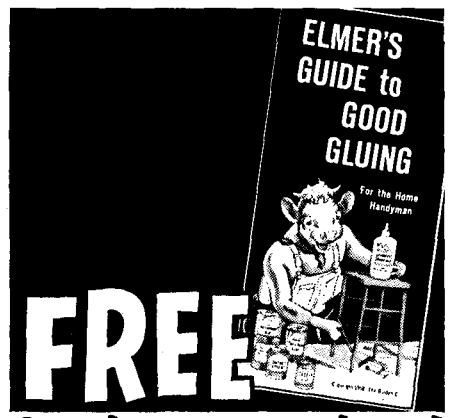


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# My Pitching Secrets

(Continued from Page 31)

wind cutting across Comiskey Park was so cold it seemed to go through me. I'd work up a sweat pitching and then, as I sat in the dugout and we scored some runs, the sweat would dry. The wind chilled me. My elbow started to stiffen up, and I felt that maybe I was catching cold. I came out of there in the eighth inning. We were ahead, 11–0, and the Series still had a long way to go.

In Los Angeles I started the fourth game on a fine, hot day. Again I had good stuff. Then, all of a sudden the Dodgers got five singles with two out in the third inning, and I was knocked out. I knew more about the Dodger hitters than I had the first day and I was throwing the ball where I wanted to. They didn't hit me hard. But they kept hitting the ball where nobody could get it. I've had days like that when, with good stuff, I've been knocked out. I've had days when, without much stuff, I've won. The only rule is, don't brood about what happens. Get them next time.

It would be nice if I could tell you how I did just that in the sixth game. Unfortunately things didn't work out that way. In the third inning, with the score 0–0, Duke Snider came up with a man on first base and two out—a steal situation. On the fourth pitch I was expecting the runner to go and I decided to throw a fast ball high and outside. That was to give Sherm Lollar, my catcher, a pitch that would put him in a good position to throw to second.

As I went into my windup I saw a kind of blur out of the corner of my eye. The runner was going. I pitched as quickly—but not as hard—as I could. Sherm never got a chance to throw anybody out, because Snider hit the ball into the stands.

The Dodgers were hot, and those two runs were what they needed. In the next inning I threw a bad pitch—a high slider without much on it—to Johnny Podres. He hit a double that made it 4–0 and sent me to the showers. The final score was 9–3, but I still say that pitch to Snider is where we lost the game.

If I'd thrown Snider my best fast ball and he'd hit it, that would be something easier to accept. If you miss with your best shot, you've got no kick. But I didn't give him my best shot. I was thinking of the runner; and because I wanted to get the ball away quickly, I didn't put everything I had on the pitch. You could call it a lapse in concentration. I just say I outsmarted myself.

You see, there isn't any room for a pitching mistake in modern baseball. A pitcher has to contend with the lively ball and the rule against the spitter and also with the shrinking strike zone, which some umpires are cutting down to the size of a matchbook cover. Worst of all, there's that business about a high, tight fast ball. According to the rules, a "knockdown" pitch is a crime. According to me, the knockdown rule is a joke.

You probably know the rule I mean. A pitcher who throws at a batter is supposed to be put out of the game and fined. Well, the first thing wrong with the rule is that it doesn't work. A fast ball at the letters on the inside corner is a good pitch. Suppose it slips inside a few inches. Is that a bean ball? Of course it isn't, even though it comes close to the batter's head. It isn't anything more than an accident.

Yet how can anyone in the world tell an accident like this from a fast ball that actually was aimed at the head? Both pitches look alike. Both are equally dangerous. But, says the rule, one is part of baseball and the other isn't. To enforce the rule the umpire must read the pitcher's mind. The umpires can't do it and they know they can't. They have trouble enough finding the strike zone.

I want to make one thing clear. I'm not advocating fractured skulls. There's a big difference, though, between a pitch that's thrown to hit a batter and the high, inside pitch you see most of the time. If a pitcher wanted to bean a man, he'd throw behind his shoulders. On a close pitch a hitter falls back automatically; and when

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I warn you—I won't be back."

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the pitch is behind him, he's conked. But you can forget about this because nobody throws it deliberately. I've never yet met a murderer in the majors.

What I'm talking about is the pitcher's right to protect the plate. Gil McDougald of the New York Yankees stands across the inside line of the batter's box. He darn near stands in the strike zone. That gives McDougald more control over curves on the outside corner than any pitcher likes to see him have.

One day, before the knockdown rule went in, I asked an umpire to move McDougald back.

"His heel is on the line," the umpire said.

"But his shoe is a foot long," I said. "That puts him a foot outside the batter's box."

"I'm not going to move him back," the umpire said.

"Either you or me," I said.

I moved McDougald. The Yankees complained that I had knocked him down. I couldn't see their point and I still can't. I threw Gil a pitch that would have been a good foot away from most hitters. Because he insists on standing so close, he had to fall back.

Let's start being honest about this thing. Batters will always go down under high, inside fast balls, just the way pitchers go down under line drives through the box. The ball is hard, and that's the way things are. Putting a rule against knockdowns in a book is just a waste of paper and ink. The rule ought to be thrown out now.

Maybe you think I'm pretty hard-boiled about the game. But I'm a competitor; I want to succeed at my job. Does a salesman laugh when, after hard work, he loses a sale? When I get knocked out—in a World Series game or by the Washington Senators—it's a shock and a disappointment. As of now my personal disappointments total 213. And I know just as surely as I'm breathing that No. 214, when it comes along this season, won't be any easier to take.

When I was with the Cleveland Indians in 1954 I lost a close game to the Yankees. They tell me I kicked down the door to our clubhouse and kicked every garbage can inside. The thing was that for better than fifteen years I'd been on clubs that finished behind the Yanks. In 1954 Cleveland finally beat them out for the pennant, but on the day I'm talking about we were ahead by one run, and somebody made a two-run error that cost us the ball game.

As I came off the mound I was thinking, *I've spent my life chasing these guys and now, with a real good chance to catch them, this happens.* I could feel rage and frustration stirring up my stomach and I knew I was going to abuse somebody or something. Rather than abuse the man who made the error—I can make errors myself—I kicked garbage cans.

After I finished up with the cans I still felt furious. I looked around, and there was my sport jacket in my locker. I grabbed it and threw it as high and as hard as I could. The clubhouse ceiling was made of plasterboard, and a couple of squares were missing. My jacket sailed into one of the holes. It stayed there, with one sleeve hanging down.

While I was staring at it and talking to myself, Hal Newhouser, the old left-hander, walked by. He looked up at the sleeve and pretended he didn't see me. "What happened?" Hal said. "Wynn hang himself?"

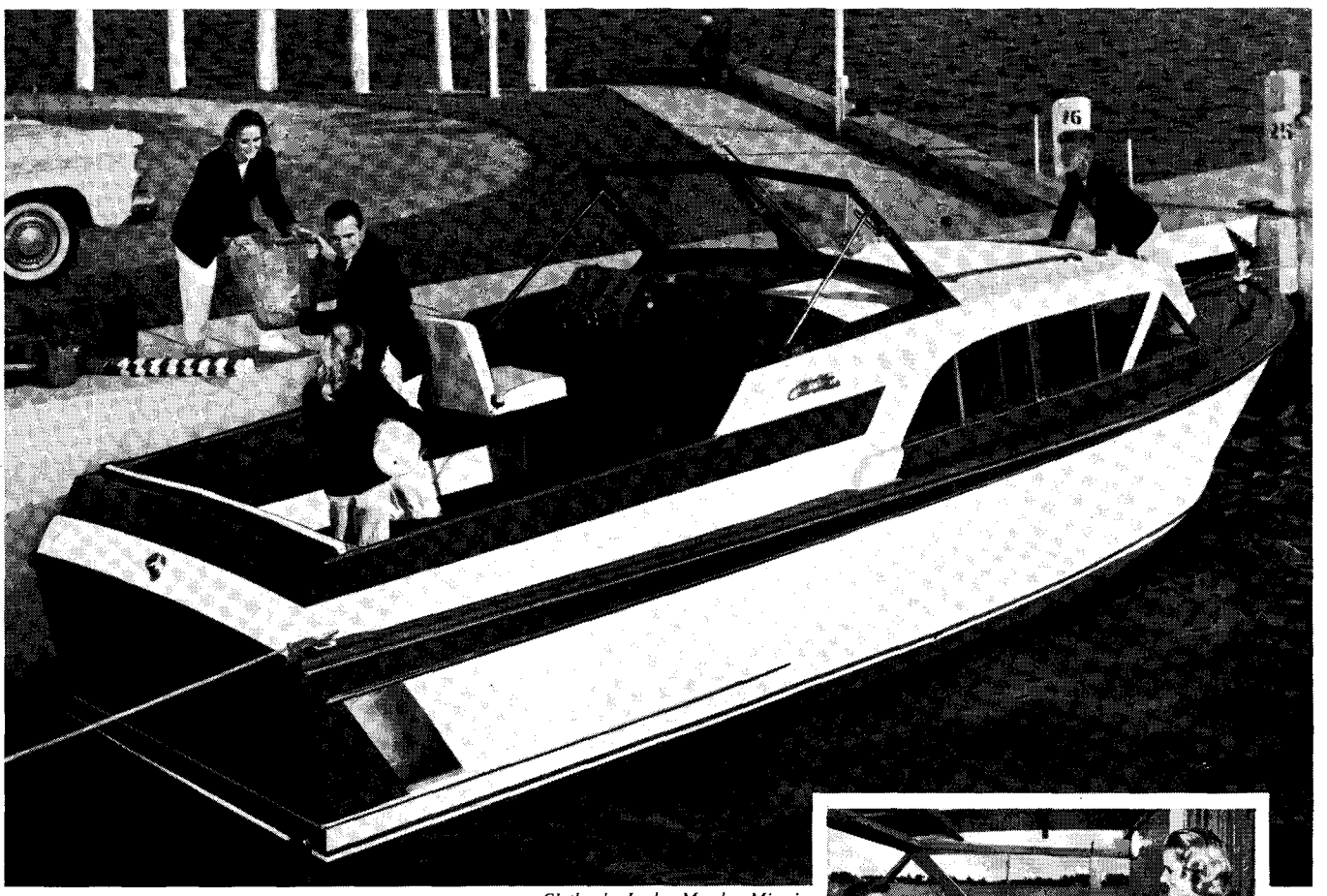
That's about as funny as losing ever gets—jokes about hanging. Pitching is my business and to me, win or lose, it's always serious. If anything, it becomes more so as you get older. When I was young and strong and could throw all day, I didn't worry much unless my fast ball wasn't hopping. I wasn't really pitching then; I was just throwing.

Now I have four pitches. My knuckle ball breaks in any direction when it gets to home plate. My curve breaks down and away from a right-handed batter. My slider has a similar break, but it's a faster pitch, and the break is smaller and quicker. Then there's my fast ball and, of course, variations on all these pitches when I change speeds.

I have to do more than just throw these pitches. I have to think. When I go out to pitch, I concentrate 100 per cent. Except for the hitter, and maybe the base runners, my mind becomes a complete blank. Ask me when I'm pitching some Tuesday what day of the week it is, and I may say it's Friday. I just don't know. But I do know what stuff I've been throwing each hitter and how I've been getting him out, or how he's been getting his hits.

The best hitter I've ever faced is Ted Williams. Over all the years it's Williams first, Joe DiMaggio second and then a long drop to the others. Ordinarily I try to shut out each hitter. If I come close enough to success, obviously I'll win my game. But with Williams and DiMaggio I've always conceded hits.

How do you pitch to Williams? Under cover of darkness would be best. Actually about the only formula most pitchers have had is to move the ball around. They change speeds on each pitch to Williams and they never throw to the same spot twice in a row. That way they hope to prevent him from zeroing in on the ball. This system works better than throwing

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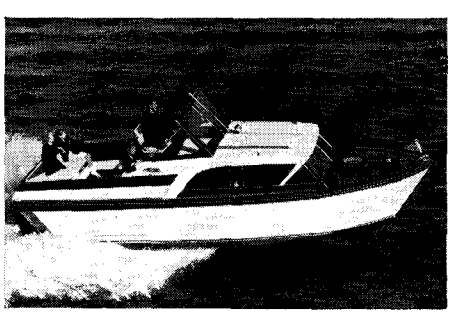

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three straight belt-high fast balls, but it's a long way from being satisfactory. The truth is there is no set way to get Williams out. He's been getting hits for as long as I've been pitching and he's been getting them off all kinds of pitches.

On the Indians several years ago a few of us got together and tried a special approach. Bob Lemon, Mike Garcia and I were working in rotation and starting most of the games.

"Look," Lemon said one day, "I've been studying Williams' stance and the way he figures pitchers and I think I've got something that will work."

"What's that?" Garcia said. He was interested, and so was I.

"A fast ball inside at the knees," Lemon said. That's a pitch Williams can pull with home-run power, but Lem was figuring partly on the element of surprise.

No matter who the batter is, you want to make him hit your pitch. You work on him and work on him; and if you can, you fix it so that when he's got to swing, here comes the one pitch he doesn't like—or at least the one he doesn't expect. Lemon wasn't suggesting we throw Williams nothing but fast balls inside at the knees. He was saying we ought to make the inside fast ball the one we threw as the key pitch—say with two strikes and one ball, or two and two.

Mike and I were glad to try because Williams had been hitting us hard. At the worst, he could only hit us a little harder.

This was when Williams was at his quickest. Anyway, we'd start him with stuff aimed low and away, and maybe come back with other stuff high inside. Then we'd jam that inside fast ball at the knees. All of us could throw it hard, and Williams didn't hurt us badly for quite a while.

But just about the time we were ready to congratulate ourselves we had another series with the Boston Red Sox. Lemon went in the first game, and Williams hit a homer. Garcia worked in the second game, and Williams hit a longer one. I pitched the third game, and he hit the longest homer off me. Ted had figured out what we were doing and he just decided to wait for the fast one, low and inside, and powder it. That burned our book. As far as I know, there was never another one written on Williams.

When I faced Ted after that, I kept the ball outside with something on it. He wasn't likely to pull an outside fast ball or a slider. That's as much as I knew for sure. Let him single to left. Homers are what he was trying to deliver.

DiMaggio was a different sort of problem. The first time I ever saw Joe play was something like twenty years ago, when I was with the Washington Senators. He was a big, graceful kid, and just looking at him, you could tell he had power. That day he hit a line drive back through the box like a bullet. Our pitcher was lucky to escape with his head. I remember thinking as I sat in the dugout, *I don't know what I'm gonna throw this guy, but it won't be something he can hit back through the middle.*

So when my turn came I tried giving him a high, inside fast ball. He wouldn't hit that back through the box. If he hit it at all, he'd almost have to pull it. The third baseman might hate me, but I had my family to think about. I just kept pumping fast ones to Joe—high, tight and hard.

It worked better than I'd hoped. Joe didn't hit the pitch back through the box and he didn't seem to get much power on it, which was an extra bonus. Before long almost everybody around the league was pitching Joe my way. I could brag a little about how my pitching instinct helped me out with DiMaggio, except it wouldn't be the truth. It was my instinct of self-preservation that went to work for me after I saw him rip that liner through the box.

I don't mean that my system made DiMaggio helpless. That high, inside fast ball was a pretty fair "out" pitch against any hitter. Joe still would pop it for singles to left every now and then. And miss by a couple of inches—throw the ball close to the middle of the plate—and you were throwing him a home run. Joe murdered high fast balls over the plate. I never stopped reminding myself that facing Joe was a business of inches.

I had a different sort of experience in the second All-Star Game last year at Los Angeles. There I ran up against Hank Aaron of the Braves, who had been hitting everything out of sight. Because he was in the other league, I didn't have much information on him. I wanted to get ahead of Aaron so I could throw him my knuckler. A good knuckler is almost impossible to hit solidly; but since it can break in or out, sail up or drop, it's a hard pitch for me to control. I never know which way it will break, so I feel I ought to be ahead of a hitter to use it.

I caught corners twice and got two strikes on Aaron. That was fine. Now I could throw the knuckler. I did, but something went wrong. The knuckler I threw Aaron didn't dance. It didn't even move. It hung there over the plate, big as a balloon. Somehow Aaron missed it by a couple of inches for a strike-out.

I thought, *Suppose the thing had moved like I wanted. It might have moved right into his bat, and he'd have hit the ball over the screen.* As I've said, pitching is an inexact science. You'll get away with a bad pitch from time to time. But you won't do it very often. You can't afford to get careless.

There aren't many jobs in the majors. Every hitter I face is a man trying to take money out of my pocket. Every hitter is an enemy. I can room with a man for five years, but if he comes to bat against me later on for another team, he's not my friend.

To understand why I feel the way I do about baseball you have to know a little about where I come from and where I've been. I was raised in a small farming town in Alabama called Hartford, where they grew some cotton and some peanuts and where fifteen or twenty dollars a week was a lot of money. I didn't finish high school, but I played a lot of ball. I can remember Sunday afternoons long ago when I'd walk four or five miles, or ride a horse and buggy even farther, just to get to play in a ball game. There weren't many cars back in Hartford in the 1930's. I rode the horse and buggy many miles.

There was no set time for the games. We'd agree to meet in the afternoon at somebody's pasture. The few cars around would park along the foul lines, and we'd hitch horses to fence posts at the edge of the pasture. Then we'd nail the bases down into the ground and start our game.

I played all over in those days. To pitch on a Sunday afternoon was the biggest thing in the world to me. I could throw hard and I got to pitch more and more. When I still had a year to go in high school I had to choose between an education and a minor-league contract. With a bonus clause the contract came to $100 a month. To me, back in 1937, that seemed like pretty good pay. So, with a borrowed glove, a couple of extra pairs of dungarees and permission from my folks, I took a chance and left school and went out into the world.

Today, at forty, I still don't have a high-school diploma, but I believe my experiences have added up to something very much more. What with the people I've met, the places I've seen and the things I've done, baseball has been both high school and college to me. Baseball has given me a fine home in Florida and all winter off to fish. I've had a yacht. I've owned three planes.

I've met movie stars like Bing Crosby—and met them as equals. I've brushed shoulders with Mr. Truman at a ball park. One of my hardest tasks in Hartford High School was to make a three-minute talk on current events. Now it's no job at all for me to talk before thousands of people—provided they don't correct my grammar. My baseball success has given me poise.

Well, when I'm standing out there on the mound, the hitter is a guy who wants to take all that away from me. Tall or short, skinny or fat, he looks like what he is—the enemy.

To combat him, there are various general procedures I follow. For one thing, I run a lot between starts. Every time I throw with my right arm, I've got to kick with my left leg. I take care of my legs as well as my arm.

I try to throw every pitch with the same motion. The curve, the fast ball and everything else should look the same until the ball leaves the pitcher's hand. Sometimes when I make a bad pitch—a pitch to the wrong spot—the speed still fools the hitter. He was expecting it to be faster, or slower. This is a small edge, but it's important.

I work to control rage and tension. When I get too mad I find that talking helps. There's nobody to talk to on the mound, so I just chat a little with myself. I wish we could print some of the things I say. Sometimes in a tough spot I can feel tension strong in my stomach. I battle it by taking a deep breath. I inhale as deeply as I can. Most of the time that fixes it.

I like to have an idea behind every pitch. Each situation is different, but here's an example. Suppose I get strike one on Rocky Colavito with a fast ball outside at the knees. Then I throw a slider to the same place. The slider looks like the fast ball until it breaks; so I'm not only throwing a pitch that's hard to hit, I'm trying to fool him.

Say I succeed, and it's strike two. Now what should I throw? A slow curve? Maybe Colavito is looking for the curve. After all, he's just seen two straight fast pitches. Well, I might guess that he's looking for the curve and throw another low, outside fast ball. If I'm right, Rocky is out—because by the time he realizes it isn't a curve, the ball is past him. If I'm wrong, Rocky still has to hit the pitch; and if I've thrown it hard enough and caught a corner, that won't be easy.

This is what I mean by putting an idea behind every pitch. Mel Harder at Cleveland taught me my curve and slider, and Jim Hegan, then the Indians' catcher, helped with my control; but thinking is a private business. You must watch hitters closely, even when you're not pitching. You learn and remember. Slowly, through the seasons, you get so that you know what you're doing all the time.

But the biggest thing of all, I believe, is my attitude toward the hitters. I just don't ever feel like letting up on them. I remember one good young pitcher who came to me with the sort of question I get more often than you'd think. "A fellow," he said, mentioning an opposing outfielder we both liked, "is in trouble. He isn't hitting. Do you think some time when I'm way ahead, it would be all right if I helped him out a little. You know, when a game is locked up, give him something good to hit."

"Look," I said, "is he ever going to strike out for you?"

"I don't know," the young pitcher said.

"If you need a double play, will he hit into one for you?"

The kid shrugged.

"Well, the first time he does," I said, "you call me."

I'm still waiting to hear from that young pitcher. I don't think I ever will. I only hope that by now he has learned what I've found to be the first rule of pitching in the big leagues—the pitcher has to look out for himself. THE END

"HAROLD!"

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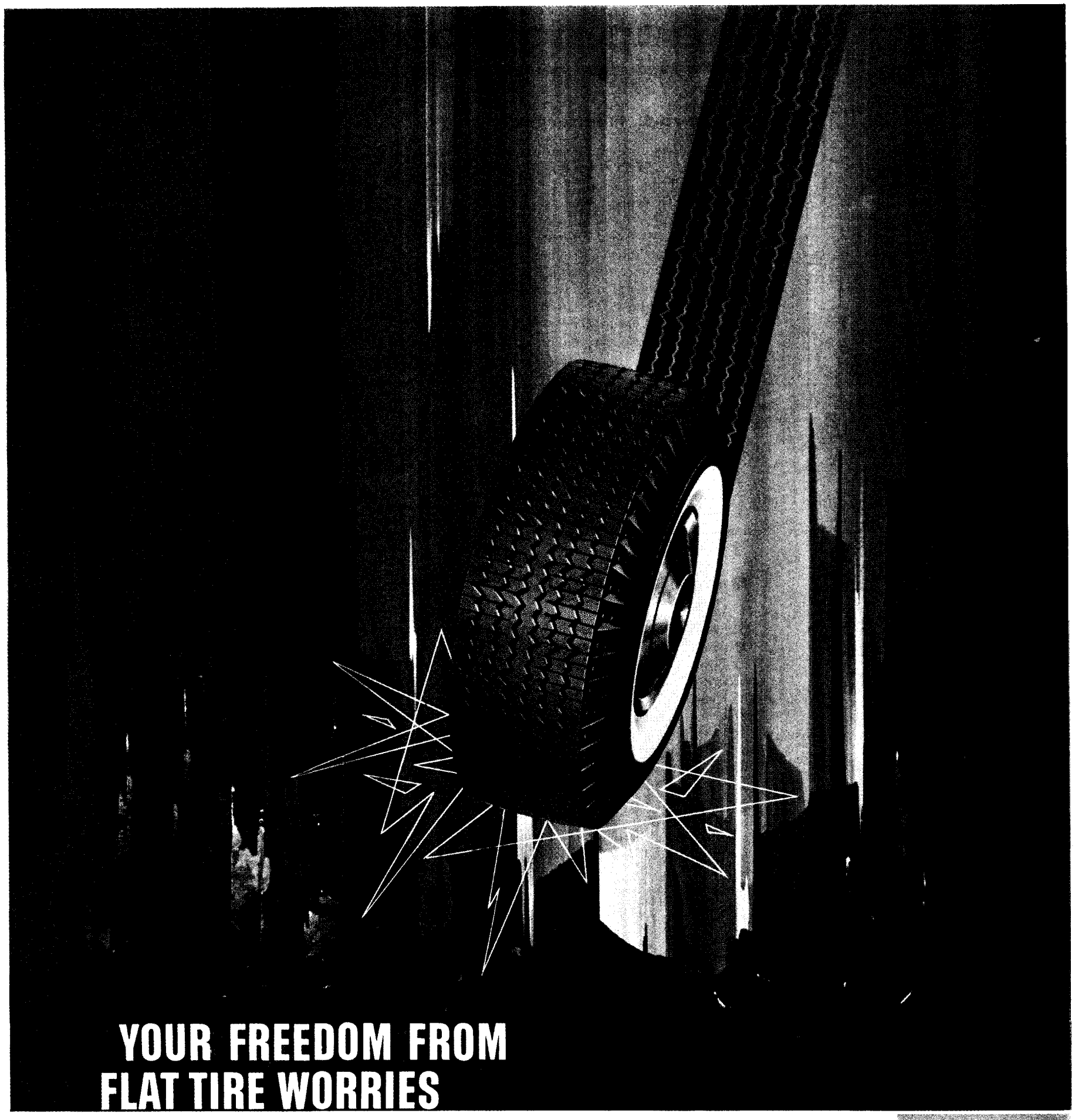

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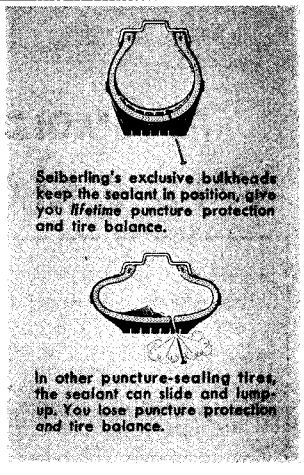
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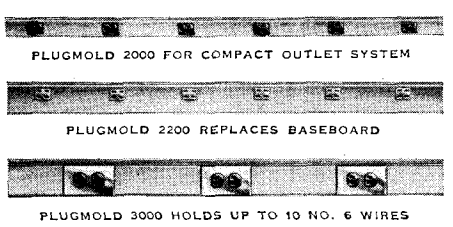


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# Keeping Posted

## Richard L. Neuberger

"I live right where I was born and raised. . . . I have had fun in my little puddle and there have been rewards." Dick Neuberger wrote these words in a 1950 *Post* article, MY HOME TOWN IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, after deciding to remain in Portland, Oregon, rather than accept a lucrative job from a publication in the East. He had been a regular contributor to *The Post*, specializing in articles on politics, adventure, conservation and the great outdoors, and he came here for advice about moving East. We advised him to stay in Portland, where he was already a Democratic member of the Oregon legislative assembly. We had no idea, of course, that he would go on to become a United States senator and would, therefore, spend most of his time in Washington, D.C.

Senator Dick Neuberger.

Dick was tracking down *Post* articles in Canada and Alaska even in the midst of his campaign for a seat in the Oregon State senate. Later he whimsically concluded that *The Post* was responsible for his overwhelming victory, because while on assignment for us he didn't have time to buttonhole voters. That high-spirited remark was characteristic of him. On being sworn in as a state senator, he noted that the Senate was "a little stuffier" than the House, but that this defect might not be irremediable. Later, as a very junior United States senator, he offered to start a Save the White House Squirrels fund; he didn't feel those furry creatures should be evicted simply because they damaged the President's putting green. Pranks like this made headlines—and thereby called attention to his lifelong crusade to preserve the beauty and natural resources of our country. In 1941 he had written us, "I have been interested in conservation ever since my parents arranged to conserve one set of presents annually by bringing me into the world on the day after Christmas."

Dick Neuberger's voice and pen were stilled last month, only a few days after his announcement that he would run for re-election. He was preparing an article for us at the time of his death. He was a gifted journalist, a respected legislator and a good friend. We shall miss him.

## Dana's Granddad

After watching young Dana Buxton undergo her delicate spine-fusion operation—see page 45—**Don Murray** wrote to Frank W. Buxton, Dana's grandfather in Boston, to give him a first-hand report on Dana's progress. In the course of researching his article, Murray had learned that Grandfather Buxton was the same Frank Buxton who had won a Pulitzer prize for editorial writing in 1924; he was the first of four *Boston Herald* writers to achieve this distinction. The fourth was Don Murray, who went to work for the *Herald* as a copy boy in 1948, after Buxton's retirement, and won his Pulitzer prize six years later. When Murray, now a free-lance writer, was in Boston a few weeks ago, he and Buxton met for a lunch of finnan haddie and a tour of the *Herald's* new building. Don reports that this "delightfully vigorous young man" is a fine writer in more ways than one: Each day during Dana's long period of hospitalization granddad has taken time to type her a gay and newsy letter.

Pulitzer prize winners Murray (left) and Buxton.

## Lady of the Wild West

Amelia and Bill Bean.

**Amelia Bean's** exciting serial beginning on page 26 is based on as bitter and deadly a vendetta as the Old West ever knew—the Graham-Tewksbury feud, also known as the Pleasant Valley War. It raged through the latter 1880's and engulfed everyone who lived in Arizona's Tonto Basin. All the major characters in our story are modeled after persons involved in the feud, and very few of the names have been altered. However, several killings, including a triple lynching, have been omitted "because I felt my readers might feel a revulsion if the actual blood bath in its hideous whole was paraded before them as it really happened." Novelist Bean keeps house for her husband and son in Riverside, California. She was born in Utah and is descended from a Civil War general and a Mormon bishop, who served time for polygamy. "I was named Amelia for my mother's best friend, who in turn had been named for Brigham Young's favorite wife." This is Mrs. Bean's second novel. Her first, *Fancher Train*, was voted the best historical Western novel of 1958 by the Western Writers of America.

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

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